1001 ILLUSTRATIONS FOR PULPIT AND PLATFORM

BY

REV. AQUILLA WEBB, D.D., LL.D.,

With Introduction by
JOHN F. CARSON

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1001 ILLUSTRATIONS FOR PULPIT AND PLATFORM

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TO THE MEMORY OF THE
REV. J. WILBUR CHAPMAN, D.D.,

WHO SUGGESTED THE FIRST "ONE THOUSAND" THIS "SECOND THOUSAND" IS AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED.

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INTRODUCTION

The introduction of Doctor Webb to his many friends would be but an empty tribute to conventional formality. Another notable achievement by him, however, merits recognition and deserves an appreciation that will be welcomed by these same friends.

When Doctor Webb issued his first Book of Illustrations he rendered to his fellow ministers a service of great value. He had been long enough in the ministry to feel the burden that rests upon the minister of the Gospel who, in addition to his pastoral work, must prepare new addresses for each succeeding week of his ministry. He had learned, as all of us must do, that spiritual truth may be the more impressed upon the hearer by some clear illustration that helps to make its meaning plain. Our Lord followed such method of teaching, and no loftier example of teaching is conceivable.

Doctor Webb, in gathering together so many beautiful illustrations of truth, expended time and labor that could be justified only by the realization of the ideal that inspired him.

The fact that the other book found ready and almost immediate circulation must have suggested to the author that his work had not been done in vain and must have convinced him, too, that another volume of like kind would be equally valued by his fellow workers.

The new volume that now comes from his pen has for its highest commendation the unquestioned success of the other. The book is no mere repetition of the former work, but is one that has the added value acquired by the experience in the preparation of the first.

Doctor Webb, richly endowed as an evangelistic preacher, has sought with earnestness for gems of thought that would make his own ministry more effective and has shown a fine discrimination in the selection chosen for this volume.

No mere human mind would be able to elaborate such parables of exquisite beauty as Jesus used to illustrate His thought; and no human experience is broad enough to enable a man, however close and sympathetic his relation may be to his fellow man, to derive from such experience the vital and interesting facts that serve to illumine spiritual truth. We are all, therefore, bound to draw from the varied treasures that have been accumulated by others.

From such storehouse of spiritual wisdom Doctor Webb has drawn the illustrations in this book, and he sends it forth with desire and hope that his brethren, concerned as he also is for the conversion of sinners, may find in it some suggestive thought that may help to lead their hearers to the faith of Christ.

JOHN F. CARSON.

FOREWORD

After printing the "One Thousand Evangelistic Illustrations," letters of appreciation came from ministers all over the country, and almost without exception they expressed the hope that I would prepare another thousand.

Such illustrations cannot be gathered in a few weeks or a few months. They come naturally in the search for material in the preparation for my own evangelistic services. It has taken more than four years to gather together the illustrations set forth in this volume. In this labor a number of brother ministers have given helpful suggestions, chief of whom is the Rev. Carlisle L. Hubbard, D.D., a most successful evangelistic pastor.

Illustrations are of great value when they really illustrate. One would not want to live in a house without windows, neither are sermons able to flood the average hearer with light without timely illustrations. Especially in an appeal for an open decision for Christ, a timely illustration is most effective. Go into any evangelistic service, whether conducted by a professional evangelist or by a minister in his own church, and the preaching is as different as personalities differ. But all have one thing in common—effective illustrations in driving home the truth for an immediate open decision. In after meetings, when experiences are given, it is quite common to hear some convert recite some illustration in the sermon conclude, "I just had to give my heart to Christ."

Perhaps a word of caution should be given in the use of illustrations. In the beginning of my ministry an old minister was a member of my congregation. He finally became too ill to attend services and I then went to his home and read my sermons to him. He was always helpful in his suggestions. One day he asked me which I admired most—a woman with a great many cheap rings on her fingers or a lady with one or two beautiful solitaires. The point was well taken and I pass it on to my brethren.

My prayer is that these illustrations may be a blessing to all the brethren in the ministry who are endeavoring to lead souls to an open decision for Christ.

AQUILLA WEBB.

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1001 ILLUSTRATIONS FOR PULPIT AND PLATFORM

1001 ILLUSTRATIONS FOR PULPIT AND PLATFORM

ATONEMENT

1. Atonement—Accepted

There is a legend that on that night of the Exodus a young Jewish maiden—the first-born of the family—was so troubled on her sick-bed that she could not sleep. "Father," she anxiously inquired, "are you sure that the blood is there?" He replied that he had ordered it to be sprinkled on the lintel. The restless girl will not be satisfied until her father has taken her up and carried her to the door to see for herself; and lo! the blood is not there! The order had been neglected, and before midnight the father makes haste to put on his door the sacred token of protection. The legend may be false; but it teaches a very weighty and solemn admonition to every sinful soul who may be near eternity and is not yet sheltered under the Atonement of Jesus Christ.—Cuyler.

2. Atonement a Cleansing Fountain

The fact that there is no water in Argentina with which wool can be washed clean has tended to increase trade with the United States, which is sending to the Argentine huge quantities of yarns made from dirty wool shipped to the United States. There is some property in the water in the Argentine Republic which prevents the cleansing of wool, all of which must be shipped to England or North America. This entails the payment of an export tax on the wool and an import tax on the yarns. Chemists say there is only one river in Argentina whose waters could be used to wash wool clean enough for manufacture into cloth. This river is a small stream in the north, too far from transportation facilities to be of use. When I read this interesting news dispatch from Buenos Aires I thought of William Cowper's famous hymn:

"There is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
And sinners plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains."

And I thank God with rejoicing that I can make the third verse my own:

"E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be, till I die."

3. *Atonement—Despising*

A brilliant lawyer in New York City sometime ago spoke to a prominent minister of that city asking him if he really believed that Christ rose from the dead. The minister replied that he did, and asked the privilege of presenting the proof to the lawyer. The lawyer took the material offered in proof away and

studied it. He returned to the minister and said, "I am convinced that Jesus really did rise from the dead. But—" he then added, "I am no nearer being a Christian than I was before. I thought the difficulty was with my head. I find that it is really with my heart." The sin that rejects Jesus when we are convinced that He is all He claimed to be is the sin for which there is no forgiveness. No atonement has been made for the man who despises the atonement that has been wrought out at so great a cost.

4. Atonement Necessary

We are reminded by Rev. Dr. Charles R. Brown that the minister who ignores the atonement loses his message and his ministry ceases to be fruitful.

When Lady Macbeth walked the floor at midnight, her eyes wide open but her senses shut, she suffered from a deep sense of guilt. She washes her hands as though frantic to remove a stain and in anguish cries, "Out damned spot! Out I say! Will these hands never more be clean! They smell of blood still."

And her husband sharing her guilt cries to his physician:

"Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased;
Pluck from my memory a rooted sorrow;
Cleanse the stuffed bosom of that perilous stuff
Which weights upon the heart?"

To this the wise doctor replies: "Therein the patient must minister to himself." More needs he the divine, than the physician.

The great dramatist drew this picture with a steady hand. Some plan, super-human, was needed to lift such a burden from a human soul. The soul of man, conscious of guilt, cries out for REDEMPTION. It cannot be satisfied with anything less.

5. Atoning Love

What is the atonement? That Christ gave God the right to be compassionate? That he came down to this world, and made a bargain, and agreed that he would suffer so much if God afterwards would exercise compassion and leniency towards men? Away with your shop logic! Away with your commercial theories! Go down among the moles and bats, and grope with such detestable notions of truth as that by agreement Christ came among men to suffer and give God a chance to be gracious! Over all these heresies of hell I lift up the glorious words, "God so loved the world that he gave his Son." Love before Christ came was the bow which sent that silver arrow into the world.—H. W. Beecher.

6. Blood—Purchased by

In the reign of the Emperor Yang Lo a great bell tower was built in Peking. The Emperor ordered the mandarin Kuan Yu to cast a bell to be hung in the tower to remind the people daily of their loyalty to him. With great care the mandarin gathered the materials and made a casting, but it proved to be a failure. The second attempt ended likewise. Then the Emperor in wrath commanded Yang Lo to make another trial under penalty of death if he failed. Ko-ai, the beautiful daughter of the mandarin, asked an astrologer by what means the success of the casting could be assured. "Only by mingling the blood of a maiden with the molten metal," was his reply. Ko-ai was present at the casting. And when the fiery stream was turned into the mould she ran forward, and crying, "For my father," leaped into the stream. The casting this time was successful.

The bell was perfect. She had purchased it with her blood. When the great Church Bell of the ages was cast, Jesus mingled his person in its composition and thus "purchased it with his blood."

7. *Christ—Necessity of*

The Sailors' Home, in Liverpool, was once on fire in the dead of the night, and a great cry of "Fire!" was raised. When the people assembled they saw in the upper stories some men crying for help. The fire escape did not nearly reach where the men were. A long ladder was brought and put against the burning building; but it was too short. A British sailor in the crowd, seeing the state of affairs, is said to have rushed up the ladder, balanced himself on the uppermost round with his foot, and seized the window-sill with his hands, saying: "Quick, men, scramble over my body, on the ladder, and down you go." One by one the men came down until all were saved, and then the sailor came down, his face burnt, his hair singed, and his fingers blistered; but he had saved the men. That ladder went a long way; but before the men could be saved it needed the length of a man. Your franchise, your land reform, your temperance reform, go a long way, but for the uplifting of men, to give men that peace of mind that passeth knowledge, they need the length of a man—the man Christ Jesus whom we preach.—Charles Leach.

8. *Christ Our Substitute*

After the victory of Areole the indefatigable Bonaparte passed through the camp during the night. He had found a sentinel who had fallen asleep; raising his gun gently and without waking the soldier he took the duty, till about the time the watch would be relieved. At last the soldier woke. Imagine his alarm when he saw his general performing his duty. He cried out, "Bonaparte! I am a lost man." Bonaparte answered "Be at peace; the secret is mine; and it is excusable when a brave soldier like thyself, after so much fatigue, should fall asleep; only another time choose a more fitting moment."—C. Lacretelle's Histoire de la Revolution Francaise.

9. *Cross a Refuge*

Sir A. Conan Doyle, in his history of the Boer War, tells us how on one occasion a comparatively small detachment of the British army was surprised by a force of the enemy twice its own strength. The British were driven back upon their camp, and the Boers occupied a commanding position from which they were enabled to pour volley after volley into the English lines. The British wounded in the earlier part of the action found themselves in a terrible position, laid out in the open under a withering fire. One of this number, a corporal in the Ceylon Mounted Infantry, tells the story himself: "We must get up a red flag or we shall be blown from the face of the earth." He says, "We had a pillow but no red paint. Then we saw what to do instead. So they made an upright with my blood and the horizontal with Paul's." This grim flag, the blood red cross upon the white background, was respected by the Boers. Those lying beneath it were safe. Even so—beneath the blood stained Cross of Christ we find our sure refuge.

10. *Crucified with Christ*

On July 1st, 1555, John Bradford was burned to death. He was chaplain to King Edward Sixth of England, and was one of the most popular preachers of his day. But he was a martyr to his faith. As he was being driven out to Newgate to be burned, permission was given him to speak, and from the wagon in which he rode to his death the entire way

out from West London to Newgate he shouted: "Christ, Christ, none but Christ!" John Bradford was feeling very much as Paul must have felt. Only with Paul, it was not the outburst of a spasmodic elation, but the expression of a life habit. "I am crucified with Christ; nevertheless I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me, and the life which I now live in the flesh I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me, and gave himself for me."—James I. Vance.

11. Redeemed by Christ

Christ hath "redeemed" us from the curse. Redeemed! We know the meaning of the word, to ransom or buy back again. You are in straitened financial circumstances, let us say, and must have a certain sum of money at once. The pawnshop is your only hope. And yet you have nothing to hypothecate except something which in a sense is not yours —a precious ring, an heirloom which must be handed down to another generation. But you have a friend who understands your circumstances and sympathizes in your distress. He enters the pawnshop at the moment and places upon the counter the sum which has been given you for the ring. He redeems, he buys it back again.

Now there is not one of us who has not pawned his soul to Satan, or sin, as you may choose to have it. It was not ours to pawn, but pawned it we have for all that. But there is "a Friend who sticketh closer than a brother," who knows all about our circumstances, and sympathizes with us in our distress. At the critical moment He has appeared and laid down the price of our redemption. It is not corruptible things such as silver and gold He has paid, but His own precious blood "as of a lamb without blemish and without spot" (1 Peter 1: 18, 19).—James M. Gray.

12. Sacrifice Appreciated

An armless soldier was walking along one of the streets in Dublin, when an old lady espied him. Seeing his armless sleeve, and noting his head was bandaged, she went up to him, and with tears in her eyes, she said, "Thank you for being wounded for me." The soldier immediately saluted and replied, "Thank you, madam, for your appreciation."

The words of the appreciating lady remind us of our Lord, who was "wounded for our transgression" (Isa. 53: 5). The word "wounded" means to bore, to torment (margin), and to slay. He was bored to his soul, and torn in his spirit, as he was slain for our sins. The sufferings of his body were but the outward expression of the sufferings of his soul. The sufferings of his soul were the soul of his sufferings. No one can tell how much he suffered. His unknown sufferings are beyond human ken.

He died for me, he tasted death,
Its woe and all its hell;
How much he suffered when he died
No human voice can tell.

As the soldier appreciated the appreciation of the one who thanked him, so our Lord appreciates our thanksgiving and praise.

He died for me, for me he died,
Oh, let me say it more;
For me he died, he died for me,
My soul doth him adore.

13. Salvation by Sacrifice

In the early days of the French in Canada, those living at Quebec heard that the Iroquois were coming down the St. Lawrence, twelve hundred strong. If they reached the settlements they would burn the houses, and destroy the crops even if those who gained the Fort were secure. They must not reach Quebec. So

Daulac with sixteen followers volunteered to go up the river and meet them, and turn them back. On the way they were joined by forty-four Hurons and coming to the foot of a rapid which the Iroquois must descend, they built a little fort of stakes and stones and awaited the foe. And he came twelve hundred strong and hurled attack after attack against the little citadel. But those behind were fighting off the enemy for country and for life. They beat off the enemy for days and days. But the water was exhausted and their parched throats refused to swallow the dry corn. But there was no thought of surrender and so the fight went on. But the task was too unequal even for men such as they and they were at last slain. But the Iroquois had learned to fear Frenchmen so that they never went on to Quebec. The seventeen brave Frenchmen had saved their countrymen's lives by laying down their own.

14. Substitution

Some years ago a war raged in India between the English and a native monarch, Tippoo Saib. On one occasion several English officers were taken prisoners, among them one named Baird. One day a native officer brought in fetters to be put on each of the prisoners, the wounded not excepted. Baird had been severely wounded, and was suffering from pain and weakness. A grey-haired officer said to the native official, "You do not think of putting chains upon that wounded young man?" "There are just as many pairs of fetters as there are captives," was the answer, "and every pair must be worn." "Then," said the officer, "put two pairs on me; I will wear his as well as my own." Baird lived to regain his freedom, lived to take that very city, but the generous friend died in prison.—Gray.

BELIEVER'S SECURITY

15. Appearances—Deceptive

It is written in one of the Eastern legends that somewhere in the deserts of Arabia there stood a mass of jagged rock, the surface of which was seamed and scarred by the elements; but whenever any one came to the rock in the right way he saw a door shape itself in the sides of the barren stone, through which he could enter in and find a store of rich and precious treasures which he could carry away with him. There are some things in God's universe that seem as barren and unattractive as bare and fissured rocks, but which contain an inwardness of warmth and sweetness inconceivable. The inner holies of God are fast concealed from those who will not come aright, with a heart of love and trust, but open to all who are willing to see and to hear.—Christian Age.

16. Assurance—God's

I remember, many years ago, a little boy on a trundle bed, having just retired for the night. Before going to sleep, he turned in the direction of the large bed on which his father lay, and said, "Father, are you there?" and the answer came back, "Yes, my son." I remember that that boy turned over and went to sleep without a thought of harm. Tonight that little boy is an old man of seventy, and every night before going to sleep he looks up into the face of his Heavenly Father, and says, "Father, are you there?" and the answer comes back, "Yes, my son." And then he asks in childish faith, "Will you take care of me tonight?" and the answer comes back, clear and strong, "Yes, my son." Whom need we fear, if God our Father be with us?—Henry Clay Trumbull.

17. Assurance—Ground of

When Antigonus was ready to en-

gage in a sea-fight with Ptolemy's armada, the pilot cried out, "How many they are more than we!" "'Tis true," said the courageous king, "if you count their numbers, they surpass us; but for how many do you value me?" And so the ground of our assurance rests not in ourselves, or anything that is ours—if it did it would be presumption—it rests in Christ and what He has done.—B.

18. Assurance, Lost and Found

The Bishop of Exeter in the course of a conversation mentioned that, many years since, while walking by a river he lost his watch and chain, which he supposed had been pulled from his pocket by the bough of a tree. Some time afterwards, when staying in the same neighborhood, he took a stroll by the side of the river and came to the secluded spot where he had lost his valuables, and there, to his surprise and delight, he found them. So with Christians who have lost their first love. They have only to retrace their steps like Bunyan's pilgrim when he had slept in the bowers of ease. Assurance comes again, as it came at first by prayer, and penitence, by diligent and conscientious search for it Godward and Christward.—B.

19. Bolted to the Rudder

As our ship crossed the Indian Ocean I often wondered as to the use of a large steel fin which was lashed to the after-deck. When we reached Suez and headed into the canal, my curiosity was satisfied. Just before the channel narrowed the ship stopped, a boat was lowered and floated under the stern while the sailors on deck lowered the fin by means of block and tackle. In a few minutes it was in place and securely bolted to the rudder. As the ship proceeded its use became clear.

The Suez Canal averages about a hundred yards in width. Because of the danger of undermining the banks by the wash of the propellers, the engines are slowed down to about five knots an hour. With the ordinary rudder a large ship cannot be managed at so slow a speed in such narrow quarters. However, with the rudder enlarged to several times its normal size, this becomes possible.

Some Christians wonder why they are not more clearly guided. God is doing the best he can at the speed they are making. The slower they move the more difficul. the guidance. A rudder is useless when a ship stands still.

20. Burden-Bearer

God is near, is present, in helpfulness, for those who try to serve and trust him. . . . Do you remember the story of that tiny motherless girl, born without sight, and left soon after birth, to the care of a sturdy young father? The war came, and the young man enlisted. He found a home in which the little girl could be placed, packed up her poor possessions in a bundle, and made ready to take her to the selected place. A rainy day, with a stormy wind blowing, the two walk hand-in-hand down the hall of their own humble home to the doorway. Then out into the street. The arms of the father reach down and lift the tiny girl, the bundle is placed in her hands, and he says through his sobs: "It's a bad day, dear. You carry this, and I'll carry you!"

21. Care—God's

"Do you suppose," said Johnny, as his little cousin laid away her largest rosiest apple for a sick girl, "that God cares about such little things as we do? He is too busy taking care of the big folks to notice u. much."

Winnie shook her head and pointed to mamma, who had just lifted the baby from the crib. "Do

you think," said Winnie, "that mamma is so busy with the big folks that she forgets the baby? She thinks of the baby first, 'cause he's the littlest. Surely God knows how to love as well as mother."—Selected.

22. Comfort—Warren Hastings'

It is related that Warren Hastings, Viceroy of India, when on trial before Parliament, for High Crimes and Misdemeanors and Malfeasance in office, passed through that harrowing and momentous experience without any visible mental perturbance or unrest, notwithstanding the tremendous issues at stake, and the torrents of denunciation poured from the eloquent lips of his great antagonist. When a sympathizing friend came to him to commiserate with him, and expressed his surprise at the amazing equanimity with which he endured it all, Mr. Hastings calmly pressed a secret spring in a massive gold ring he wore. It flew open, and the friend read engraven there, "And this, too, must have an end." "That," said Mr. Hastings, "is the panacea for all my woes, the consciousness that all things earthly have an end." It is true, trials and triumphs, sorrows and rejoicings, all have a common fate and find here an end. Why fret?

23. Enemy—Kept From

Bishop Gobat, while laboring among the wild tribes of the Druses, was one day invited by the chief to visit him. Now he long had desired to gain some influence over this man, and was eager to accept the invitation. But he was ill when the invitation came, and was obliged to decline. When the invitation was repeated he was again unable to accept. A third came, and he set out with a guide to go to the home of the chief. But the guide first lost his way, and soon after he had found it a hyena crossed his path and the superstitious man would go no farther. Thus hindered, the bishop was obliged to forego the visit, for the next day he sailed for Malta. Some time later he learned that by these means he had been hindered from falling into the hands of enemies who purposed murdering him. The treacherous chief himself acknowledged, "That man must be the servant of God; for though I sent messenger after messenger to bring him, he was always hindered."—Selected.

24. Fear—Lacking

Cæsar was absolutely fearless. At seventeen, flying from Sylla, he was captured by pirates. They fixed his ransom at twenty talents. "It is too little, you shall have fifty, but once free, I will crucify every one of you," he said. And he did. At Rome, when he heard of plots to assassinate him, he proudly dismissed his guards and walked the streets alone and unarmed.

25. Fear Removed

A little boy was detained in a country home one stormy night by some fascinating stories that were being told. Finally he went to the door to start home, but it was so dark he was afraid to go. He asked his associates to go with him, but they too were afraid of the storm. It grew later and he cried, saying, "Oh, I wish I were home!" Presently he brushed back his tears and opened the door as if he would brave the storm, but a flash of blinding lightning and a deafening roar of thunder frightened him back. In a few minutes he went to the window and, looking toward home, his tears dried away and he turned with a smile and said, "Now, I ain't afraid to go home." His friends said, "But it is dark out and still raining." To this he replied, "I ain't afraid of the dark now an' I

ain't afraid of the thunder an' the rain, 'cause I see a lantern comin' an' it's my big brother comin' after me. I ain't afraid o' no storm when he holds my hand an' carries a light, for he knows the way home an' nothin' can hurt me when my big brother walks with me." With gladness of heart he joined his elder brother, who held his little hand and he was soon safe home, where a prepared supper and anxious loved ones awaited his coming.—O. A. Newlin.

26. God's Comforting Presence

When Dr. David Livingstone returned to Scotland after an absence of sixteen years in Africa, the University of Glasgow desired to honor him by conferring on him the degree of Doctor of Laws. On such occasions candidates for honorary degrees usually expect an embarrassing reception at the hands of the young collegians who are present in full force, bubbling over with boyish fun. But when Dr. Livingstone appeared on the platform they received him with silent respect and reverence. He was gaunt and weary from exposure to sixteen years of African sun and twenty-seven attacks of African fever; one arm, having been rendered useless by the bite of a lion, hung helpless by his side. There stood a real hero who had fought many a battle for humanity, and his presence inspired a feeling of awe in the minds of all present. He told them that he was going back to Africa, partly to open new fields for British commerce, partly to suppress the African slave trade, and partly to open the way for the preaching of the gospel. But the sentiment which stirred all hearts most was this: "Shall I tell you what supported me through all these years of exile among a people whose language I could not understand, and whose attitude toward me was always uncertain and often hostile? It was this, 'Lo, I am with you always even unto the end of the world.'"

27. God's Protection

My God hath sent his angel, and hath shut the lions' mouths, and they have not hurt me. Dan. 6: 22.

A young man was out in the Maine woods taking photographs of attractive bits of scenery. He came upon the mouth of a little cavern between the rocks, and he thought, "I will see what sort of a picture I can get out of that cave," and as it was a little late in the day, he decided to take a "time exposure" instead of a "snapshot." Steadying the camera upon his knee as well as he could at the edge of the cave, he gave the sensitive plate a long, deliberate look at the semi-darkness within, then continued on his way through the woods, and, after many hours, returned to his home. Several weeks afterward, on developing his picture, in the very center of the cavern, with arched back and bristly fur, and within springing distance of the spot where he had laboriously balanced his camera, was a huge Canadian lynx, that might have easily torn his eyes out and have destroyed his life. And yet, he came and went and saw no signs of danger.

We walk in the midst of physical perils every day of our lives. We walk in the midst of moral perils more dangerous yet. How splendid the promise, "He that keepeth thee will neither slumber nor sleep."—The Lutheran.

28. Our Assurance

Were you ever at sea in a storm, when the ship reeled to and fro like a drunken man, and struggling, as for life in the arms of death, now rose to the top of the billow, and now plunged into the trough of the sea? Partially infected with others' terror, did you ever leave shrieking

women and pale men below, to seek the deck and look your danger bravely in the face? In such circumstances I know nothing so reassuring as . . . the calm confidence that sits on the brow of that weather-beaten man who with iron strength leans upon the wheel and steers our ship through the roaring billows. Such, only much higher, is the confidence we draw from the confidence of God, as expressed in the words, "I have spoken, and I will do it."—Guthrie.

29. Secure Foundation

There used to be a huge old bridge, one of the covered kind, over the Connecticut River at Northampton. Boys used it often. When they went for a tramp to Hadley, they crossed it; when they started for a swim, they slid down its embattlements and dove into the darkness beneath its floor; when the floods of spring came roaring down the valley and all the world went wild, they poked their heads out from its slits of windows and watched the logs go dancing down.

Well, one day there came on a frightful storm, the lightning flashed, the thunder roared, and the wind howled, blustered, threatened: the whole huddle rushed to cover under the roof of the bridge. They had been fishing along the bank. In the middle of the storm, as the old structure creaked and rocked beneath the fury of the hurricane, one of the boys piped up, "Say, fellows, suppose the old bridge goes down!" They all edged along toward the entrance, might have scrambled clean out; but one young lad piped up in a high, shrill voice, "Huh, I guess I've trusted this old bridge too often to get skeered now. It won't go down." Here am I, a proof that it didn't.

It is so with God. We test him "in the darkness" as Moses did. In sorrow, in doubt, in temptation, we test him—when the call comes for us to pass into the great darkness, we pass and are not afraid. We know whom we have believed and are persuaded that he is able to walk clear through the Valley of the Shadow with us and we with him.—Peter Zaleski.

30. Security of Believers

There is no more signal interposition of the hand of God, than that which is seen in the destruction of the Spanish Invincible Armada. Philip II, Emperor of Spain, a bigoted, cruel, intolerant Catholic, had determined upon the destruction of Protestant England. She was selected for signal revenge. Ships of war of an uncommon size were built, naval store collected, provisions amassed, armies levied and plans laid for the fitting out of such a fleet as had never before been seen in Europe. So certain were they of success, that they designated the fleet, The Invincible Armada.

All preparations being made, and the time drawing near for actual invasion, every hope was raised that proud England would be abased and Protestantism utterly annihilated. But never was it so patent that the "lot is cast into the lap; and the whole disposing thereof is of the Lord." In the first place disappointments began to arrive, in the fact that their great admiral was seized with fever, and died. The same fate overtook the vice-admiral, when a less skillful and experienced officer was appointed. Eventually the fleet sailed, and the very next day a violent tempest scattered the ships, when some were sunk and others compelled to put into port. Again the ships are soon ready, and on them are placed the implements of torture, thumb screws, fetters, battle-axes and boarding pikes, by which the stern heretics of England were to pay the price of their defection from Rome.

Just right here, however, God interposed. It is true that the English were calm, firm, courageous, and did not fear to meet their foes, but the God of the elements took a hand in the battle. The "stars fought in their courses" for a righteous cause. The fire, wind and tempest were so many angels of death to the boasted invincibility of the Spaniard. Dismay and disaster overtook Philip and his armies, and a thrill of joy and thanksgiving pervaded all Protestantism. "His right hand and his holy arm hath gotten him the victory."

31. Security of Believers

Luther and Melancthon once wanted to cross the Elbe at Torgau during a terrific storm. Timid Melancthon tried to dissuade Luther from making the dangerous crossing and said: "Martin, do not cross over, the stars are against us!" Luther answered: "We are the Lord's, consequently we are lords over the stars." What a rich fullness of comfort and trust lie in the words: "We belong to the Lord." There is no danger greater than he, no sin, not even death is greater. And what a call to us to be faithful, wakeful of our duty in these same words! They ennoble us and enrich our life. And that is the goal of salvation to be his and to serve him.

32. Trust—Perfect

Bishop Bashford, in one of his Episcopal tours in China, was one night compelled to sleep outdoors, under the trees, the hotel keeper warning him about marauders. Being watchful and wakeful awhile, he thought of these words of the Psalmist, and then said to the Lord, "There is no use both of us being awake," so he slept the sleep of the just. In the morning he saw a watcher standing guard under a tree; the heathen man was helping God guard his own.

BIBLE

33. Bible—A Living

I think of a missionary doctor on a lonely village station, a very able doctor, but even more effective as a Christian and a leader in evangelization. Not long ago a convert was being baptized—a rare event in that difficult area—and he was answering questions to test his very simple faith. One answer he began safely enough "I believe in God Almighty, and in the Lord Jesus," but then his training gave way to his experience, and turning to the doctor he burst out, "and, sahib I believe in you."—Frank Lenwood.

34. Bible a Power

"No greater moral change ever passed over a nation than passed over England during the years which parted the middle of the reign of Elizabeth from the meeting of the Long Parliament. England became the people of a book, and that book was the Bible." Its literary effects were great, "but far greater was the effect of the Bible on the character of the people at large." "One dominant influence told on human action." "The whole temper of the nation felt the change." "A new conception of life, a new moral and religious pulse spread through every class."—J. R. Green.

35. Bible and Business

A country boy entered a city and applied for a position as clerk in a store. There were many applicants, but he obtained an interview with the proprietor, and was asked to show his recommendation papers. He opened his grip and in looking for a letter from an influential friend, a small Bible dropped out on the floor. "What have you there?" asked the merchant sharply. "The Bible my mother gave me upon leaving home for the city," he calmly replied. "You do not mean to prac-

tice the precepts of that Book here in the city, do you?" was the further query. The young man, standing erect, said, "That is the promise I made my mother, sir, and I will keep that promise or return home to her." Absolute sincerity showed in his face and it was impossible to doubt him. "Young man," said the merchant, "you have different credentials than the applicant just preceding you, who drew from his pocket with his letter of introduction two or three cards of a much used deck. I myself am not a Christian, but I appreciate the principles of that Book, and upon your pledge to practice those principles you need no further recommendation; the position is yours."—O. A. Newlin.

36. Bible and Science

William Hanna Thompson in an article in November Everybody's Magazine on germ enemies, says: At my first sitting as a member of the Bellevue Hospital Medical Board, the late Dr. H. B. Sands introduced a resolution, which was unanimously passed, that thereafter no major surgical operation should be undertaken at Bellevue. The reason given was that he and others of his colleagues lost at Bellevue all their cases of amputation, while at the newly constructed New York and Roosevelt Hospitals the same surgeons were uniformly successful. The supposition, therefore, was that the plastering and floors of old hospital building had somehow become infected with so much going on in them, but just how no one could guess. This resolution seemed like going back to the wisdom of the ancients, as reflected in a passage in Leviticus, which directs that the plaster of the house of a leper be taken down and burned because the plaster itself had leprosy, a fact which modern science proves to be literally true. The same thing is true also of that first cousin of leprosy, the Bacillus of tuberculosis, which is quite fond of abiding on a shaded plaster wall. But at present the most serious surgical operations are performed at Bellevue with as good a record of success as in any other hospital, simply because the days of antiseptic surgery have come.

37. Bible—Burning the

A society of men of education and polished manners, but who were infidels, used to assemble at each other's houses for the purpose of ridiculing the Scriptures, and of hardening one another in their unbelief. At last they unanimously formed a resolution solemnly to burn the Bible. The day fixed upon arrived; a large fire was prepared, a Bible was laid on the table, and a flowing bowl ready to drink its dirge. For the execution of their plan they fixed upon a young man of high birth, brilliant vivacity, and elegant manners. He undertook the task; and after a few enlivening glasses, amidst the applause of his jovial compeers, he approached the table, took up the Bible, and was walking leisurely forward to put it into the fire; but he was seized with trembling, paleness overspread his countenance, and he seemed convulsed. He returned to the table; and, laying down the Bible, said with a strong asseveration: "We will not burn that Book till we can get a better." Soon after, this same gay and lively young man died, but before he died he was led to repentance, and derived hopes of forgiveness and of future blessedness from that Book which he was once about to burn.—The Friend.

38. Bible—Comfort in

They were leading the bishop of Rochester to the scaffold. As the cruel framework loomed grimly on his sight, he bowed his head and prayed, "Now, O Lord direct me to

some passage which may support me through the awful scenes." He forthwith opened his Testament and his eye lighted on the words, "This is life eternal, that they might know thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom thou hast sent" (John 17: 3). Closing the Book, he said, "Praised be the Lord, this is sufficient for time and for eternity."

39. Bible—Comfort of

After the battle before Richmond had been over several days a man was found dead with his hand on the open Bible. The summer insects had taken the flesh from the hand, and there was nothing but the skeleton fingers lay on the open page, and on this passage—"Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me." Well, the time will come when all the fine novels we have on our bedroom shelf will not interest us, and all the good histories and all the exquisite essays will do us no good. There will be one Book, perhaps its cover worn out and its leaf yellow with age, under whose flash we shall behold the opening gates of heaven.—Talmage.

40. Bible Difficulties

An infidel stood in the center of an admiring group of passengers on a trans-Atlantic liner, entertaining them by his insolent ridicule of the Scriptures. "The Bible is full of contradictions," he explained. "For instance in one place, we are told that Judas went and hanged himself, and in another that he bought a field and fell headlong in the midst and his bowels gushed out. Now, how in the name of common sense could both those statements be true?" The crowd laughed, but an old Quaker, who was standing near at the time, cried out: "Easy enough—the rope broke."

41. Bible Difficulties

The story is told of a young theological student who one day came to Mr. Spurgeon, telling him that the Bible contained some verses which he could not understand, and about which he was very much worried. To this the great man of God replied: "Young man, allow me to give you this word of advice: You must expect to let God know some things which you do not understand." The student took the words of wisdom to heart.—From the Record of Christian Work.

42. Bible First

Physiology shows us how inevitably the food on which one subsists determines the texture of his flesh. Can the daily newspaper, the light romance, and the secular magazine, build up the fiber and tissue of a true spiritual character? We are not putting any surly prohibition on these things; but when we think of the place which they hold in modern society, and with how many Christians they constitute the larger share of the daily reading, there is suggested a very serious theme for reflection. As the solemn necessity is laid upon the sinner of choosing between Christ and the world, so is the choice pressed upon the Christian between the Bible and literature—that is, the choice as to which shall hold the supreme place.—A. J. Gordon.

43. Bible—Following the

Twenty-five years ago much of northern Michigan was entirely new country, covered with dense forests. The best woodsman was liable to lose his way unless he carried a pocket compass. A settler of those days tells this story: "One day I had been walking in the woods, when, though I could not see the sun or sky, I knew by the settling darkness that night was coming on, and started, as I thought, for home. I

was so certain of my direction that for some time I did not look at my compass. On doing so, however, I was greatly surprised to find that, whereas I thought I was going east, in reality I was bound due west. Not only was I surprised, but I was so sure of my own judgment and so disgusted with my compass that I raised my arm to throw it away. Then pausing, I thought, "You have never lied to me yet, and I'll trust you once more." I followed it and came out all right. The Bible is a compass that has guided millions to heaven. Some would throw it away, but those who follow it always come out safely.—Selected.

44. Bible—Forsaking the

A story is told of a minister who taught an old man in his parish to read. He proved a proficient scholar. After the teaching had come to an end the minister was not able to call at the cottage for some time, and when he did he only found the wife at home. "How's John?" said he. "He's canny, sir," said the wife. "How does he get on with his reading?" "Nicely, sir." "Ah! I suppose he will read his Bible very comfortably now." "Bible, sir! Bless you! he was out of the Bible and into the newspaper long ago." There are many other persons who, like this old man, have long been out of the Bible and into the newspaper. They have forsaken the fountain of Living Waters, and have gone about among muddy pools and stagnant morasses to seek something which might slake their thirst.—Clerical Library.

45. Half Reading

A certain wayward young man ran away from home and was not heard of for years. In some way, hearing that his father had just died, he returned home and was kindly received by his mother.

The day came for the reading of the will; the family were all gathered together, and the lawyer commenced to read the document. To the great surprise of all present the will told in detail of the wayward career of the run-away son. The boy in anger arose, stamped out of the room, left the house, and was not heard of for three years. When eventually he was found he was informed that the will, after telling of his waywardness, had gone on to bequeath to him $15,000. How much of sorrow he would have been saved, if he had only heard the reading through.

Thus many people only half read the Bible and turn from it dissatisfied. The old Book says: "The wages of sin is death," yea, verily, but it says more, it says, "but the gift of God is Eternal Life."—Evans.

46. Bible—Holding to the

A friend in England, a charming mimic, told me the following story about the late Doctor Parker many years ago. And Oh! how I wish I could tell it with the look and voice and tone with which it was told to me.

"I have been found fault with," said the Doctor from his pulpit one day, "for not treating questions scientifically. People say, 'you are always quoting the Bible; why don't you appeal to Science and tell us what it has got to say about things?'

"Well, I am going to appeal to Science this morning. There is a poor widow here who has lost her only son, and she wishes to know if she will ever see him again. And I am going to ask Science for an answer to her question. So we will put away the Bible." (Here the Doctor lifted the Bible off the pulpit desk and put it on the seat behind him.)

"Will this poor woman ever see her son again? That is the question Science is to answer. What has become of him? Where is he?

Does death end all? What does Science say to these questions?"

(Here followed a long pause, Doctor Parker staring straight before him and saying nothing.)

"We are treating this question, you see, scientifically. We have put away the Bible, and we want to know what light Science throws on this poor woman's difficulty. What has become of her boy?"

(Another long pause, and dead silence.)

"The time is getting on, and she is waiting for an answer. Surely she is entitled to one? A most practical question; and if Science can throw real light on anything, surely it must have something to say in a case like this? Science, will this poor woman ever see her son again?"

(Another very long pause, and dead silence as before.)

"Science, we are waiting! We have put away the Bible, and we wish to treat this question in a purely scientific way. Will this poor woman ever see her son again?"

"We don't seem to be getting on! The poor woman's heart is likely to break, and she is waiting for an answer. What am I to say to her? What answer does Science give?"

"What? What? What? Has Science nothing to say? nothing to say to a practical question like that? Nothing to say to the most practical of all questions?"

"Ah! Then, we must just go back to the Old Book after all!" (Here Doctor Parker turned round, lifted the Bible off the seat, and replaced it, with great deliberation; then opened it and read:

"I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me." . . . "The dead men shall live, together, with my dead body shall they arise." . . . "I am the resurrection and the life." . . . "For this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality. O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?" . . . "And I saw the dead, small and great, stand before God." . . . "And so shall we ever be with the Lord. Wherefore comfort one another with these words."

Then closing the Bible, and patting it affectionately, Doctor Parker ended by saying: "No; we'll stick to the Old Book; we'll stick to the Old Book."—The Morning Watch.

47. Bible Indestructible

More than a hundred years ago Voltaire declared that there would not be a copy of the Bible on earth in a hundred years. Voltaire is dead, and one may barely recall the date of his death. The Geneva Bible Society is using the very printing press on which his infidel prophecy was issued. To-day four hundred million copies of the sacred Scriptures, in fully three hundred tongues, are in circulation, like leaves of the forests, for the healing of the nations. The Bible societies of America and Europe pledge themselves to furnish every family in the land with a Bible without money and without price where no copy is found.

48. Bible Its Own Witness

Conspicuous in John Randolph's library was a Family Bible. Surrounding it were many books, some for and others against its truthfulness as an inspired revelation. One day Mr. Randolph had a clergyman as his guest, and the Family Bible became a topic of conversation. The eccentric orator said, "I was raised by a pious mother (God bless her memory!), who taught me the Christian religion in all its requirements. But, alas! I grew up an infidel—if not an infidel complete, yet a decided deist. But when I became a man, in this as well as in political and all other matters, I resolved to examine for myself, and

never to pin my faith to any other man's sleeve. So I bought that Bible; I pored over it; I examined it carefully. I sought and procured those books for and against it; and when my labors were ended I came to this irresistible conclusion: The Bible is true. It would have been as easy for a mole to have written Sir Isaac Newton's treatise on Optics as for uninspired men to have written the Bible."—Christian Age.

49. Bible—Leaf by Leaf

Oh the victory of the cross!—we know what it can do in individual lives. They called him Ted the Snag in Australia, for he was so vile. For nine years he had never slept in a bed. Such a miserable object was he that a decent man would not speak to him. He told me with his own lips that he was lying in the gutter one Sunday morning almost insensible from drink, when an Anglican clergyman came along, and as he passed said some word that was not kind. Ted raised himself on his elbow and said, "See here, sir, you go and tell your people that you said a mean thing to Ted the Snag." He was so vile that nobody would have anything to do with him except his wife, and one night he struck her, and she left him. When he knew the house was vacant he went back, but found nothing there except a Bible. He was so angry that he tore up the blessed book leaf by leaf and burned it, and as he burned it the Spirit of God came to him and said, "You burn it leaf by leaf, and you will study it leaf by leaf;" and, said Ted, "I knew it would come true." One night during the mission Ted the Snag staggered in. The Missioner said, "Anybody who wants to be saved raise a hand." Ted says, "I put up one hand, then the other, then one foot, and I would have put up both feet if I could have done it, I was so anxious to be saved." That man is to-day going up and down Australia, proclaiming the evangel of the cross with a power that can hardly be equalled.

50. Bible—Light on

When President Hitchcock of Amherst College assembled a science class in a new recitation room with sky windows, the introduction to his lecture was, "Young men, all the light we have here comes from above." How can we hope to understand the Bible without that clarifying light "from above," for "The natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God; they are foolishness unto him; neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned."—O. A. Newlin.

51. Bible—Loving the Author of

A young lady asked to explain devotional reading of the Bible, answered: "Yesterday morning I received a letter from one to whom I have given my heart and devoted my life. I freely confess to you that I have read that letter five times, not because I did not understand it at the first reading, nor because I expected to commend myself to the author by frequent reading of his epistle. It was not with me a question of duty, but simply one of pleasure. I read it because I am devoted to him who wrote it. To read the Bible with that motive is to read it devotionally, and to one who reads it in that spirit it is indeed a love letter."

This young Christian's explanation is beautifully clear. The heart has not a little to do in interpreting God's word.

52. Bible—Modern

An intelligent young Chinaman came to Doctor Dean, the missionary, and brought back the Bible that had been given to him to examine. He pointed to some chapters he had found in it, and said: "You told me your book was very old, but look

at that; you have written that yourself since you came here. It is all about Chinamen!"

53. Bible Reading

A great many have a superstitious feeling about reading the Bible. Men carry texts as Indians carry amulets, with the superstitious idea that God will bless them to their good. The mere reading of the Bible, or carrying of texts, will not do you any good. A man may own a farm, and yet go to the poorhouse. His land must be cultivated, or it will do him no good.—H. W. Beecher.

54. Bible Reading—Daily

Some years ago a lady went to consult a famous physician about her health. She was a woman of nervous temperament. She gave the doctor a list of her symptoms, and answered his questions only to be astonished at his brief prescription at the end: "Go home and read your Bible an hour a day, then come back to me a month from to-day." And he bowed her out before she could protest.

At first she was inclined to be angry; then she reflected that at least the prescription was not an expensive one. She went home determined to read conscientiously her neglected Bible. In one month she went back to the doctor's office a different person, and asked him how he knew that was just what she needed.

For answer the physician turned to his desk. There worn and marked lay an open Bible. "Madam," he said, "if I were to omit my daily reading of this Book, I would lose my greatest force of strength and skill."

55. Bible—The Personal

I was once called to visit a dying lady, in the city of Philadelphia, of an English family. She and her husband were in a boarding house there. I spent much time with her, knelt often in prayer with her, and with great delight. Her husband was an Atheist, an English Atheist—a cold-hearted English Atheist. There is no such being beside him on the face of the globe. That was her husband. On the day in which that sweet Christian woman died she put her hand under the pillow and pulled out a little beautiful well-worn English Bible. She brought out that sweet little Bible, worn and thumbed and moistened with tears. She called her husband, and he came; and she said, "Do you know this little book?" and he answered, "It is your Bible." Replied she, "It is my Bible; it has been everything to me. It has converted, strengthened, cheered, and saved me. Now I am going to Him that gave it to me, and I shall want it no more; open your hands"—and she put it in between his hands and pressed his two hands together. "My dear husband, do you know what I am doing?" "Yes, dear; you are giving me your Bible." "No, darling, I am giving you your Bible, and God has sent me to give you this sweet book before I die. Put it in your hands; now put it in your bosom—will you keep it there? Will you read it for me?" "I will, my dear."

I placed this dear lady, dead, in the tomb behind my church. Perhaps three weeks afterward that big Englishman came to my study weeping profusely. "Oh, my friend," said he, "my friend, I have found what she meant—I have found what she meant!—it is my Bible; oh! it is my Bible; every word in it was written for me. I read it over day by day; I read it over night by night; I bless God it is my Bible. Will you take me into your church where she was?" "With all my heart"—and that proud, worldly, hostile man, hating this blessed Bible, came, with no arguments, with no objection, with no difficulties suggested, with no questions to unravel, but binding it upon his heart of

memory and love. It was God's message of direct salvation to his soul, as if there were not another Bible in Philadelphia, and an angel from heaven had brought him this. —Tyng.

56. Bible—Way of Life

A young miller in Sweden, named John Svenson, was converted by reading the Bible. As he had become a new creature, he refused to continue the old life of sin, which angered his comrade, Andrew Peterson, son of the mill-owner. One day when John had gone out, Andrew found his Bible and decided to destroy it, as it was the cause of the change in his friend. Before throwing it into the stream that turned the mill wheel, he opened the book at random and his eyes fell upon the words in Matt. 24: 41: "Two shall be grinding at the mill; the one shall be taken and the other left." The look had been brief, but the words had flashed into the heart like lightning and he found himself reading them again and again. Instead of throwing the Book away, he placed it back in John's room, and upon his return, asked his aid in finding the path of life.

A young lady found her chambermaid reading the Word and said to her: "You poor melancholic soul, how can you find pleasure in reading such a book!" Early next morning the maid found her mistress bathed in tears after a sleepless night, and upon inquiring the reason, the lady gave her this answer: "I saw one word in your book and that has robbed me of my rest, that awful word, eternity."

57. Bible—Wisdom of

The fact that the Standard Oil Company discovered oil and is operating wells in Egypt is generally known but the reason for its going to that ancient land to look for oil is probably not so well known. It is asserted that one of the directors of the company happened to read the second chapter of Exodus. The third verse caught his attention. It states that the ark of bulrushes which the mother of Moses made for her child was "daubed with slime and with pitch." This gentleman reasoned that where there was pitch there must be oil, and if there was oil in Moses' time it is probably still there. So the company sent out Charles Whitshott, its geologist and oil expert, to make investigations, with the result that oil was discovered. Three wells are now in operation and others are to be opened.—Chicago Daily News.

(The Am. Rev. margin gives "bitumen" for slime.)

58. Bible—Word of Life

About the year 1855, Murata, a brave, trusty Japanese officer in the employ of the Baron of Hizen, whose business it was to see that no student, hungry for Western knowledge, should slip out of Japan by way of the English ships, while personally inspecting the means of defense and guard along the coast, saw floating on the water a little book which in type, binding, and language was different from anything he had seen. After wary inquiries, he learned that the little book told about the Creator of the universe, Jesus, who taught his mind and truth. He thereupon started to find out about its message. Twelve years later, Murata and two others were baptized at Nagasaki by Verbeck—the first fruits of the gospel cast upon the water, literally, and used by the Providence of God.

59. Danger—Seeking

"Some ministers who are always trying to find flaws in the Bible remind me of a boy I saw recently who persisted in walking on the railing of a bridge in crossing the stream, though the whole of the pas-

sageway was at his disposal. That some are intent on keeping as far away from safety as possible is a strange fact."

60. God's Word Powerful

A Jewess of wealth and position noticed an advertisement of some article which she fancied, that would accompany the purchase of a Bible. She sent an order for the sake of what she wanted, and tossed the unwelcome book aside; but in an idle hour, later, picked it up and turned its pages. The New Testament was unfamiliar and she glanced at it curiously, becoming interested before she knew.

She fought against belief, but it gradually forced itself upon her, and she found herself in deep trouble. Confessing her faith meant the loss of property and home, the heart-break of father and mother, even separation from her husband, but she could not remain silent.

All that she feared was threatened in those awful days, but because they loved her, and to prove her error, her family also read the despised Gospel. Earth's unending miracle was repeated; they found what she had found, and looked wondering into each other's faces, a Christian household.—Forward.

61. Lamb's Book of Life

Some time ago three children—ten, seven, and four years old—arrived in St. Louis, having traveled all the way from Germany, without any escort or protection beyond a New Testament and their own innocence and helplessness. Their parents, who had emigrated from the Father-land and settled in Missouri, left them in charge of an aunt, to whom they forwarded money sufficient to pay the expenses of the little ones to their new home across the Atlantic. As the children could not speak any other language than Ger-man, it is doubtful whether they would ever have reached their desti-nation had not their aunt provided them with a passport, addressed not so much to an earthly authority as to Christian mankind generally. She gave the elder girl a New Testament, instructing her to show it to every person who might accost her, and especially to call their attention to the first leaf of the book. Upon that leaf were written the names of the three children, their birthplace and several ages, and this simple state-ment:—"Their father and mother in America are anxiously awaiting their arrival at Sedalia, Missouri." This was followed by the irresistible appeal—their guide, safeguard, and interpreter throughout a journey of more than four thousand miles—"Verily I say unto you, Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me." Many were the acts of kindness shown to the little travelers, many the hands held out to smooth their journey, until they reached their parents in perfect safety.

62. Law—Perfect

After ten years of patient work, experts in London have finished what is said to be the most perfect yard stick in the world. It is made of platinum and iridium, and was designed to be used as the standard of the British government. Every year for ten years it will be examined and if it varies by a millionth of an inch it will be rejected.

The Bible is the Christian's stand-ard for his rule of conduct. Its principles never change. "The law of the Lord is perfect."

63. Life—Sign of

A Hindu fakir, with matted hair and ash-besmeared body, was sit-ting under a tree in deep meditation. His eyes fell on the leaves of a torn book which some one had tossed

away. It was part of the New Testament. He smoothed out the crumpled pages and read words which brought strange thoughts to his hungry soul—they seemed to take him by the hand and lead him straight to the Father. Then he set out to seek for some one who obeyed the book. He found an Englishman who confessed that he obeyed it. The fakir, delighted, noticed that the Englishman wore a black band on his arm, and concluded that this was the distinctive sign of a Christian. So he put a black band on his own arm, and when people asked who he was, he pointed to the band and told them. Some time later the fakir wandered for the first time into a church and listened to a Christian preacher. At the close he announced that he, too, was a follower of this way, and pointed to the band as a proof. They explained that it was an English sign of the death of some loved one. The fakir mused for a moment; then he answered, "But I read in the book that my Loved One has died, so I shall wear it in memory of him." Before long, however, he grasped the Gospel of the resurrection, and when he realized that his Loved One was alive for evermore, a great joy filled his heart. He took off the band from his arm, and the light of the resurrection shone in his face—and that became the sign.

64. Sword of the Word

We are told that the grey heron has a very singular mode of defense. When attacked by the eagle or falcon it simply stands quiet and firm, using its bill as a sword, allowing the enemy to pierce himself through by his own force. The Christian's method of defense is very similar. We have the sword of the Spirit which is the Word of God. When attacked by the enemy, without or within, stand firm and display the Word, hold it forth. The more fiercely the foe attacks the more surely shall they pierce themselves with it. His Word is a fire, all that cross it shall be burned. "Stand therefore, having your loins girt about with truth" (Eph. 6: 14).—James Smith.

BROTHERHOOD

65. Brother—Called

Turgenieff in one of his parables tells of meeting a beggar, who held out his greasy hands for alms. Turgenieff searched all his pockets, but had no money, no food, nothing whatever to give the man. He said to him, "I am sorry brother, that I have nothing for thee." The beggar's face brightened and he said, "That is enough. Thank you." To be called "brother" was better than any alms would have been. We may not give money to the mendicant on the street, but we may show him kindness, the spirit of brotherhood, and that will be worth more to him than the largest alms. It will gladden and cheer his heart, and bring to him a little warmth of the love of Christ.

66. Brother—Helping a Weak

Professor Dager often took his large dog with him on his walks in the mountains. The dog liked to cross the mountain streams by jumping from rock to rock. One day, the large dog did not cross the stream as usual, but went a long way up the valley to a small bridge. Why? Because the little dog could not jump as he could and in trying, would have fallen into the stream. He therefore went the roundabout way for the sake of his weak companion. This dog acted better than many Christians do. But for us to act as he did, is to fulfill the law of Christ.

67. Brother—Helping Blind

An interesting story of brotherly

love and courageous work under the affliction of total blindness was recently unveiled at McGill University, Montreal, Can. Thomas S. Stewart nine years ago injured one of his eyes with a knife. A specialist decided that it should be removed to save the other. When the operation was over and he recovered from the anæsthetic, it was discovered that the operator had blundered by removing the sound eye, so making the young man totally blind. Notwithstanding this he undertook to pursue his studies in law at McGill. He was able to do this by the aid of his brother, William Stewart, who read to him and accompanied him through all the different phases of college life. The blind brother came out at the head of his class, while the other came second. The latter practically making himself a seeing medium for his blind brother.

68. Brotherhood

The two greatest missionary documents known to history are the Lord's Prayer and the parable of the Prodigal Son. If you have ever read the parable of the Prodigal Son as the agony of a bereaved father's heart you will find that missions are placed in the very heart of our God and Father, whose name we bear. And if you have ever said, "Our Father," you have felt the call and passion of brotherhood that runs through the whole of the missionary movement. It is there that Jesus laid the foundation of all this missionary enterprise.

Luther said: "My coat of arms shall be a heart that has the color of human flesh upon it, warm with human love, and in it shall be planted the cross, the black cross, that shows the sacredness of sacrificial suffering, and that shall be set in a rose of the purest white—the purity and strength of character that God can give to those that suffer—and back of it all shall be that ground of blue that brings heaven nearer to earth, and around it shall be the golden ring of perfectedness and eternity as a symbol of what Jesus Christ has done for men."—Professor O. E. Brown.

69. Deeds and Creeds

A housegirl once sought membership in Mr. Spurgeon's Metropolitan Tabernacle. She was refused at first, when Mr. Spurgeon called her back and asked for further evidence of her change of heart. Replying, the domestic said: "I have none except that now I sweep under the mats and rugs in the house where I am employed." "It is enough," said Mr. Spurgeon, "we will receive you into our fellowship." "A sweeping" action which George Herbert says is "fine."

70. Deeds—Power of Good

The example of a kindness is never lost. A newsboy took the Sixth avenue elevated railroad car in New York, and sliding into one of the cross seats fell asleep. At Grand street two young women got on, and took seats opposite the lad. His feet were bare and his hat had fallen off. Presently one young girl leaned over and placed her muff under the little fellow's dirty cheek. An old gentleman in the next seat smiled at the act, and without saying anything, held out a quarter, with a nod toward the boy. The next man just as silently offered a dime; and a woman across the aisle, held out some pennies, and, before she knew it, the girl with flaming cheeks had taken money from every passenger in that end of the car. She quietly slid the amount into the sleeping lad's pocket, removed her muff gently from under his head without rousing him, got off at Twenty-third street, nodding to all the passengers in a pretty little inclination of the head that seemed full of thanks and a common secret.

This rebukes Ingersoll's sneer that if he had been God he would have had good things catching. They are catching and God made them so.

71. Creed and Deed

One day, Cicero tells the story in his treatise "On Old Age," an aged Athenian came into the theater, but not one of his fellow-citizens in that immense crowd would incommode himself to make room for him. As, however, he approached the ambassadors from Lacedæmon, who had their own special seat, they all rose to receive him into their midst. The whole assembly burst into applause. Whereupon somebody said, "The Athenians know what is good, but they will not practice it."—Christian Family.

72. Fellowship—Earthly

Said a gentleman recently: "I went to the city of N——, and the first thing I did was to present my church letter. After being formally received by the pastor, I passed down the aisle to my seat. I noticed in one of the pews a fine-looking man. Many members came to me at the close of the service and welcomed me, but this man passed out without as much as noticing me. The next week I entered the ——— lodge. The day after, a gentleman came running across the street through the mud to meet me. Introducing himself, he said, 'I saw you at lodge last night. I want to welcome you.' It was the same man whom I had noticed in the church, of which he was a prominent member. He never thought of giving me a welcome as a member of the church, but as a member of the lodge he was prompt and profuse in his recognition."

73. Friend—A Faithful

Picture to yourself a man lying upon a bed in a rough shanty in the Rocky Mountains. He has a bullet in his chest, and he has sent for his great friend, the doctor. Some months before he had been amazed by the change which had taken place in the doctor's life, and, when he asked his friend what was the cause of it, the doctor had given him his own New Testament, and had said: "Read the Gospels in this." Mexico had done so, and as he read, his heart went out to the wonderful Man who went about doing good, and whose courage and love and power filled him with amazement. But when he came to the end and saw Jesus go to the Cross without effort to save himself, he could not understand how that mighty Man could let his enemies kill him. And now, as he lay on his bed, the same wondering question filled his mind. At last, by the evening train the doctor came. When the message came, he, too, was lying upon his bed in great pain, but at the summons he rose up and went to save his friend.

When Mexico saw the doctor's face, white and drawn with pain, he cried out, "Doctor, you shouldn't have come; you're worse than me." "All right," said the doctor, "I had to come. One can't go back on one's friend." Mexico looked at him steadily, and then suddenly a light came into his eyes, and, with quivering lips, he cried: "Doctor, I know now why he let them kill him." "Why?" said the doctor. "Because he couldn't go back on his friends."

That was it. In the self-sacrifice of his friend, the rough backwoodsman saw the meaning of the Cross of Christ. "He couldn't go back on his friends."

The bullet was extracted, and the wound bound up. The doctor spent a restless night of pain in the adjoining room, and then, as the time drew near for him to catch the morning train back to the hospital, he went in to visit his patient once more. When he had attended to the wound, he leant over the sick man to say good-bye. "Doctor," said the

man, "I can't tell you what I feel. My heart is too full, but—you make me think of him."

74. Influence—Blessed

When Bishop William Burt retired from active service because he had reached the age limit, there was presented to him a bound volume containing autographic tributes from all those who had served with him on the Deaconess Board of the Methodist Episcopal Church. The following letter is a most tender tribute to friendship:

"Dear Bishop Burt:

"Your years have passed like sunlight. They were beautiful, and filled with service in the old world and the new. God has been with you, and you have been with God.

"Would you might live a hundred years to bless mankind, but wherever you are, in earth or heaven, you will like the place. You make it good to live where you are around.

"You have blessed my life, and I want to live with you forever in the skies.

"Your brother everywhere,
"William A. Quayle."

75. Man's Value

Street Car Driver: "Me and that off-horse has been working for the company for twelve years now."

Passenger: "That so? The company must think a great deal of you and the nag."

Street Car Driver: "Well, I dunno; last week the two of us was taken sick and they got a doctor for the horse and docked me. Gid-dap there, now Betsy."

76. Religion—Practical

Peter is in ecstasy amid these surroundings. He desires to remain on the Mount. He says in rapture, "It is good for us to be here." He would rather remain there for ever, than go down from the mountain and engage in the practical duties of life. But his request is denied him. Sometimes, in revival meetings, you have felt in the same way. There are duties outside of the revival. Longfellow, in one of his poems, pictures a youth, who, in winter, seizes a banner and begins the ascent of a mountain. He gradually leaves behind him the fields, the stores, the workshops, the dwellings, and the neighbors. As he rises higher and higher he shouts, "Excelsior." His voice grows fainter and fainter, until heard no more. He has gone so high, that the atmosphere in which he moves has become too thin to sustain life, and he dies. So it is no uncommon thing to see professed Christians taking the banner of the Cross and crying, "Hallelujah," "Amen," rise higher and higher, emotionally, until they leave behind them this practical world. They lose sight of the duties of every-day life. They are too high to give much attention to such matters as speaking the truth, keeping their temper, restraining their tongue from slander, and paying their debts. They have become too religious to give much concern to these things. But these persons soon reach an altitude where the atmosphere is too thin for them to live, and they die. It is one thing to be religious on the Mount of Transfiguration, and another thing not to deny our Lord in the world below. Instead of this gushing religion, let us have one that touches the ground.—Irving A. Searles.

77. Righteousness—Garments of

The Rev. Mark Guy Pearse has always figured prominently in the work of saving and helping men. Dr. Wilbur F. Crafts tells this incident of the London Methodist preacher. One bitter winter night he had taken a cab from a London suburb, and on reaching home bade the driver come in and get some-

thing warm and comfortable, but non-intoxicating. He noticed that the "cabby" had no overcoat and inquired how it was he was so insufficiently clad. The man explained his poverty, and Mr. Pearse said, "Well now I have a coat upstairs that would suit you, but before I give it to you, I'm bound to tell you there is something peculiar about it, and it is right I should explain it to you before you put it on."

"What's that, sir?" said cabby, considerably mystified and not knowing whether he might not find it wise to decline the offer of the mysterious garment.

Said Mr. Pearse, "That coat never had a glass of beer or spirits inside of it from the day it was made until now. I want you to promise me that as long as you wear that coat you will let the drink alone."

"All right, sir," holding out his right hand, "all right, sir; I don't upset the coat by putting any drink inside of it." Many months afterwards Mr. Pearse met the man again and learned that he had kept his bargain.

78. Sympathy—Daring

Some rude children in Madagascar were one day calling out, "A leper! A leper!" to a poor woman who had lost all her fingers and toes by the dread disease. A missionary lady who was nearby put her hand on the woman's shoulder and asked her to sit down on the grass by her. The woman fell sobbing, overcome by emotion, and cried out, "A human hand has touched me." The missionary says that in that moment it flashed across her mind why it is recorded in the Gospels that Jesus touched the leper. That is just what others would not do. It was the touch of sympathy as well as of healing power.

79. Weak—Helping the

A nurseryman about to plant a number of young saplings, some straight and some crooked, thus reasioned with himself—"These straight saplings will no doubt grow up to be fine trees without much attention on my part; but I will see if, by proper training, I cannot make something of the crooked ones also. There will be more trouble with them, no doubt, than with the others; but for that very reason I shall be the better satisfied should I succeed."—New Cyclopædia of Anecdotes.

CHILDREN

80. Character—Beauty of

A good many years ago there was born in Russia a boy who thought himself so ugly that he felt there was no happiness for such as he. He had a wide nose, thick lips, small grey eyes, and big hands and feet. When he grew to be a man he became a famous writer. In one of his books he tells that he was so anxious about this ugliness that he besought God to work a miracle, to turn him into a beauty. If God would do this the boy promised that he would give God all he then possessed, or would possess in the future.

That Russian boy was the great Count Tolstoi. Happily as he grew older he discovered that the beauty for which he sighed was not the only beauty, nor the best beauty. He learned to value more the beauty of a character strong and great and good in God's sight.—James Hastings.

81. Child Leading

The other night a friend of mine witnessed a drunken brawl. There was a man there who continued in the brawl, and his wife came out of the crowd and said: "I will go and fetch baby to him; that will bring him out of it if anything will." Ah! she was a philosopher, though she didn't know it. She wanted to get

to the deepest part of the man's nature. She did not talk of policeman and prison; she wanted to bring the innocent one before him, as much as to say, "Will you make a thorny couch for this little one to lie upon? Will you forge a dagger with which to pierce this little one's heart?"

The gospel comes to make us hate sin by showing that another suffered and died for us.—C. Vince.

82. Child—Saving a

In a remote district of Wales a baby boy lay dangerously ill. The widowed mother walked five miles in the night through drenching rain to get a doctor. The doctor hesitated about making the unpleasant trip. Would it pay? he questioned. He would receive no money for his services, and, besides, if the child's life were saved, he would no doubt become only a poor laborer. But love for humanity and professional duty conquered, and the little life was saved. Years after, when this same child—Lloyd George—became Chancellor of the Exchequer, the doctor said, "I never dreamed that in saving the life of that child on the farm hearth I was saving the life of the leader of England." This is a good Children's Day lesson. In working for the litle ones we never know how much we are doing.—H.

83. Children—Claims of

Socrates once said, "Could I climb to the highest place in Athens, I would lift my voice and proclaim —Fellow-citizens, why do ye turn and scrape every stone to gather wealth, and take so little care of your children to whom one day you must relinquish it all?"—Family Circle.

84. Child—Finding

From the Contagious Disease Hospital of New York City last October, according to the New York Times, came a telephone message to a mother on Madison Avenue. "Did you leave an eighteen-months-old baby here, stricken with paralysis, about two months ago?" she was asked.

"Yes," said the mother.

"Is it here yet?" came over the phone.

"Our baby died two weeks ago and was buried from the hospital. Why do you ask?" said the mother, bursting into tears.

"Because some mistake has been made," came the answer over the wire. "Can you come to the hospital at once?"

It didn't take that mother long to reach the hospital. A nurse brought her child to her, living and well; and there was an indescribably joyous meeting as the little one's arms clung round the mother's neck.

A mistake had been made as to the identity of a baby who had indeed died two weeks before; this mother had been notified of the death of her child; and on account of the dread disease the little body had only been seen at a distance by the supposed parents. Easter must have a new meaning in that house. The newspaper headlines describing this glad restoration read: "Finds a Child Alive She Thought Buried."—C. G. Trumbull.

85. Children—Heathen

"Is your baby better?" one mother asks of another whose little one has been sick. "We have thrown it away," is the stolid answer. "Well, it is gone, and you cannot get it back. Just forget it as soon as you can. There is nothing else to do." Such is the hopeless outlook and such the comfort which heathenism brings to aching hearts in China when death invades the home and the little ones are taken. But oh, the change that comes when our blessed gospel enters those hearts and homes!

86. Children—Jesus and

Mr. Robert E. Speer has said that he would be almost willing to stake the entire defense of Christianity on what it has done for the child as compared with the attitude of non-Christian religions toward children. Infanticide, especially of girls, is common in almost every non-Christian country. In India the predominance of boys over girls bears abundant testimony to the practice of killing girl babies.

In one of the villages of China, a missionary tells of his having found, on his first arrival, a pond which was called "Babies' Pond." Into this pond were cast the children that heartless parents wished to get rid of, and in those early days of missionary work, this missionary states, the bodies of several babies could always be seen floating on the slimy green surface of the pond. The entrance of the Gospel into this place, has not only done away with this practice, but has made sacred the life of the child.—The Bible Teacher.

87. Children—Lost

The following tender appeal appeared in the pages of the Chicago Tribune recently:

"Dear Helen—We miss you so and want you so. It doesn't matter where you have been or what has happened, our arms and hearts are waiting for you. Won't you come back to us, or let us know where we can find you? Don't feel afraid of us. We are ready to forgive everything. Only come.

"Your wondering, heart-aching family."

Your Saviour, my lost friend, has been making an appeal even more tender than that for you. Only come! He will receive you.

88. Conversation of Children

Many persons are afraid of children's conversion As though the conversion of a child that is free from the cares and burdens which you carry like a hump on your back was not more likely to be genuine than yours, if you give it fair play! When little children think they are converted people say, "What, converted so small? Christians so young? Let us be careful. We will not take them into the church yet. It will not do to bring them along too fast. If they hold out we will receive them."

Suppose, a child being born, the doctor should say, "My dear father and mother, it is uncertain whether or not this child will live, and I advise you to put it out on the front doorsteps and leave it over night. If it lives in the open air in January you may be sure that it has a good constitution, and you will be warranted in bringing it in and taking care of it." Thus you do a devilish work, and hope that God will do a good one. Those periods when children feel drawings towards higher things, and hear the call of God, are just the periods when you should take care of them. It is not hard to make a tree grow right if you begin to train it when it is young, but to make a tree grow right after you have allowed it to grow wrong till it is old is not an easy matter.—H. W. Beecher.

89. Defender of the Defenseless

I read a story the other day of a boy who had a strange dream. He dreamt that the richest man in his little town came to him, that he was tired of his money and his houses and his lands, and he wanted the boy to take his place. Then the old doctor arrived, and he said that he was weary of going up and down the streets healing sick folk, and would the boy get ready to become the town physician. Then the judge came, and he also was tired of his work. He wanted someone to try his cases

and fill his place on the bench. Then the town drunkard, the shame of the village and its saddest sight, came on the scene, and he told the lad that he could not live much longer and he wanted somebody to be ready to take his place in the bars and on the streets.

That was a strange dream, but it was in a sense a true one. Boys and girls, you are all getting ready to fill some place in the world. What are you getting ready for? Are you getting ready to throw away your life like that poor village drunkard? Or are you getting ready to be like Abraham, a defender of the defenseless, and a friend of God?—James Hastings.

90. Enthusiasm Killed

Every American boy and girl likes a job but resents a task. Perhaps you did not know that there is a difference. Professor Puffer tells a story of a boy who burst into the diningroom where his father sat at breakfast and said, "What can I do to help you to-day, dad? I want to do something."

"Well, son," was the reply, "do you see that pile of sand out there? You can wheel it up to the other end of the garden."

"All right," said the boy, and with a whistle on his lips he went to work. But the job did not last long and he was soon back.

"Job's done, dad, what can I do to help you, now?" Now the father, like a great many other American fathers, thought only of keeping the boy employed.

"Oh, just wheel it back where you found it," was his reply.

The boy thrust his hands into his pockets and walked from the room. His whistling had ceased. He found that his father had given him not a job, but a task.—Illinois State Y. M. C. A. Notes.

91. God's Instrument

An English drummer boy was made prisoner during a rebellion long ago in Ireland. His captors wished him to play a tune on his drum. He refused. "We will kill you if you don't," said one. "I don't care," answered the boy. "Well, if you don't play a tune on it, I will," said one of the soldiers, stretching out his hand to take the drum. In an instant, with an angry flash of his eye, the lad leaped through the drumhead, breaking it to pieces, shouting, "The king's drum shall never be beat by rebels"—and fell pierced through with the bayonets of the enemy.

O youths, act the brave part of this little soldier. Never let your powers or your bodies, which are God's, be used in the service of Satan.

92. Honor—Sense of

They tell of Nelson, when he was a boy, that he and his brother were returning to school after the Christmas holidays. Their home was within riding distance of the school and it was their custom to return on horseback. Now it happened this Christmas that there had been a heavy snow-storm. And by and by the boys determined to turn back rather than go on. Nelson's brother William was not fond of school, so he welcomed any excuse. But when the boys got home and told their story, all their father said was, "If that be the case you certainly shall not go; but make another attempt and I shall leave it to your honor. If the road is dangerous you may return; but, remember boys, I leave it to your honor."

So the two boys started out again. They found the snow really deep, and once more William was for turning back, but Horatio said, "No, we must go on. We can manage it if we try harder. Father left it to our honor."—James Hastings.

93. Influence—Unconscious

Josiah Wedgwood, the famous potter, invented the beautiful Wedgwood ware that is so much admired. Josiah lived about a hundred years ago, and besides being a celebrated potter he was a thoroughly good man and a splendid Christian.

One day a nobleman came to the factory, and Mr. Wedgwood asked a lad of fifteen to take the visitor over the works and explain how things were done.

Now the nobleman was smart and clever, but he was not a God-fearing man. As he went on his round he began to use bad language and to make light of sacred things. At first the boy was shocked, but by and by he began to laugh at the smart remarks. Mr. Wedgwood, who was following, was hotly indignant.

When the nobleman returned to the office the potter picked out a vase of rare workmanship and began to point out its beauties and to describe how carefully and wonderfully it had been made. The nobleman was charmed and held out his hand to receive the vase, but as Mr. Wedgwood was handing it to the visitor he let it fall, and it lay shattered in a hundred pieces.

The nobleman was very angry. He reproached his host for having destroyed the beautiful vase which he had so much wished to possess, but the potter replied, "My lord, there are things more precious than any vase—things which once ruined can never be restored. I can make another vase like this for you, but you can never give back to the boy who has just left us the pure heart which you have destroyed by making light of sacred things, and by using impure words."—James Hastings.

94. Law—Evading

Some Christians have the same idea of these commandments as a little boy who was playing with his sister. A most unpleasant woman who lived near had been finding fault with them, and the boy said, "I just hate her." His little sister, greatly shocked, said, "Oh, no! The Bible says we must love every one." "Oh, well," he remarked, "old Mrs. Blank wasn't born when that was written." Isn't that the idea some of us have about the requirements of God's Word?

95. Moral Rights

A man's success in life does not depend upon his stature, but upon his spirit. The best man, after all, is the biggest man. It is moral stamina which gives distinction to humanity, whether it be young or old, high or low in the social scale. A small office boy named Robert was chaffed about his size until he could stand it no longer. "Small as I am," said he, "I can do something no man can do in this office." "What is that, Bobby?" they all shouted. "Keep from swearing," Robert replied. The office boy has his moral rights in modern industrialism, and his business superiors should remember that God, their Master and his, will hold them to strict account for the example they set before the boy and the attitude they assume toward his moral training.

96. Obedience—Value of

Years ago a famous children's specialist said to me: "When it comes to a serious illness, the child who has been taught to obey stands four times the chance of recovery that the spoiled and undisciplined child does." Those words made a lasting impression upon me. Up to that time I had been taught that one of the Ten Commandments was for children to obey their parents. Never had it entered my mind that a question of obedience might mean the saving or losing of a child's life.—From the Sunday School Chronicle. J. A. Clark.

97. Sacrifice—Joy of

He was only a mite of a boy, dirty and ragged; and he had stopped for a little while in one of the city's free playgrounds to watch a game of ball between boys of his own and a rival neighborhood. Tatters and grime were painfully in evidence on every side; but the little fellow attracted the attention of a group of visitors, and one of them, reaching over the child's shoulder as he sat on the ground, gave him a luscious golden pear. The boy's eyes sparkled; but the eyes were the only thanks as he looked back to see from whence the gift had come and then turned his face away too shy or too much astonished to speak.

But from that time on his attention was divided between the game and his new treasure. He patted the pear; he looked at it; and, at last, as if to assure himself that it was as delicious as it appeared, he lifted it to his lips and cautiously bit out a tiny piece near the stem. Then, with a long sigh of satisfaction and assurance, he tucked the prize safely inside his blouse.

"Why don't you eat it, Tony?" demanded a watchful acquaintance.

"Eat it? All meself? Ain't I savin' it for mother?"

The tone, with its mingling of resentment and loyalty, made further speech unnecessary. Whatever Tony lacked—and it seemed to be nearly everything—he had learned humanity's loftiest lesson. He had another dearer than self, and knew the joy of sacrifice.

98. Sainthood Deferred

"Too many people," said the clergyman, "regard their religion as did the little boy in the jam closet. His mother pounced on him suddenly. He stood on tiptoe, lading jam with both hands from the jam pot to his mouth.

"'Oh, Jacky!' his mother cried, 'And only last night you prayed to be made a saint!'

"His face, an expressionless mask of jam, turned toward her. 'Yes, but not till after I'm dead,' he explained."

99. Seeker—Persistent

It was in the dead of night, and a cold night at that. Mr. Smith was away, and Peterson Smith, aged six, was getting over the measles.

"Mother, may I have a drink of real cold water?" he asked, waking Mrs. Smith from a refreshing slumber.

"Turn right over and go to sleep!" commanded Mrs. Smith. "You are a naughty boy to wake mother up when she put a pitcher of water on your table the very last thing before you went to bed."

Ten minutes later the small voice piped up again: "Mother, I want a drink of water."

"Peterson," said Mrs. Smith sternly, "if you say that again I shall get up and spank you!"

There was five minutes' silence, and again Peterson spoke:

"Mother," he said, cheerfully, "when you get up to spank me, may I have a drink of water?"—Youth's Companion.

100. Thankfulness

There was once a good king in Spain called Alfonso XII. Now it came to the ears of this king that the pages at his court forgot to ask God's blessing on their daily meals, and he determined to rebuke them. He invited them to a banquet which they all attended. The table was spread with every kind of good thing, and the boys ate with evident relish; but not one of them remembered to ask God's blessing on the food.

During the feast a beggar entered, dirty and ill-clad. He seated himself at the royal table and ate and drank

to his heart's content. At first the pages were amazed, and they expected that the king would order him away. But Alfonso said never a word.

When the beggar had finished he rose and left without a word of thanks. Then the boys could keep silence no longer. "What a despicably mean fellow!" they cried. But the king silenced them, and in clear, calm tones he said, "Boys, bolder and more audacious than this beggar have you all been. Every day you sit down to a table supplied by the bounty of your Heavenly Father, yet you ask not His blessing nor express to Him your gratitude."—James Hastings.

101. Tribulation—Joyful in

In Lausanne, Switzerland, Adele Kamm was born on October 1, 1885. When she was eight years old she had her first severe attack of illness. For a time the physicians thought they could restore her to health. After a few years, however, they realized that all they could do was to prolong her life. She was suffering from tuberculosis, and the end seemed near.

The invalid heard the truth, but she did not allow herself to give way to gloom. "I will smile when I feel ill," she resolved. "Her life was gracious and radiant," wrote Paul Seippel in telling her story in "Huguenot Saint of the Twentieth Century," a book which passed through three editions in French before it was translated into English. For a time she was in a hospital where she found joy in ministering to other patients. . . . When she was taken to her own home she missed what she called "the sacred joy of helping them." . . . She wrote a booklet called "Joyful in Tribulation." It rang with a message of joy from beginning to end. . . . Before long her joy became even greater, because, with another invalid, she conceived the idea of the "Society of Ladybirds."

102. Truth—Searching for

One day little Maxine Mudgett was playing in the barnyard of her father's ranch near Mariposa, California. There had been a big rain and the water had come surging through the barnyard, washing away considerable soil and bringing to light a number of new stones that she had not seen before. One of them attracted her childish attention and interest and she carried it with her to the house. Her father found it to be a nugget of solid gold weighing twenty-eight ounces and worth five hundred and ten dollars. Ten thousand children in ten thousand barnyards in a score of other states might have searched a day or a year and not found a single nugget, but this little girl was hunting in a nugget country. Many people search for peace and truth about God and man and never find it. But people who search in the childlike spirit in that greatest of all gold fields, the Bible, will not fail to find golden nuggets of priceless value.

CHRIST

103. Christ—Abiding

The beautiful hymn, "Abide, With Me," was written in 1847, by Rev. Henry Francis Lyte, when he was in the final stage of disease. His life was one of disappointments. His ambitions were crossed, his affections were betrayed, his health failed. Though of gentle birth and high scholarship, he was placed in what he himself called "a dreary Irish curacy." But he was not permitted to linger even there; failing health compelled him to relinquish his charge in an attempt to prolong his life in the soothing climate of Italy. Before leaving for the South he gathered his strength for the ad-

ministration of a last communion servvice, although, as he wrote, "scarcely able to crawl." Then he gave his farewell to the members of his flock and retired to his chamber. As the evening of the Sabbath day gathered its shadows, he came forth wearily, and laid in the hand of one of his relatives this hymn of eight stanzas. Thus was this prayer in hymn born in an hour of deepest darkness and bitterest disappointment.

104. Christ a Magnet

Recently a Western iron manufacturing concern in experimenting with powerful magnetic cranes found that one of the magnets on being passed over the ground on their premises, recovered thousands of pounds of iron that had lain buried for years. Huge pieces of iron fairly leapt through their earthen mantle to meet the mighty magnetic force and not a few mysterious disappearances of parts reported "missing" were accounted for on this day of reckoning.

What a picture of the power of the Spirit of God when he moves over a community. Often the Spirit might pass over the earth to-day and attract with his irresistible power the "steeled hearts" of those sunken in the sins and cares of worldliness. "If I be lifted up from the earth I will draw all men unto me."

105. Christ—Condescension of

A Colorado mine-owner erected houses for his employees, and built a school for the exclusive use of their children. One day a ranchman in the neighborhood visited the mine-owner, and told him that he had five children who were growing up in ignorance because there was not a good school within reach of his ranch. He begged for permission to send them to the mining school, and offered to pay liberally for the privilege. The mine-owner said, however, that it could not be done. He had been obliged to make it an inflexible rule that no children should be admitted but those of the employees in the mine. The ranchman pleaded, but without avail. Finally, he offered himself as a miner, and being a strong, stalwart man, he was accepted. He is now working in the mine for daily wages, in order that his children may be eligible for admission to the school. He doubtless finds the work hard and uncongenial, but his children will profit by his doing it, and that fact is a consolation to him. We admire a love like this that leads to self-sacrifice, but we too often forget that the whole human race owes its opportunity of attaining eternal life to such love.

106. Christ—Explaining

We call Christmas the birthday of Jesus Christ, but who he was, what he was in the depths of his nature, the world, after two thousand years of investigation and reflection, has not been able to tell exhaustively. If any one shall say that it is too much of a mystery to believe in such a birth, such a life, such a resurrection, a sufficient reply is that the universe is crowded with mystery. We cannot explain creation, or existence, or matter, or mind, or life—nothing, indeed, ultimately. We cannot prove by reason who we are ourselves, what we are, whence we came, whither we go. What is the meaning of the worlds and the totality of things, who can say? Even the flower in the crannied wall defies all of our systems of thought.

We cannot understand Jesus fully and fundamentally, nor explain him as we explain others. He does not ask us to do it nor make our salvation depend on our doing it. Christmas is not time for losing ourselves in the depths of an abstract and metaphysical theology. Jesus says

not "Explain Me," but "Follow Me." His religion is conduct—a practical program and not merely philosophical disquisition. Its path into truth is by way of obedience. He that is willing to do the will of God and honestly makes the attempt shall somehow comprehend the teaching of the Prophet of Nazareth.—Western Christian Advocate.

107. Christ's Friends

A Russian soldier, one very cold, piercing night, kept duty between one sentry-box and another. A poor working man, moved with pity, took off his coat and lent it to the soldier to keep him warm, adding that he should soon reach home, while the soldier would be exposed out of doors for the night. The cold was so intense that the soldier was found dead in the morning. Some time afterwards the poor man was laid on his deathbed, and in a dream saw Jesus appear to him. "You have got my coat on," said the man. "Yes; it is the coat you lent to me that cold night when I was on duty, and you passed by. I was naked, and you clothed me."—Christian Age.

108. Christ—Holding Up

A young lieutenant, fresh from a Christian home, arrived at his camp in France to find that the officers' mess was not conducted in a seemly way. The men not only talked in an objectionable way but they had put on the walls of the mess room pictures that were far from decorous.

The lieutenant was young and unfamiliar with army life; though his whole soul revolted, he hardly dared to protest. Then one afternoon, when he was going through his luggage, he found in his valise a small but beautiful picture. It was the head of Christ by that master of masters, Leonardo da Vinci, a copy of that head which he had sketched again and again before painting it on the canvas of his great picture, the Last Supper. It gave the young man his inspiration. Creeping into the mess room late that night, he hung the picture on the wall. There it was, a point of goodness and beauty and inspiration amid the tawdry, evil stuff that hung there.

The young officer was not the only one to creep into that room when no one was watching. Within twenty-four hours, picture after picture mysteriously disappeared from those walls until only the picture of the head of the Saviour remained. Before those pure and tender eyes sin fled away. The simple uplifting of Christ was enough to drive evil away in headlong flight. Evil must be overcome by good.—Youth's Companion.

109. Christ—Image of

Scipio Africanus had a son, who had nothing of the father but the name—a coward—a dissolute, sorry rake—the son of one of the greatest generals in the world! This son wore a ring upon his finger, wherein was his father's picture. His life and character were so opposite to those of his father, and so unworthy, that, by an act of the senate, he was commanded to forbear wearing that ring. They judged it unfit that he should have the honor to wear the picture of his father, who would not himself bear the resemblance of his father's excellency. The divine command is, "Let every one that nameth the name of Christ depart from iniquity."—Whitecross.

110. Christ in the Heart

A soldier of Napoleon's great army was wounded one day by a bullet which entered his breast above his heart; he was carried to the rear, and the surgeon was probing the wound with his knife, when at length the guardsman exclaimed, "An inch deeper, and you will find the emperor." And the Christian soldier, even when most sorely

pressed and pierced by his foes, is conscious that were his heart laid open by their wounds, it would only discover the name of his great Captain deeply engraven there.—Independent.

111. Christ-Like

When the funeral procession of Lord Shaftesbury, the Christian philanthropist, reached Trafalgar Square forty thousand factory hands, seamstresses, flower girls, and laborers from the East End were found there assembled; then came a mile through such crowds as London has scarcely ever seen, and on either side of the street delegations from Sunday schools, shelters, the homes and the training schools, supported almost wholly by this great philanthropist.

When the hearse approached the costermongers, a leader lifted a banner with these words, "I was a stranger, and ye took me in."

The boys from the ragged schools lifted this banner: "I was sick, and ye visited me."

Upon a silken flag the leader of the working girls had inscribed these words: "Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these, ye did it unto me."

This was a beautiful tribute of gratitude to one who was worthy. And the whole nobility and goodness of Shaftesbury's life grew out of his desire to be like Christ, to whom he ever paid the homage of gratitude for all that he was, or did.

112. Christ Likeness

The caterpillar of a moth, we are told, becomes like the color of the leaf upon which it feeds. Its color in this way indicates the character of the food it eats. If we would be like Christ we must feed on Him. Our moral character will always manifest the color of our mental food. Christ lived upon the Word of God His Father, and so maintained a life that was like God. If we would be His disciples we must come after Him in this matter. Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God. "Eat, O friends" (S. of S. 5: 1).—James Smith.

113. Christ Our Plea

Some years ago, during the war, there was a judge who felt great interest in the welfare of the suffering soldiers. He had a dear boy of his own in the army, and this made him feel the greatest sympathy for the soldiers. But one time he was very busy in studying out an important law case that was coming before him to be tried. And while he was thus engaged, he made up his mind not to be interrupted by any persons begging for help. One day, during this time, a poor soldier came into his office. His clothes were torn and thin, and his face showed that he was suffering much from sickness. The judge went on with his work, pretending not to notice him. The soldier was fumbling in his pockets for a good while, and then, seeing that he was not welcome, he said in a disappointed tone, "I did have a letter for you, sir." The judge made no answer. Presently the soldier's thin trembling hand pushed a little note along the desk. The judge looked up, and was going to say, "I am too busy now to attend to anything of this kind." But just then his eye fell on the note, and he saw the handwriting of his own son. In a moment he picked it up and read thus—"Dear Father, The bearer of this note is one of our brave soldier boys. He has been dismissed from the hospital, and is going home to die. Please help him, in any way you can, for Charlie's sake." What a change those few lines made in that father's feelings towards the poor soldier! "Come into the house, my friend," he said. "You are welcome to anything we

have." Then a good meal was prepared for him. He was put to sleep in Charlie's bed. He was dressed in some of Charlie's clothes, and money was given him to take him home in comfort. All this was done "for Charlie's sake." And so when we ask anything for Jesus' sake, God, our heavenly Father, will surely give it to us, if it be well for us to have it.—Richard Newton.

114. Christ—Power in

The dweller in Toronto wakes up in the morning and wants a light to dress by. He presses a little switch and his whole room is light as day, and it is Niagara which does it for him. He goes to his bath-room and wants to heat some water for washing or sh ving; he presses another switch, and once again Niagara supplies his need. He wants to talk to someone in Montreal or Chicago, cities hundreds of miles away; he rings a bell, and Niagara carries his messages for him. He boards one of the trolley cars, and Niagara carries him quickly and safely to his office door. Niagara is an almost exhaustless source of power. There is another source of power we need if we are to get through life worthily, and that is moral power, and we have a Niagara of that kind of power in Christ. Look at what Paul says: "I can do all things through Christ."—J. D. Jones.

115. Christ—Spirit of

Christian lands are blessed with countless lives that show the Christmas spirit every day of the year. Let me tell you of one. In a country postoffice the postmistress was so ill she did not know when Christmas came and went. After she was better, she felt bitter against Providence and gloomy towards everybody. But the day she returned to her humble duties, it occurred to her, Why not make to-day my lost Christmas? So she put the spirit of Christ into the whole day. She smiled at everyone that came or went. They wondered; but they were pleased and made happier.

After the office was closed for the day, this Christmas impersonator gathered together a lot of small comforts and took them out as presents to the poor of the neighborhood. Then she carried delicacies to the sick. At the close of the day she was the happiest woman in the community; and she determined to live each day as if it were Christmas.

The spirit of Christ with us and in us makes every day a feast day. We daily enjoy his bounty; and we may daily enjoy his presence. "Lo, I am with you always."

116. Christ the Door

There be some who teach us that the earthly Church, composed of human beings, surrounded with human devices, human ordinances, human governments, human systems, is the Door. Never! Never! Christ is the Door. No organization can take his place. None can represent him, even. We may make use of the Church as we make use of a hotel when we are traveling home to see father and mother; but no landlord of any hotel shall tell me that he is my father, or my mother, or that his hotel is my home. Churches are God's hotels, where travelers put up for the night, as it were, and then speed on their way home. Christ is the one Door. All that pass through that Door are of the one church, and belong to him.—H. W. Beecher.

117. Christ the Light

There is a little church on a lonely hillside where they have neither gas nor lamps, and yet on darkest nights they hold Divine service. Each worshiper, coming a great distance from village or moorland home, brings with him a taper, and lights it from the one supplied and carried by the minister of the little

church. The building is thronged, and the scene is said to be "most brilliant." Let each one of our lives be but a little taper—lighted from the life of Christ, and carrying his flame—and we shall help to fill this great temple of human need and human sin with the light of the knowledge of the glory of God. The life of Christ will be the new sunshine of the world. "Men shall be blessed in him; all nations shall call him blessed;" universal man shall receive "God's Living Light."

118. Christ—The Unchanging

Humboldt, the famous naturalist and traveler, described his experience in a violent earthquake and attendant tornado. He was bewildered and terrified when he saw the waters receding from the bay; his vessel heavily listing till it toppled over on the beach; trees of the forest uprooted; huge rocks rent from the cliffs; the mountains rocking and the air dark with vapor and dust. Then looking up, he beheld the sun majestic, unmoved, unchanged, every moment becoming more distinct as the dust settled and the gloom was dispelled.

Life in America and in the whole world was shaken and bewildered by the political, moral and religious overthrow and upheaval of the World War. It was inevitable that such a cataclysm should profoundly affect all the relationships of life. These changes focused attention upon the temporal and the material and loosened the grip upon the moral and the spiritual. That multitudes have become unsettled in the faith is a fact as obvious as it is painful.

There is now, however, solid ground for optimism in the growing consciousness of an increasing number that in the midst of the overthrow and upheaval there is something firm, unchanging, unmoved. They have taken the upward look and have discovered amidst the dust and din, the darkness and confusion, the Light of the World. Costly as this experiment has been for the world, there will be priceless compensation if the futility of trust in human expediency eventually centers thought upon the basic and eternal in Christ Jesus our Lord.

119. Christ—Union With

When I was a little child I often stood near a forge and watched the blacksmith at work, admiring the strength and skill of the wonder-working man. He was wont to treat me kindly and bear with me patiently, although I sometimes stood in his way. At one time he would benevolently answer my childish questions, and at another, instead of answering, would continue to handle his tools with his strong, bare arms, throwing glances of tenderness towards me from time to time out of his deep, intelligent eyes, only all in silence. When two pieces of iron, placed in the fire in order to be welded together, became red, I thought and said he should take them out and join them; but he left them lying still in the fire, without saying a word. They grew redder and hotter as they threw out angry sparks; now, thought I, he should certainly lay them together and strike; but the skillful man left them still lying in the fire, and meantime fanned it into a fiercer glow. Not till they were white and bending with their own weight when lifted, like lilies on their stalks—not till they were at the point of becoming liquid did he lay the two pieces alongside of each other, and by a few gentle strokes weld them into one. Had he laid them together sooner, however vigorously he had beaten they would have fallen asunder in his hands. The Lord knows, as we know not, what preparation we need in order that we may be brought into union with

Himself. He refuses, delays, disappoints—all in wise love, that He may bring the seeker's heart up to such a glow of desire as will suffice to unite it permanently with His own.—Arnot.

120. Christ—Upheld by

As one of our American liners was crossing the Atlantic, during a terrific gale, the cry was raised—"Man overboard!" It was impossible to put up the helm of the ship on account of the violence of the hurricane; but one of the crew instantly seized a rope having a loop at the end, and threw it over the stern, crying out, "Lay hold for your life!" Passengers and crew had crowded together at the stern, but the rolling waves and blinding spray prevented them from seeing the drowning sailor. The captain cried out, "Have you got hold of the rope?" and the reply came, "No, but the rope has got hold of me." The sailor when he caught the rope had passed the loop over his shoulders and under his arms, and though too fatigued to hold on to the rope, the loop kept him from sinking.—W. R. Bradlaugh.

121. Christ Waiting

A man once stopped a preacher in a street of London, and said, "I once heard you preach in Paris, and you said something which has, through God, been the means of my conversion." "What was that?" said the preacher. "It was that the latch was on our side of the door. I had always thought that God was a hard God, and that we must do something to propitiate him. It was a new thought to me that Christ was waiting for me to open to him."—The Standard.

122. Christ—Waiting for

Rev. J. S. Harrison told this story in an address in Spurgeon's Tabernacle in London:

When the Franco-Prussian War broke out a young lieutenant in the Prussian army told the girl he loved how he would return and take her to the home he would provide for her. When the war was over the victorious troops returned to Berlin, and entered the city in triumphant procession. Julie stood by the gate waiting for her lover, who was sleeping under the sod in a foreign land. But she said, "He must come, he said he would!" and for forty years, day after day, in all weathers, she was at that corner. Her brain was turned, and one day she fell ill at the spot and was taken to a hospital, where she died. "But thank God," exclaimed the speaker, "Jesus is providing a home for us and will not disappoint."

123. Cross Preached by Tragedy

Dr. G. Campbell Morgan says that when holding meetings in a city of Nebraska he had a conversation with Commander Booth-Tucker, who had just lost his wife in a railroad accident. Doctor Morgan says: "It was in the city of Omaha. I said to him: 'Commander, the passing of your beloved wife was one of the things that I freely confess I cannot understand.' He said to me: 'Dear man, do you not know that the Cross can only be preached by tragedy?' Then he told me this incident: 'When I and my wife were last in Chicago I was trying to lead a sceptic to Christ in a meeting. At last the sceptic said, with a cold, glittering eye and a sarcastic voice, "It is all very well. You mean well, but I lost my faith in God when my wife was taken out of my home. It is all very well; but if that beautiful woman at your side lay dead and cold by you, how would you believe in God?"' Within one month she had been taken through the awful tragedy of a railway accident, and the Commander went back to Chicago, and in the hearing of a

vast multitude said: 'Here in the midst of the crowd, standing by the side of my dead wife as I take her to burial, I want to say that I still believe in God, and love him, and know him.'"—S. S. Chronicle.

124. Cross—Reform Through

Many are the schemes which have been formulated for the uplift of humanity and the bringing in of the kingdom of God. Most of them fail for the reason that they ignore the greatest power of all—the influence of Christ in human hearts. In his letter of resignation as pastor of Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, Dr. Lyman Abbott said, "I see that what I had once hoped might be done for my fellows through schemes of social reform and philanthropy can only be done by influence of Jesus Christ. There is no dynamo in reform save the Cross of Jesus Christ."

125. Cross—World Needs the

Doctor Chamberlain, one of the oldest missionaries in India, says that one day while he was preaching in Benares, among the devotees who came to bathe in the sacred stream by which he was standing, was a man who had journeyed wearily on his knees and elbows from a great distance with the pain of conviction at his heart. He hoped by washing in the Ganges to be relieved of his "looking for judgment." Poor Soul! He dragged himself to the river's edge, made his prayer to Gunga, and crept in. A moment later he emerged with the old pain still tugging at his heart. He lay prostrate on the bank in his despair and heard the voice of the missionary. He raised himself and crawled a little nearer. He listened to the simple story of the cross; he was hungry and thirsty for it. He rose upon his knees, then upon his feet, then clapped his hands and cried: "That's what I want! That's what I want!"

That story of the cross is what the whole world wants. The world wants Christ, for Christ has what the world needs.

126. Everybody Somebody to Jesus

Down the High Street of Edinburgh there came rushing a carriage and some horses, the horses having taken fright. A road was instantly cleared for them. At the bottom of the hill was a little child in the center of the street, who was standing quite unconscious of the certain death rushing down upon it. The people stood aghast; no one rushed to save the child, and still the horses dashed on. A Scotchwoman walking along suddenly saw the dangerous position that the child was in; she sprang like lightning, caught the child in her arms, and rescued it from the imminent danger in which it was placed. Some came instantly to the woman and said, "Ma'am, is that child yours?" "No," she said, "it is not mine, I do not know whose it is, but it is somebody's bairn."—Guthrie.

127. Hope—The Only

Here is a remarkable bit of reminiscence by Gipsy Smith. "In 1918," he says, "the government sent me to America to do propaganda work. I spent three months there, came home and was sent out again. Just before I went the second time I was at a luncheon at which the late Lord Moulton, the Allies' expert for high explosives, was one of the chief guests. I heard him say, 'In the midst of this world's havoc and devastation and heart-break, my only hope is the preaching of Jesus.' When I got on the boat I sat beside Professor Simpson, grand-nephew of the discoverer of chloroform and himself an expert on Russian affairs.

'Gipsy,' he said, 'militarism fails, politics fail, educationalists fail, social reformers fail, Jesus has never failed.' On the same boat the president of the Board of Education for China was returning from consultations with the Allies in London. He asked for an interview and his secretary plied me with questions. This Chinese educationalist said, 'Sir, the only hope I have for my country is Jesus.'"

128. Jesus a Pilot

A few years ago, I was sent for to see a man who was dying. Following the little granddaughter, who came for me, I soon found myself in a rear basement with an old pilot of the Hudson River Line, seventy years of age, who was in the dire grip of pneumonia, with that labored breathing which showed that death was but a few moments ahead. Overwhelmed with a sense of responsibility that was upon me, I stepped up to the old man's bedside and began to talk to him as tenderly and sweetly as I knew how about the love of Jesus and his power to save, but evidently to no effect. Growing desperate, I seemed to hear the Spirit saying to me, "Present Jesus to him as the pilot's pilot and you will reach him." Seizing the hint, I looked him straight in the eye, took hold of his calloused hand, already clammy and cold with the touch of death, and said: "How many times, my friend, when the fog was on the river and the current against you, the only thing that kept your boat off the rocks was your clear eye and your steady nerve. Now you are in the strait of death, the tide is against you and the mist hangs heavy over all. What you need is a pilot and Jesus is the pilot's pilot. Won't you take him on board?" Gathering up what proved to be his dying strength he answered promptly and with feeling, "I will," and you could almost see Christ step upon the bark of his soul.—John Balcom Shaw.

129. Jesus—Divinity of

A man said to an evangelical clergyman, "If the doctrine of Christ's deity were true, I am sure so important a doctrine must have been revealed with a clearness no one could have mistaken."

"Well," said the clergyman, "what language would you have chosen?"

"I would have called him the true God," was the reply.

"That's right," said the old preacher; "and that's just what John did call him, 'even his Son Jesus Christ; this is the true God,'" 1 John 5: 20.

The Jews tried to stone Jesus to death one day, and when he said, "What is this for?" they said, "Because you, being a man, claim to be equal to God and so make yourself to be God, and you are a blasphemer and you ought to die." Matt. 26: 63, 64; 27: 43; Luke 22: 70, 71; John 19: 7; 5: 18; 10: 33.—His enemies so understood his claim.

130. Jesus—In Place of

In the orphanage of John Falk at Weimar, they were having supper in the dining hall and the teacher gave thanks in the ordinary way before the children began their meal, saying, "Come, Lord Jesus, and be our guest to-night, and bless the mercies which thou hast provided." One little boy looked up and said, "Teacher, you always ask the Lord Jesus to come, but he never comes. Will he ever come?" "Oh, yes; if you will hold on in faith he will be sure to come." "Very well," said the little boy, "I will set a chair for him beside me here to-night to be ready when he comes." And so the meal proceeded. By and by there came a rap at the door. and there was ushered in a poor, half-frozen apprentice. He was taken to the fire and his hands warmed. Then he

was asked to partake of the meal, and where should he go but to the chair which the little boy had provided? As he sat down there the little boy looked up with a light in his eye, and said, "Teacher, I see it now! The Lord Jesus was not able to come himself, and he sent this poor man in his place. Isn't that it?"

131. Jesus—King

At a missionary meeting on the island of Raratonga, in the Pacific Ocean, an old man, who wished to join the Church, rose and said, "I have lived during the reign of four kings. In the first we were continually at war, and a fearful season it was watching and hiding with fear. During the reign of the second we were overtaken with a severe famine, and all expected to perish; then we ate rats and grass and this wood and that wood. During the third we were conquered, and became the peck and prey of the two other settlements of the island; then if a man went to fish he rarely ever returned, or if a woman went far away to fetch food she was rarely ever seen again. But during the reign of this third king we were visited by another King, a great King, a good King, a peaceful King, a King of love, Jesus, the Lord from heaven. He has gained the victory. He has conquered our hearts; therefore we now have peace and plenty in this world, and hope soon to dwell with Him in heaven."—R. Brewin.

132. Jesus, Lover of My Soul

There used to live a man in Brooklyn, N. Y., without any arms. Possibly he is living there yet. This was his story: When the Civil War broke out he felt it his duty to volunteer. He was engaged to be married, and while in the army letters passed frequently between him and his intended wife. After the battle of the Wilderness the young lady waited anxiously day after day to receive the longed-for letter from him. At last a letter came in a strange hand. She opened it with trembling fingers and foreboding heart, and read these words: "It has been a terrible battle. I have been wounded so awfully that I shall never be able to support you. A friend writes this for me. I love you more tenderly than ever, but I release you from your promise. I will not ask you to join your life with a maimed life like mine." That letter was never answered. The next train that left for the South carried that young lady with it. She went to the hospital; she found out the number of his cot and went down the aisle, between the long rows of wounded men. At last she saw the number. She threw her arms around his neck and said, "I'll not desert you. I'll take care of you." He did not resist her love. They were married, and for many years they lived very happily together. O my brother, you cannot save yourself. Your sins have maimed and marred you, and you are helpless unless some divine and glorious being shall come to your rescue. But Jesus Christ comes and says: "I was wounded for your transgressions, I was bruised for your iniquities, I bore your sins in mine own body on the cross, and I have gained the right to care for you, and if you will but yield yourself to me, I will care for you through all eternity." That young man could have spurned that noble woman's love; he could, but he did not. So you can, if you will, refuse Jesus Christ, spurn his love, and reject his offered mercy; but I do not believe you will do that. Give him your heart and your confession here and now.—Louis Albert Banks.

133. Jesus—Mistaken for

A friendless lad, who had known nothing but unkindness and want

throughout his life, lay ill with fever in the hospital. He was visited by a gentleman who brought him medicine and food and fruit. The child was silent for a time as he watched the visitor move around the room, then he asked: "Sir, are you Jesus?"

That poor lad's question may sound ignorant to you and me, but what a beautiful thing to be asked! And, after all, it was the spirit of Jesus that was working through that gentleman. Dear friend, could anyone mistake you for Jesus? Are you so kind, so gentle, so loving that you bear the likeness of Him who "went about doing good"?

134. Jesus—Name of

When Sir James Mackintosh was lying upon his deathbed, whenever a verse of Scripture was read to him he always showed by some sign that he heard it. "And," says his daughter, "I especially observed that at every mention of the name of Jesus Christ, if his eyes were closed, he always opened them and looked at the person who had spoken. Once, after a long silence, he said, 'I believe ——' We said, in a voice of inquiry, 'In God?' He answered, 'In Jesus.' He spoke but once after this. Upon our inquiring how he felt, he said he was 'Happy.'"

It would seem as if other names in the memories of the saints are like those cut deeply into the poet's fabled rock of ice, which gradually, as the sun came round day by day melting the ice, became less and less plain, till at length they melted away altogether. But it is not so with the name of Jesus. The Psalmist says, "His name shall be continued as long as the sun, and men shall be blessed in Him: all nations shall call Him blessed."—R. Brewin.

135. Jesus—Searching for

"Behold Wise-Men from the east came to Jerusalem, saying, Where is he that is born King of the Jews?" Matt. 2: 1, 2.

Some years ago a missionary in Africa became deeply interested in a young native African who had become a very earnest Christian. Day after day the boy would come to her to learn more about Jesus and his teachings. At last his teacher laughingly said, "Sammy, if you want to know any more, you must go to ——— (naming a very prominent Christian worker) in New York." The boy asked where he lived and she told him that New York was away across the great water. The boy asked many more questions about it, and in a few days he disappeared. He walked to the coast, where he found a ship that was going to New York. At first they refused to allow him to go with them, but after much pleading, he was finally allowed to "work his passage" to New York, where he soon found the man for whom he was searching. To him he at once said, "I have come to learn more about Jesus." This man became so impressed with the boy's earnestness that he had him educated. The earnest student died while in the university where he was preparing himself that he might go as a missionary to his own people. When he died, several of his classmates, who had been impressed with his remarkable Christian life, volunteered to go as missionaries to Africa in his place. Thousands are coming to our shores every day inquiring, "Where is he that is born King of the Jews?"

This incident was told by a brother of one of Sammy's classmates.—C. S. Park.

136. Jesus Waiting

A busy woman entered her room hastily as twilight shades were falling, went directly to her desk, turned on the gas, and began to write. Page after page she wrote, five minutes she worked, ten, half an hour, the

solitude became oppressive. She wheeled in her chair around, and, with a shock of joyful surprise, looked squarely into the smiling face of her dearest friend, lying on the lounge by her side.

"Why, I didn't know you were here!" she cried. "Why didn't you speak to me?"

"Because you were so busy. You didn't speak to me."

So with Jesus. He is here all the time.

137. Jesus—Waiting for

A skilled nurse in the Dufferin Hospital in India was seated on the veranda reading, when a high class Hindu woman came up the steps. She rose to speak to her. A copy of Holman Hunt's picture of Christ standing outside the closed door fell out of her book to the ground. The woman picked it up and looked at it.

"Tell me about this," she said. "What does it mean?"

Miss Henderson told her, and the woman went away.

Summer passed into autumn, and autumn into winter, and there was snow on the mountains, and the air was chill, and Miss Henderson went to call upon this woman.

As she came near the house she saw the door standing wide open. She entered and—the physical need of the woman foremost in her mind, for she was a trained nurse—at once said: "You should not have your front door open so. The mountains are covered with snow, and it is cold."

Then the woman, with a half shy reserve, said:

"I know it. I have seen the snow, and I have felt the cold, but I thought that perhaps your Jesus might pass by, and I wanted him to find the door wide open."

138. Jesus—Work of

"The work of Jesus in the world is two-fold. It is a work accomplished for us, destined to effect reconciliation between God and man; it is a work accomplished in us, with the object of effecting our sanctification. By the one, a right relation is established between God and us; by the other is the fruit of the re-established order. By the former the condemned sinner is received into the state of grace; by the latter the pardoned sinner is associated with the life of God. . . . How many express themselves as if when forgiveness, with the peace which it procures has been once obtained, all is finished, and the work of salvation consists in the health of the soul, and that the health of the soul consists in holiness. Forgiveness is not the re-establishment of health, it is but the crisis of convalescence. If God thinks fit to declare the sinner righteous, it is in order that He may by that means restore him to holiness."—Godet.

139. King—A New

One of the most influential of all the Chinese who have accepted Christ in recent years is a man who has held high office in the educational life of China, and who is a recognized authority upon Chinese education. He had magnificent prospects before him. Position, influence, opportunity, all were his. The study of the New Testament brought to him the conviction that Christ was the Saviour of men, and his Saviour. After a period of struggle, and of counting the cost, he determined on his confession before men. His dearest friend pleaded with him earnestly, agonizingly. He pleaded in vain. Then he urged him to secret discipleship. "Bow to the tablet of Confucius; it is only an empty form, and you can believe what you like in your heart." It was a struggle, with friendship also wavering in the balance. But he replied: "A few days ago One came

to dwell within my heart; He has changed all life for me forever. I dare not bow to any other, lest He depart." He had found a new King, one Jesus.

140. Loyalty—Power of

In the battle of Sadowa, after the Prussians had gained the victory over the Austrians, a young Austrian officer was found mortally wounded in a wet ditch. When the Prussian ambulance officers tried to remove him he besought them with such terrible earnestness to let him lie where he was and die in peace, that at last, seeing he had but a few hours to live, they yielded to his entreaties; and there, in that wet ditch, he died. When they moved the body they discovered the reason of his earnestness to be left where he lay. Underneath the body were found hidden the colors of his regiment. Rather than they should fall into the hands of the enemy he had covered them with his dying body. The noble foe forebore to touch them. They wound them round the young hero's body, and buried him in that shroud with military honors.—Ellice Hopkins.

141. Master and Pupil

A young pianist was giving concerts in the provinces of Germany, and, to add to her renown, she announced herself as a pupil of the celebrated Liszt. Arriving at a small provincial town, she advertised a concert in the usual way; but what was her astonishment and terror to see in the list of new arrivals at the hotel the name of "M. L'Abbe Liszt!" What was she to do? Her deception would be discovered, and she could never dare to give another concert. In her despair she adopted the wisest course, and went direct to the Abbe himself. Pale, trembling, and deeply agitated, she entered the presence of the great maestro to confess her fraud, and to implore his forgiveness. She threw herself at his feet, her face bathed in tears, and related to him the history of her life. Left an orphan when very young, and possessing nothing but her musical gifts, she had ventured to shelter herself under the protection of his great name, and thus to overcome the many obstacles which opposed her. Without that she would have been nothing—nobody. But could he ever forgive her? "Come, come," said the great artist, helping her to rise, "we shall see what we can do. Here is a piano. Let me hear a piece intended for the concert to-morrow." She obeyed, and played, at first timidly then with all the enthusiasm of reviving hope. The maestro stood near her, gave her some advice, suggested some improvements, and when she had finished her piece, said most kindly—"Now, my child, I have given you a music lesson. You are a pupil of Liszt." Before she could recover herself sufficiently to utter a word of acknowledgment, he added, "Are the programmes printed?" "Not yet, sir." "Then let them add to your programme that you will be assisted by your master, and that the last piece will be played by the Abbe Liszt." Could any reproof be keener than such forgiving kindness—such noble generosity as this? The illustrious musician would no doubt have been questioned, and it would have been impossible for him to speak anything but the truth. But charity is ingenious in covering "a multitude of sins."—Christian Chronicle.

142. Mediator—The

During one of the journeys of Queen Victoria a little boy was desirous of seeing her. He determined to go direct to the castle where she was residing, and ask to see her. He was stopped at the gate by the sentry, who demanded what he

wanted. "I want to see the Queen," he replied. The soldier laughed at the boy, and with the butt-end of his musket pushed him away, and told him to be off immediately, or he would shoot him. The boy turned to go away, and gave vent to his tears. He had not gone far when he was met by the Prince of Wales, who inquired why he was crying. "I want to see the Queen," replied the boy, "and that soldier won't let me." "Won't he?" said the Prince; "then come along with me, and I'll take you to the Queen." He accordingly took him by the hand and led him towards the castle. On passing the sentinel he, as usual, presented arms to the Prince, and the boy became terrified, and ran away, fearing that the soldier was going to shoot him. The Prince soon quieted his fears, and led him past the gates into the presence of Her Majesty. The Queen, with surprise, inquired of her son whom he had there; and upon being informed of what had happened, she laughed heartily, spoke kindly to her little visitor, and, to his great delight, dismissed him with a piece of money. As the Prince presented the boy to the Queen, so Christ presents us to His Father.—Biblical Treasury.

143. Message—Incomplete

An old verger used to display to visitors the glories of Winchester Cathedral in the South of England. He was enthusiastic about its history, its beauty, its memories; but best of all he loved to stand upon the cathedral roof and tell the story of the way in which news of Wellington's victory at Waterloo was brought to England. It came by sailing ship, he said, to the south coast and by semaphore was wigwagged overland toward London. In due course the semaphore on the roof of Winchester Cathedral began to spell the message off—W-e-l-l-i-n-g-t-o-n — d-e-f-e-a-t-e-d — a n d then the fog closed in, the semaphore no longer could be seen, and the sad news of the incomplete message went on toward London, plunging the country into gloom—"Wellington defeated!" But, when the fog lifted at last, the semaphore upon the top of Winchester Cathedral began to work again—W-e-l-l-i-n-g-t-o-n — d-e-f-e-a-t-e-d — t-h-e — e-n-e-m-y—and, all the more glorious for the preceding gloom, the wonderful news sped across the land and lifted up the spirits of the people into grateful joy—"Wellington defeated the enemy!"

So was the dreadful gloom of Calvary for the despairing disciples dispelled by the glorious victory of Easter Day! So what had seemed defeat was changed to triumph! From the wonder of that victory the Christian Church arose in power; the good news of that victory is the deathless message of the Christian people; and when Christ shall have come to his own in the hearts of all men, the prophecy of that glad Easter Day shall be fulfilled.

144. Pilot—Dropping the

When the Emperor of Germany dismissed his great counselor Bismarck, Punch had a cartoon by Tenniel representing a great liner. Bismarck was just leaving the vessel, while the Emperor was watching the departing guide with haughty self-satisfaction. The cartoon was entitled, "Dropping the Pilot." And the cartoon represents experiences in my own life; but instead of a fallible statesman, I have dismissed the infallible God. I have dropped the Eternal Pilot. I have called it self-dependence, and with a great show of courtesy I have bowed my Lord out of the boat. And then I have taken the helm into my own hands, and steered by my own counsels. And the end has been sorrow and loss.—J. H. Jowett.

145. Promises

On every package sent out by a certain printer in a large city is an impressive trade-mark. It is simply a circle within which is his name and the words, "I never disappoint." Every promise of the Lord ever made to his people might have borne that legend.

146. Righteousness—Hunger for

With All Your Heart. Do you know what that means? Let me tell you. A soldier who had been long in Southern prisons, called at my home after the war. I had met him first while we were prisoners in Charleston jail. Afterward we were together in the jail at Columbia. He had gone to Belle Island. Three years passed; and now, as we met once more, I asked him of his later prison experiences. "I don't remember much about it, Chaplain," he said, "only that I wanted bread. I know it was twenty-three months after my capture before I was released. But after I left Columbia it is all confused in my mind. I know I was at Belle Island awhile, and a long time at Andersonville.

"How hungry I was at Andersonville! For a while I used to want to hear from home. Then I grew so hungry that I didn't think of home. For awhile I wanted to escape. But by and by I was too hungry to care for that. I only wanted bread, bread, bread. Oh, how hungry I was, and how I longed for bread!"

That, my friends, was longing for bread "with all the heart"—one supreme, overmastering desire. Home and friends, and liberty and life, lost sight of, unthought of, in the ceaseless craving for needful food! Blessed are they who do thus hunger after the Bread of Life in Jesus Christ, "for they shall be filled" (Matt. 5: 6).—Trumbull.

147. Sacrifice—Christ-Like

The most wonderful event in all the world's history was the Son of God becoming man. This happened when he was born as a babe in Bethlehem. He came into the world that he might get nearer to the people, and tell them of God's love. A story is told of a Moravian missionary who went to the West Indies to preach to the slaves. But they were toiling all the day in the fields, and he could not get near to them. So he had himself sold as a slave and went among the other slaves, toiling with them in the fields, that he might tell the story of God's love. This illustrates in a way what Christ did.—J. R. Miller.

148. Saviour—Discovery of

It is related of the great Scotch surgeon, Sir James Simpson, that he was once approached by a young man who wished to compliment him by asking what he regarded his greatest discovery, and the simple reply of this eminent scientist was, "My greatest discovery is that I am a great sinner and that Jesus is a great Saviour."

149. Saviour—Searching for

Tolstoi has told of a shoemaker who one night had a vision of the Saviour, who said to him, "Martin, look for me to-morrow on the street. I shall meet you there!"

Although the shoemaker did not place much faith in his dream, still on the next day he could not help watching everyone he met. But nothing happened, save two or three trifling incidents. Seeing an old street-sweeper, Martin called him in, gave him refreshment, and warmed him by his fire. A little later he noticed a poor woman with a child, shivering with cold as she begged from the passers-by. He gave her an old cloak and a few pennies to buy food for herself and her baby.

Just before night he made peace between an apple-woman and a boy who had stolen one of her apples; got the urchin to restore the fruit, and taught him to ask forgiveness, and her to forgive. They walked off together good friends, the boy carrying the basket. Nothing else happened. A very disappointing day!

But that night the Saviour stood again by the shoemaker's bedside, and said gently, "Martin, Martin, did you not recognize me?" And when Martin awoke, his soul was rejoiced; for his New Testament was open, and his eyes fell upon these words, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

150. Saviours—Two

A ship had stranded and when the boats had been let down it was seen that there was not room in them for all. Lots were cast, and among those who had to remain behind was a young and very wicked sailor. He was very pale and those standing near heard him mutter, "Lost, lost eternally!"

But he was picked up and thrown into one of the boats. The man who had done that called to him: "You cannot yet die, but I can and am willing to die for you. But mind that I see you in heaven!" An old sailor who often had told him of Jesus and asked him to receive the Saviour thus died in his stead. Ever after the young man, who really accepted Christ, was wont to testify in these words: "For me two have died!"

151. Saviour—A Great

Dr. S. L. Baldwin, the missionary secretary who went home to heaven a few years ago, was for a generation a great Chinese missionary.

I have heard him tell how there came one day into his congregation a very wicked man. During the sermon the preacher said: "Why, Jesus Christ is such a great Saviour that he can take away all your sins." The Chinaman referred to, when he heard that sentence, repeated, "God can take away all your sins." "Why," he said to himself, "I have never heard of any such Saviour as that in China before, who can take away all my sins," and he waited till the service was over.

Then he came up and said to the missionary, "Did I understand you to say that this Jesus about whom you have been preaching can take away all my sins?" "Yes, that is just what I did." He said, "I think you said too much. He might help a fellow, but he could never take away all my sins." "Oh, yes," the missionary said, "he can take away all your sins." "Oh, but," he said, "you do not know me. You do not know what a sinner I am. Why, do you know I am an impure man? Can he take away my sin?" "Yes." "Well, do you know that I am a liar, I am an opium smoker, and have been an opium smoker for nineteen years? Why, you know perfectly well that no man that has smoked opium for nineteen years can ever be cured. Now, do you suppose that he can take away my sin?" "Yes, sir, he can take away your sin." "Well," said he, "he is a wonderful Saviour;" and he could not get the thought out of his mind: "This Saviour can take away all my sin." He could not believe it. He came and talked with the missionary over and over and over again about it, until at last the beautiful truths of the Bible found their way into his soul, drop by drop; and one morning some weeks after he came running along into the mission premises. "Oh, yes," he exclaimed, "I know it. I have found it; I have found it. He has taken away my sin."

152. Suffering for Christ

Newell Dwight Hillis has a little

book with the title, "The Misfortune of a World Without Pain." In the catalogue of a certain dealer the title is, "The Misfortune of a World With Pain." The last title fits the thought of many better than the first title. A great scientist said once upon a time that the existence of a single human ache was an imputation upon the existence of a God of love. How Peter had learned of his Master when he said that it was possible to suffer as a Christian. And Paul's commission was, "I will show him how many things he must suffer for my name's sake."

153. The Song of a Heathen

(Sojourning in Galilee, A. D. 32)

If Jesus Christ is a man,—
And only a man,—I say
That of all mankind I cleave to him,
And to him will I cleave alway.

If Jesus Christ is a God,—
And the only God,—I swear
I will follow Him through heaven and hell,
The earth, the sea, and the air!
—Richard Watson Gilder.

154. Victory Over Odds

Private Wilson, of the Highland Light Infantry, charged a Maxim gun of the Germans that was playing on the British position and mowing down his comrades.

"Mon, I'm angry with yon gun, an' I'm gaun to stop it," he said to a private of the King's Royal Rifles. The rifleman followed him, but soon fell. Wilson dodged among haystacks until he got into position, and with a deadly shot brought down the German gunner. Another took his place at the gun, and Wilson fetched him down. A third, fourth, fifth and sixth man fell in the same way. When he had silenced the entire crew, and rushed forward and bayoneted an officer who fired at and missed him, he slewed the gun around and mowed down a company of German reinforcements. He went back unscathed, fell in a faint, only to awaken and ask whether the gun had been brought in. Told it had not, he staggered back and returned with it on his shoulder. Then he went back again after his wounded comrade.

"Thank God, you got the gun!" were the dying fellow's last words to Wilson.

But the gun was only a trophy; the real victory was the triumph of courage against odds. So the real victory of Christ was the cross and the resurrection, but his healings advertised him as One with a divine mission.—John F. Cowan.

FATHER

155. Father—Discovering

The other day I read a story of how a little girl discovered her father. She was the daughter of a famous French painter. Though she had lived with her father all her life she had never really seen him, for she had lost her sight when she was a baby. But she loved him very dearly, and he was her constant companion, for her mother was dead.

One day a clever doctor saw the child and said that he could cure her blindness by performing an operation. How happy and excited the little girl was at the thought of being able to see! And what made her happiest was the thought that at last she would look upon her father. When the operation was successfully over and the bandages were removed from her eyes, she ran to him and looked up trembling in his face. Then she shut her eyes and felt his face all over with her little fingers to make sure it was that of her loved companion. Then she opened her eyes again and gazed and gazed, and then, holding him

tightly by the hand, she cried, "Only to think I had this splendid father so many years, and never knew him!"—James Hastings.

156. Father's Energy

In the coal mines of Lancashire, a coal pit shelved in. The crowds gathered around clearing the mass of earth to get at the men at work beneath. In the midst of their toil a stalwart gray-bearded old man strode up to them and said, "Get out of the road." He seized a pick and began working with the strength of ten men. The sweat was soon streaming down his brawny face and somebody said, "Let me have the pick." "Get out of the way," he cried, "I have two boys down there." —Louis Albert Banks.

157. Father—Joy of

As the Rev. Joseph Davis, an excellent Baptist minister in London, was walking along one of the crowded streets of that city his attention was arrested by the circumstance that a carriage with several horses was just about to pass over a little girl who was slowly crossing the road. He strongly felt the danger of the child, and forgetting his own, he ran, snatched her up in his arms, and hastened with her to the side-path, when the thought struck him—how would the parents of this dear child have felt had she been killed! At this moment he looked in the face of the little girl, which had been concealed from his view by her bonnet, and imagine, if you can, what his feelings were when he discovered that she was his daughter!—Arvine.

158. Father's Love

A friend once told me this story of his boyhood: "There were two brothers of us. Our father was a fine old gentleman, upright, straightforward, but he was very undemonstrative. He could not gush over anybody. If he told mother once in ten years that he loved her he thought that was quite sufficient. He would make any sacrifice for her in reason, or out of it, but he would not express any affection for her. One day, when we were lads of about ten and twelve years of age, a fellow came into our house, who was slightly intoxicated, and he dared to insult mother right in the presence of father. Well, the thing that happened, happened so quickly that we hardly knew what had happened. When it was over as soon as I could catch my breath, I turned to my brother, and said, 'Did you know that father thought that much of mother?' He replied, 'Why, yes; of course, father thinks that much of mother all the time, only he don't make a show of it like that every day.'"

159. Guide—Father as

I sometimes think of it as of a child sitting in a boat. The child does not know the coast, and it very little understands how to row. If the child were left to itself, pulling upon the oars, its right hand being a little stronger than the other, it would be all the time veering the boat to the right, and the boat would be constantly turning round and round. The child would, perhaps, make its way out of the harbor and into the ocean, and it would be carried away and lost, if there were no guiding power in the boat except its own. But there in the stern sits the father. The uneven strokes of the child would carry the boat this way or that way out of its course; but the steady hand of the father overcomes those uneven strokes; and all the mistakes with the oars are rectified by the rudder, and the boat keeps the right course. So that the force exerted by the child, though misdirected, all works for good when the father guides.—Beecher.

FORGIVENESS

160. Christ's Mediatorship

In foreign courts we have ministers and ambassadors to intercede for us. They are mediators; they are intercessors. There is an unacquaintance, a strangeness, in foreign courts, of the affairs of another people, either from attending to their own business, or some other cause, and hence the necessity of our sending ambassadors to them. But it cannot be supposed that there is any such ignorance of our affairs in the mind of God. You must drop all such ideas of the intercessorship of Christ as that he is one to convey information, to adjust facts, or to make things clearer in the divine mind than they were already. His mediatorship affects us, not God. —H. W. Beecher.

161. Forgiven Debts

Not long ago there died a benevolent doctor, and it had been his custom as he went through his books and saw this debt and that debt, one after the other, and realized that it was not paid because the patient could not pay it, it was his way to put a red pen-mark through the debt, and to write by the side of it, "Forgiven; unable to pay." That man died, and after his death his wife looked through his books, and she came upon these marks. "My husband has forgiven people a lot of money. I could do with that money very well now," and she took it into the county court, and there sued every one of those debtors for the money. The judge said to her, "How do you know the money is owed?" "I have it in my husband's book," and she put the book up and showed it to him. "Oh, yes; is this your husband's writing?" he asked. "Yes." "Then," he said, "no court in the world will give you a verdict against those people when your husband, with his own pen, has written, 'Forgiven; unable to pay.'"—Life of Faith.

162. Forgiveness and Progress

I visited a farmer whose ground was upon the bank of a creek just a quarter of a mile from the river. There had once been a navigable channel up to the landing in his meadow; but a scow had sunk in the channel and a bar had formed. His ground produced bountifully, but he had no communication with a market. As spring approached he said to his sons: "Boys, there is one thing that must be done if we purpose to make this farm a success. We must go to work and remove that old wreck from the channel." It was three weeks of hard work, but the channel was cleared and a market made accessible that doubled the value of his truck. Many lives are isolated from God and their fellows by old wrecks in the channel—feuds, unforgiven sins, unpaid debts, broken promises. Clear the channel and the usefulness and peace and price of your life will be doubled.

163. Forgiveness From God

Doctor Scudder, on his return from his missions in India, with his son heard a man using profane language.

"See, friend," said the doctor, accosting the swearer, "this boy, my son, was born and brought up in a heathen country and a land of pagan idolatry; but in all his life he has never heard a man blaspheme his Maker until now."

The man colored, seemed to be ashamed of himself, and blurted out an apology.

"Do not forget that God heard you," said the missionary. "You need his forgiveness more than mine."

164. Forgiveness of Enemies

An English officer riding over the battlefield with his servant, noticed a

wounded enemy soldier. "Give the poor fellow a drink from the water-bottle," he said. As the servant stooped down the soldier fired, and missed. Stepping back, he said: "What shall I do now, sir?" "Give him the water all the same," was the noble officer's reply. God forgives—not once, but countless times. Through all our disobedience and waywardness, he never tires, but loves us to the end, until at last we return in penitence to him.—From the Sunday Circle.

165. God's Forgiveness Absolute

Paul, in describing the forgiveness of God wrought through Jesus Christ, uses this remarkable figure: "Blotting out the handwriting of ordinances that was against us." It is like taking an indictment in court, and tearing it up and throwing it away. It is like taking a title-deed of a man's possession, a paper on which is written evidence that is fatal to his claim, and blotting it, or burning it. It is like taking away proof against a man which may lead to his injury.—H. W. Beecher.

166. New Relationship

A child may have been wilful and petulant until its mother's anger has been roused, but when the little arms are clasped in a sobbing confidence round the mother's neck, the trust confessed in the clinging pressure banishes all alienation. The man who has erred in his word or deed, and wronged us to our wounding, comes to us trusting in our magnanimity and kindness, and his trust brings him at once into a new relationship. In a similar manner when a human soul, hitherto cherishing base thoughts of God and rebellious in will against His demands, turns to trust in God, he enters into a new relationship. In that new relationship he is forgiven. His sins are not imputed to him, and his faith is counted to him as righteousness.—W. M. Clow.

167. Praise—Sacrifice of

When we were on the Pacific coast, thirty men, red-eyed and disheveled, lined up before a judge of a San Francisco Police Court. It was the regular morning company of drunks and disorderlies. Some were old and hardened; others hung their heads in shame. Just as the momentary disorder attending the bringing in of the prisoners quieted down, a strange thing happened. A strong, clear voice from below began singing:

> Last night I lay sleeping
> There came a dream so fair.

Last night? It had been for them all a nightmare or a drunken stupor. The song was such a contrast to the horrible fact that no one could avoid the sudden shock at the thought the song suggested.

> I stood in old Jerusalem,
> Beside the temple there.

The song went on. The judge had paused. He made a quiet inquiry. A former member of a famous opera company was waiting trial for forgery. It was he who was singing in his cell.

Meanwhile the song went on. Every man in the line showed emotion. One boy at the end of the line, after desperate effort at self-control, leaned against the wall, buried his face in his folded arms and sobbed: "Oh mother, mother!"

The sobs cutting the weary hearts of the men who heard, and the song, still welling its way through the court room blended in the hush. At length one man protested:

"Judge," he said, "have we got to submit to this? We're here to take our punishment, but this—." He, too, began to sob.

It was impossible to proceed with the business of the court, yet the

judge gave no order to stop the singing. The police sergeant, after a surprised effort to keep the men in line, stepped back and waited with the rest. The song moved to its climax:

Jerusalem, Jerusalem! Sing, for the night is o'er!
Hosanna in the highest, Hosanna for evermore.

In an ecstasy of melody the last words rang out and then there was silence.

The judge looked into the faces of the men before him. There was not one who was not touched by the song; not one in whom some better impulse was not stirred. He did not call the cases singly—a kind word of advice, and he dismissed them all. No man was fined nor sentenced to the workhouse that morning. The song had done more good than punishment could have accomplished.

168. Quality of Mercy

Mayor Gaynor, of New York, had befriended a poor "down-and-outer," and for this a lawyer took him to task.

"The fellow's no good," the lawyer said. "He has only got what was coming to him. With his yellow streak, the duffer deserved—"

But Mayor Gaynor interrupted the harsh lawyer with a smile.

"Did you ever hear of the mother," he said, "who visited Napoleon on behalf of a son condemned to death? The Emperor said the young man had twice committed the same offense, and justice demanded the forfeit of his life.

"'But, sire,' cried the mother, 'I don't plea for justice, but for mercy.'

"'He does not deserve mercy,' said the Emperor.

"'Ah, no; he does not, indeed,' the mother admitted, 'but it would not be mercy, sire, if he deserved it.'

"'Well then,' said Napoleon quietly, 'I will have mercy.'"

169. Saved or Unsaved

One does not look for the teaching of absolute righteousness in an arithmetic textbook. But in the arithmetic which my little girl brought home from school I saw a note to the teacher, saying, "Impress upon the pupil the necessity of absolutely correct solutions. There is no such thing as an answer nearly right. The answer is right or wrong."

170. Sinner—Lifting the

The power to forgive sins lies in Jesus as the Son of God. That fact makes his gospel attractive to a sin laden world. This power of Jesus to save and uplift fallen man is shown by Doctor Shelden in the following manner. He says: "A heavy mogul engine, one of the heaviest patterns of that type, through a landslide beneath the rails, fell over and rolled down the embankment into the river. It was not damaged to any extent, and the railroad wished to recover its property. It brought up the road what it thought was a proper apparatus for dragging the engine up the slope and putting it on the track, but when the power was applied it was found insufficient. Chains, tackling of various kinds, and the engines for the motive power itself proved to be so weak that first one part and then another broke down under the strain, and the entire outfit was sent back to the shops and an entirely new engine with hoisting derrick, sent to the embankment in its place. The minute this new engine appeared, all the men who had been at work in a vain endeavor to lift the ponderous engine out of its position at the bottom of the river, exclaimed, "That is something like. Now we have it." The first attempt proved successful. The ponderous weight of several tons was lifted out of the water and up the bank as easily as a child would lift a toy.

No one has any reason to anticipate weakness in the case of Christ confronting broken down humanity. "He came to seek and to save that which is lost." "Who can forgive sins but God only?"

171. Transgression Forgiven

The colonel of the regiment, seated with his fellow-officers in court-martial, looked at the prisoner before him with a troubled frown upon his kindly old face. They were upon an Indian station and life was not altogether easy for the men under his care. The man before him, however, seemed absolutely incorrigible.

"What to do with you I do not know," said the colonel. "You have been charged again and again with drunkenness. You have had punishment after punishment and yet here you are again!"

The prisoner was indeed a sorry spectacle. Repeated excess in a hot climate had made him almost a wreck. If any case would be termed hopeless here it was. The colonel looked round at his brother officers in despair. "What is to be done?" he asked. "We have tried everything." "May I examine the record, sir?" inquired a bright young captain. "I believe I have something to suggest." The colonel, interested and relieved, passed him the man's record. "I thought so, sir," cried the captain eagerly. "There is one thing that has never been done to this man." "What, pray, is that?" asked the colonel. "Sir," replied the captain solemnly, "this man Has Never been Forgiven." The statement fell like a thunderclap on the little company of hard-bitten military men and a hush fell upon them that bespoke conviction.

Turning to the prisoner the colonel said, "You have been punished many times and are no better, indeed, you are worse. See, this time, I wipe the thing off the charge-sheet. You are free—you are forgiven."

With a sort of surprised relief the man flung his face into his hands and with heaving shoulders left the court. From that day he was a different man. He cut the drink right out and became after a few years one of the most trusted men of the regiment, rising steadily in rank.

GOD

172. Accountability to God

It is related of Daniel Webster, the regality of whose moral endowments no one disputes, that when once asked what was the greatest thought that had ever occupied his mind, he replied, "The fact of my personal accountability to God."—T. T. Munger.

173. Appearing Before God

If, to-day, there should come flying hither a messenger who should say, "One hundred members of this congregation, now assembled, are to die this year," no matter whether any designation of persons was made, no matter in what month, or in what part of the year it should take place, every man would say, "It may be I." There are some of you that will unquestionably go before the end of the year. No man can tell who. . . . To learn suddenly, when we are engaged in a sultry summer day, that some great and honored personage is, without warning, about to come to our dwelling —what haste! what change of garments! what hurried preparation of the household! But when it is no man, however honored, but God, into whose presence we are soon to go, how natural that we should look at the habiliments of the soul, and at everything within us and without us, as we never would at any other time—as perhaps we never could at any other time! What new meas-

ures and tests should we apply to ourselves!—H. W. Beecher.

174. God Banished

"Sire," announced the servant to the King, "the saint Narottam never deigns to step into your royal temple. He is singing God's praise under the trees by the open road. The temple is empty of all worshipers. They flock round him like bees round the fragrant white lotus, leaving the golden jar of honey unheeded."

The King, vexed at heart, went to the spot where Narottam sat on the grass. He asked him, "Father, why leave my temple of the golden dome, and sit on the dust outside to preach God's love?"

"Because God is not there in your temple," said Narottam.

The King frowned and said, "Do you know twenty millions of gold have been spent on that marvel of art, and the temple was duly consecrated to God with costly rites?"

"Yes, I know," answered Narottam. "It was the dread year when thousands of your people lost their homes in fire and stood at your door for help in vain. And God said, 'The poor creature who can give no shelter to his brothers would aspire to build my house!' Thus he took his place with the shelterless under the trees by the road. And that golden bubble is empty of all but hot vapor of pride."

The King cried in anger, "Leave my land!"

Calmly said the saint, "Yes, banish me where you have banished my God."—Literary Digest.

175. God—Argument for

The old landlady sat in her back-parlor in conversation with a lady and gentleman, her lodgers. They had been with her two months and were about to take their leave. During that time they had grown quite fond of the quiet woman with the silvered hair upon whose face showed such a look of contentment. Somehow the conversation drifted naturally, as it often seemed to do in this woman's presence, to religion. The man avowed himself as an unbeliever in religion. "Do you not believe in God?" asked the landlady with a startled look. "No," replied the man. "I see no reason for believing in a God—at least in one who is personal or has regard for us poor humans."

A look almost of pity flashed over the woman's face. "Let me tell you something," she said, "that concerns your own self. You remember that two months ago you came to this house seeking lodgings? When your knock came at the door my daughter and I were upon our knees beseeching God to send us the means of livelihood. We were utterly without a penny and we were just placing the matter before God. Then came your knock and I quoted to my daughter the words 'Before ye ask I will answer.' You told me that you were in poor health and needed a long rest and could not afford hotel prices, would I take you? And even when I said 'Yes' I was wondering how to provide you with your first meal. I had no money for food and being a stranger to the town no hope of credit at the shops. Swiftly, as the difficulty occurred to me, I lifted my heart to God in supplication. Perhaps you recall that just as you got to the garden gate something occurred to your mind and you returned to me saying, 'Had I not better leave you a pound as a deposit?' With that pound I bought the first meals you and your good wife had in this house. Do you wonder, when I tell you that my life contains many experiences like that, that I feel I know there is a God and One who cares, too?"

The man sat quiet a moment and then said, "Madam, I thank you. What you have said is a stronger argument for God than many others

I have heard. It must certainly be a great strength to anyone to believe as you do. I shall never forget either you or your words."—A. D. Belden.

176. God—Fighting Against

Various systems and movements which cause us anxiety sometimes present the appearance of progress when there is no reality of progress, for they are contrary to the great tides of God's purpose and operation. When Parry (the British Arctic explorer) attempted to reach the North Pole, he discovered that the ice floes on which he was journeying drifted southward faster than he and his companions walked north; so at the end of a long day's march they found themselves four miles farther from their destination than they were in the morning. It is sometimes thus with systems, institutions, and movements of an equivocal character, which appear to advance when in reality they do nothing of the sort. It is an illusion; they move in the wrong direction, the tide is against them; they are making northward to the realms of darkness and barrenness, whilst the river of God sets southward to the lands of the sun and summer. Systems of scepticism like Voltairianism, of superstition like Mohammedanism, of corrupt ecclesiasticism like Romanism, may seem now and again to advance, but the prevailing currents are against them, and in a century it becomes evident that they are farther from their goal than at the commencement. If our face is to the south, if we strive for light, righteousness, purity, and peace, for the bringing in of the kingdom of God, the mighty tide is with us, and, notwithstanding the agitations and eddies of the moment, we draw nearer the golden shore.

Boundless as ocean's tide,
Rolling in fullest pride,
Through the earth far and wide,
the Divine Spirit urges forward the Ark of God to the heaven of that new earth for which we sigh and pray.—W. L. Watkinson.

177. God—Finding

An infant child was to have been baptized on Sunday morning. Word came Saturday evening that she was dying, with the urgent request that I hurry to the house and baptize her. Almost opposite my church—the Bushwick Avenue Congregational—a man stopped me to inquire the way to another minister's house. I told him, but perceiving that I was a minister, as I wore my clerical vest, he said abruptly: "You'll do." Thinking it must be some ministerial function that belonged legitimately to the other man, I suggested that he had better go to him. But grasping the sleeve of my coat, he said I would do just as well—he might miss the other man—he must see a minister at once. "Well," said I, "what is it, as I am in a great hurry?" "I'm looking for God," he replied earnestly, "and I want you to help me find him. I have plenty of money, but that is more of a hindrance than a help. Some time ago I promised my wife I would never drink again, but to-day I fell in with some old friends, and before I realized it, had taken several drinks. I want to quit, but know I cannot without the help of God, and you must help me find him. I am not going home to-night until I have found God, and also take a signed pledge to my wife that I will not drink again." As he was slightly under the influence of drink, the Holy Spirit seemed to say to me, "Take him with you." I did so, and on the way told him how I had buried little "Tootsie," the older child, only ten days before, and now the only remaining child was dying. "I need help," said I, "so you go as my friend and extend your sympathy to the heart-broken parents." He did

so. Even before the little service began, he was weeping with the rest. In my prayer I asked God to bless the kind friend who had come with his sympathy and love, and to reveal himself to him. When we reached the street, he grasped my arm, and with quivering voice, and the tears still running down his face, said: "You needn't talk to me now about finding God—I found him up there in that little room." A later visit to his wife and children, and his faithfulness at church and prayer meeting, proved that he told the truth.

178. God Hears

A friend of mine said to a life-saver at Newport, R. I.: "How can you tell when anyone is in need of help when there are thousands of bathers on the beach and in the water making a perfect hub-bub of noises?" To which he answered: "No matter how great the noise and confusion, there has never been a single time when I could not distinguish the cry of distress above them all. I can always tell it." And that is exactly like God. In the midst of the babel and confusion he never fails to hear the soul that cries out to him for help amid the breakers and storms of life.

179. God—Instructing

"I need oil," said a monk and planted an olive tree. "Lord," he prayed, "it needs rain that its roots may drink, and spread out; send a shower." And the Lord did so. "Lord," he continued, "my tree needs sunshine," and the sun shone, gilding the dripping clouds. "Now frost, Lord, that its wood may get hardened," and behold, soon the little tree stood glittering with hoar-frost. But at the hour of the Angelus the tree died.

Then the monk went to the cell of another to whom he told his strange experience. The latter said: "I also have planted a tree and it is doing very well. But I gave over my tree into the care of God. He, who made it, knows better than I what it needs. I prayed: 'Lord, send what it needs, storm, sunshine, wind, rain or frost. You made it and can best take care of it.'"

180. Beginning—God in the

There was a famous professor once who was giving a lantern lecture to children about plants and flowers. He explained how the seeds became plants, how the plants became leaves and flowers, how the flowers developed seeds again. Then he went on to tell how all the different parts of a plant were built up of tiny cells, and how all these cells were filled with a wonderful substance called protoplasm, a substance which is contained in all living bodies and which makes them live and grow. Finally he said that no one knew what gave to protoplasm its power of living and growing. That was a closed door, and behind the door was unfathomable mystery. Then one of the children asked a question—"Please, sir, does God live behind the door?"—James Hastings.

181. God in the Beginning

John Newton had a valued friend who ignored the Bible and said that all things came by chance.

They were both great students of astronomy, and so Newton devised a plan to make his friend feel ashamed of his "by chance" theory of creation. He had made for him an astronomical globe by one of the best artists of London under his specific direction, and had it placed in his library, where his friend was to meet him on a certain day to talk over astronomical facts.

The globe arrested his attention at once, as a wonderful production of intellect and art, and he exclaimed:

"Why, Newton, where in the world

did you get that magical work of art and star knowledge?"

"Oh," said Newton, "I came into my library yesterday and here it was. It came entirely by chance, just to convince me of the truth of your theory of creation."

His friend saw the point at once —how impossible it was, and if so, how impossible that the heavens which declare the glory of God could have come by chance, if this human picture of them could only come by the design of a scholar and the expert work of the artist who made it. As a result he became an earnest Christian.

182. God—Need of

Bishop Edwin H. Hughes, in a sermon I was privileged to hear, related an incident in his early experience as a pastor, when he had been led to make a special study of the needs of his own people in the way of comfort. He found only two families in which there was not revealed some deep sorrow. He prepared a sermon with a message of comfort. After the service the first one to meet him and thank him was a man who said that the sermon must have been meant for him, as there was a grief in his family of which he had never told. Then another man met him and said practically the same thing. The singular circumstance was that these two men were the heads of the two families supposed to be exempt from any deep sorrow.—D. H. Strong.

183. God—Troubling

Dr. Adam Clarke, the great commentator, was a slow worker, and he could only produce his wealth of literary treasures by long and patient toil. He therefore made it his custom to rise early every morning. A young preacher, anxious to emulate the distinguished doctor, asked him one day how he managed it. "Do you pray about it?" he inquired. "No," the doctor quietly answered, "I get up." Mr. Moody used to tell how once he came upon a group of wealthy American Christians praying for the removal of a debt of five hundred dollars on their church building. "Gentlemen," said Mr. Moody in his incisive way, "I don't think if I were you, I should trouble the Lord in this matter."

184. God Understands

When I saw your "sky-scrapers" in New York for the first time, I was interested not in the beauty of them, but in their construction, for I learned that each part is tested to a hair's breadth that it may properly bear its burden. That is the way our Father deals with us. He will make the burden no greater than it ought to be. "He knoweth our frame; he remembereth that we are dust."

185. God—Without

Upon a sundial in Tunbridge Wells are these words: "You can waste me, but you cannot stop me." "Time is slowly but surely hurrying us all to eternity." Men are drifting on, on, on, blind-folded, walking in their sleep to a never-ending eternity, whilst God is calling, "Turn ye, turn ye, why will ye die?" A young fellow who had lived a very careless life lay dying. Some of his infidel companions stood around the bed. "Read me something out of the Bible," said he. "Nonsense, Davie," was the reply; "that's an old woman's book!" "Hold on, Davie lad, hold on." "Ah," cried the poor dying lad, "I'd be glad indeed to hold on, but I've got nothing to hold on to."

186. God's Command

Alexander McKenzie, of Cambridge, was for many years the honored and useful president of the Boston Seamen's Friend Society. In one of his sermons he gave this bit

of personal history: "My father was a sailor. I was a boy when he came back from a three years' voyage. The ship had been signaled from far away and a friendly officer of the customs let me go down in his boat to meet her. As we drew near the ship I stood in the bow and at length could see my father leaning over the side of the ship watching our boat. When we came near enough I waved my cap. He saw me and called out to one of the men, 'Throw a rope to my boy.' The sailor threw the rope and in a few moments the boy was in his father's arms. It was a simple thing, but many a time since have I heard that voice, that command which had become entreaty, and it has become the voice of the Father in heaven watching some child of his who needed to be brought near to him. I have heard the word and loved it and tried to make it God's word to me and the inspiration of my life. 'Throw a rope to my boy.'"

187. God's Command

Israel moved in safety because at God's command; the Egyptians going over the same ground, were destroyed because they were not with God. No place is so safe as the place of danger if we are there at God's command. At the battle of Waterloo it is said that a rich Brussels merchant found his way to the headquarters of the Duke of Wellington and asked him if he were not afraid of his life with all the shot and shell flying around him. "You may well be afraid," replied the Duke, "for you have no business here; but I am doing my duty."—From "The Secret of Power for Daily Living."

188. God's Concealments

God taught Paul, and us by Paul, that you can have a high old time on a very low limit of expenditure. The old Latin word for travelers' baggage, "impedimenta," has no hypocrisy about it and the more impediments you have about you the more is your apostolic advance impeded.

Then take the boon of traveling without a tent. This means that all night you are on your back with only the stars as nearest neighbors in the upper flat. God merely hides a world in order to unveil a universe. This, then, is where the logic of your tentless travel lands you.

Why draw the soul's curtains and light up artificially when all the while God is calling you out and up among the stars. We talk a lot about considering matters and forget that this very word merely means, in Latin, to look up at the stars (con, with sideris, with the stars). One of the red republicans boasted to a peasant of France that they were going to wipe God out of the country. Said this 1793 fanatic, "We are going to pull down your steeples, and your churches, all that recalls the superstitions of past ages, all that reminds man of even the idea of God." "Citizens," replied the good old yokel, "then pull down the stars." —Dan Crawford.

189. God's Gift Undervalued

Some years since the managers of a Young Men's Christian Association missed a great opportunity by not knowing the value of a certain painting. A friend of the institution had given a picture for the walls of the building, not having suitable room for it in his own home. One day he offered to sell it to them, asking fifty dollars for it. When they declined the offer he said they might have it for twenty-five dollars; but they still declined to purchase it. Not long afterwards he died. In disposing of the estate his executors took the picture from the building and sent it to a picture-mart. There it was soon recognized as the work of a master, and finally identified.

Thirty-five thousand dollars was offered for it, and later fifteen thousand more. Fifty thousand for a picture once offered for twenty-five dollars!

How forcibly that illustrates the way men underestimate the value of religion. They think it is good for the low, the poor, the weak, the dying, not realizing that it is needful to live by, that it is the greatest need of man and the most valuable gift of God.

190. God's Goodness Waits for Men

Because colliers live in the bowels of the earth and sometimes do not see the sun rise or set for weeks and months together, or because imprisoned men in dungeons do not witness the changes of the seasons, does it follow that there is no rising of the sun, or that there is neither spring nor summer for the human family? If one avoids the light of the sun, shuts himself out from it, he may miss it, but it is waiting for him: so is God's goodness.—H. W. Beecher.

191. God's Kingdom Coming

"Let those who think Christianity is a spent force ponder the following: When Carey, the first Protestant missionary of the world, went to India, the whole of nominal Christians in the world was about 200,000,000. Now there are about 500,000,000. When he, in the eighteenth century, went out from Christendom as a missionary to the dark world of heathendom, the population of the world was about one thousand millions. It is now supposed to be about fifteen hundred millions, which is only another way of saying that while the population of the world has increased during this period 50 per cent, Christianity has increased 150 per cent, and the ratio shows that the cause of Christ advanced more within the past 25 years than it did in the 75 years preceding. Our God is marching on."

192. God's Light

Elihu Burritt tells the story of a drover in America who was one day taking a herd of cattle through a long dark wooden tunnel. Here and there the knots had dropped out of the timber and rays of light shot across the tunnel. Directly the animals began to shy. They were filled with consternation; they began to leap the golden bars, and they leaped them in agony until they came out at the end of the tunnel all blood and foam. Is not that a picture of ourselves? We make a hurdle race of what ought to be a path of confidence and blessing. What is pardonable in the creature is unpardonable in us, who know that God makes all things to work together for good to those who love him.—J. A. Clark.

193. Ownership—God's

There is a story of a small boy who spent many hours making a toy boat. After it was finished, he used to play with it and float it down the stream, but one day it got away from him, and was carried down the river and far out of his sight. He grieved much over the loss of his precious boat. One day, however, in the window of a pawn shop in London, the boy saw the boat he had made long before. He went in and told the storekeeper that it was his boat he had there in the window. The man replied that it was now in his possession, and that if he wanted the boat, he would have to pay two dollars and seventy-five cents to redeem it. So the boy worked hard for several days, and at last had the money to buy back his boat. He again went to the pawn shop keeper, and gave him the money, and this time came away with the beloved boat again in his possession. As he carried it away with him, he held it close to him, and said, "Little boat,

you are twice mine. In the first place I made you, and in the second place I redeemed you."

194. God's Promises Precious

"Does your son in America never send you any money?" was asked of a poverty-stricken old Swedish woman. "Never!" was the bitter answer. "He writes often and speaks of sending money, but never a bit have I seen from him. I am getting old and poor and soon I must die or go to the poorhouse. Yet he is rich and prosperous. Such is the ingratitude of children!"

"Is there never anything in the letters?" asked the persistent visitor.

"Oh, yes, he always sends pictures; but I don't need pictures; I need money."

"Have you saved those pictures?"

"They are all pasted on the wall in my bedroom. Would you like to see them?"

"Certainly," answered the visitor. When she looked into the bare little room she saw pasted on the walls a small fortune in American paper money.

The Bible is full of pictures of saints and beautiful poetry, but it has much more. To the believing child of God these are drafts on God's bank to be honored in the time of need. Every promise is a "Pay bearer on demand" of real practical value if we have faith to present it at God's bank. But like the peasant woman, we call it a picture gallery and inveigh upon God's lack of care for us.

195. Providence—God's

A tiny girl was taking a long journey and in the course of the day her train was obliged to cross a number of rivers. The water seen in advance always awakened doubts and fears in the child. She did not understand how it could safely be crossed. As they drew near the river, however, a bridge appeared, and furnished the way over. Several times the same thing happened, and finally the child leaned back with a long breath of relief and confidence: "Somebody has put bridges for us all the way!" she said in trusting content. That is how we find it in life, God has built bridges for us all the way.

Easter is the way across the dark river of death. Because Jesus lives we shall live also.

196. Writing—God's

A daring aviator has been startling Chicagoans by writing on the sky the name of a certain cigarette in smoke letters half a mile across. The entire city stopped and gazed gapingly heavenward. One little tot looking at the growing letters exclaimed, "It's God!" His companion retorted: "Naw; if it was God he wouldn't be advertising a cigarette."—The Christian Advocate.

197. Gods—False

At the grave of Nedzumi Kozo (a famous pickpocket) it is said that incense is always found burning. Who offers that incense? Why, all the pickpockets of the city of Tokyo burn incense there. He is the god of the pickpockets. . . . When I was traveling in the southern part of the island of Kyushu one day I found in a certain temple a great many flags and banners flying. I asked the people of the place what kind of god was in this temple—"I see such a lot of flags and banners flying, it certainly must be a very famous god." The man told me, "It is the god of gamblers." All these flags and banners were offered by the gamblers from all parts of the country. And he said, moreover, "If you have faith in this god you will win in all games, whether in gambling or stock speculation, or even in wrestling and fighting."

And now, my friends, what do you think about these gods? Do you

think there are such gods as a god of thieves, a god of pickpockets, a god of gamblers? It is fearful even to think of such things. It would indeed be intolerable if such gods really existed in this world. No, no, there can never be such gods in this world.—From the Three-hour Sermon, by Kanamori.

198. Hymn

My God, I love thee, not because
I hope for heaven thereby;
Nor because they who love thee not
Must burn eternally.

Thou, O my Jesus, thou didst me
Upon the cross embrace;
For me didst bear the nails and spear,
And manifold disgrace;

And griefs and torments numberless;
And sweat of agony;
E'en death itself,—and all for one
Who was thine enemy.

Then why, O blessed Jesus Christ!
Should I not love thee well;
Not for the sake of winning heaven,
Or of escaping hell:

Not with the hope of gaining aught;
Not seeking a reward;
But as thyself hast loved me,
Oh, ever-loving Lord!

E'en so I love thee, and will love
And in thy praise will sing;
Solely because thou art my God,
And my eternal King.
—St. Francis Xavier, 1550.

199. Mercy—Long-Suffering

When Robert Ingersoll was lecturing, he once took out his watch and said, "I will give God five minutes to strike me dead for the things I have said." The minutes ticked off as he held the watch and waited. At about four and a half minutes some women began to faint, but nothing happened. When the five minutes were up, he shut his watch and put it in his pocket. That story reached the ears of Doctor Parker. When the great preacher heard it, he said, "And did the gentleman think he could exhaust the patience of the Eternal God in five minutes?"

200. Peace With God

"Being justified by faith, we have peace with God;—that is, we enter into the state of peace immediately. He is a rich man who has a thousand acres of corn in the ground, as well as he who has so much in his barn or the money in his purse. So Christians have rest and peace in the seed of it when they have it not in the fruit; they have it in the promise when they have it not in the possession. All believers have the promise of rest and peace, and we know that the truth and faithfulness of God stand engaged to make good every line and word of the promise to them. So that though they have not a full and clear actual sense and feeling of rest, they are, nevertheless, by faith come into the state of rest."—Flavel.

201. Praising God

One of the first acts performed by George III, after his accession to the throne, was to issue an order prohibiting any of the clergy who should be called to preach before him from paying him any compliment in their discourses. His Majesty was led to this from the fulsome adulation which Dr. Thomas Wilson, prebendary of Westminster, thought proper to deliver in the Chapel-Royal, and for which, instead of thanks, he received from his royal auditor a pointed reprimand, His Majesty observing "that he came to chapel to hear the praises of God, and not his own."—Clerical Anecdotes.

202. Promise—Claiming God's

On the banks of the Kuruman, in

the density of African heathenism, Robert and Mary Moffat toiled on for ten years without a single convert. Four hundred miles beyond the frontier of civilization, alone in the midst of savages, their faith never wavered. At a time when there was "no glimmer of dawn" a letter was received from a friend in far-off England, asking if there was anything of use which could be sent. The significant answer of Mary Moffat was: "Send us a communion service; we shall want it some day." It came three years later, the day before the first converts were baptized.—Josiah Strong in "The Next Great Awakening."

203. Sacrifice for God

When the French were invading Russia at the beginning of the last century, they arrived at a small village. All the inhabitants had fled save one peasant—a woodman, judging from the axe in his belt. The officer in command of the French troops ordered the man to be shot. The soldiers raised their muskets and prepared to fire, but the peasant coolly looked down the barrels of the guns, and never flinched. The officer was so struck with the man's courage that he commanded the firing party to lower their muskets and spare the prisoner's life. "But," said he, "we shall put a mark upon him." They made a branding iron red hot and placed it on his hand. When they removed it something was left there. "What is that?" asked the woodman. "That," said the officer, "is an 'N' for Napoleon. You belong to him now." The man turned, placed the branded hand on a solid place, took his axe from his belt, and with one stroke severed his hand from his arm. "There now," cried he, "there is not one bit of me that does not belong to the Czar." That man was truly loyal. He would rather lose his hand than be branded a traitor. Are we as true to God?—Expository Times.

204. The Indwelling God

Go not, my soul, in search of Him;
Thou wilt not find Him there—
Or in the depths of shadow dim,
Or heights of upper air.

For not in far-off realm of space
The spirit hath its throne;
In every heart it findeth place
And waiteth to be known.

Thought answereth alone to thought
And soul with soul hath kin;
For outward God he findeth not,
Who finds not God within.

And if the vision come to thee
Revealed by inward sign,
Earth will be full of Deity
And with his glory shine!
—Frederick Lucian Hosmer.

GRACE

205. Grace—Door of God's

One warm summer afternoon, a bird flew through the open door into a chapel, where divine service was being conducted. Full of fear it flew backward and forward near the ceiling and against the windows, vainly seeking a way out into the sunshine. In one of the pews sat a lady, who observed the bird, while thinking how foolish it was, not to fly out through the open door into liberty. At last the bird's strength being gone, it rested a moment on one of the rafters. Then seeing the open door, it flew out into the sunshine, venting its joy in a song.

Then the lady who had been watching the little bird thought to herself: "Am I not acting as foolish as I thought the bird was? How long have I been struggling under the burden of my sin in the vain endeavor to get free and all the while the door of God's grace has been wide open?" Then and there the decision was formed to enter in.

"I am the Way," says Jesus, "no man cometh unto the Father, but by me."

206. Grace—Growing In

"Every time I receive notice from a certain insurance company that a premium is due a card is inclosed containing this inquiry: 'Are you carrying all the insurance you should for the protection of your family?' It reminds me to ask Christians this question: 'Are you increasing your interest in the Kingdom of Christ?'"

207. Grace—Growth in

There is a Chinese fable about a man who, in order to make his garden produce faster, went over it and pulled his plants a little further through the ground. He was rejoicing in his foresight only to find that his plants were dead. It takes time to be holy. You can't do it on toadstool principles.

208. Grace—Miracle of

His power is proved every day. "Bowery Bums," who have lost every sign of spiritual life, become living sons of God. Africans and Hindus who have practiced every form of vice become new men of pure life and engage in Christlike service.

Africaner, the notorious Hottentot chief, was the terror of the whole country. He carried on a cruel and constant warfare with his neighbors, stealing cattle, burning kraals, capturing women and children and killing his enemies. When Robert Moffat, as a messenger from the Prince of Life, started for Africaner's kraal, friends warned him that the savage monster would make a drum-head of his skin and a drinking-cup of his skull; that no power could change such a savage. But Moffat went to the chief and spoke to him the word of life. It entered the heathen heart and Africaner lived. He left the environment of death, was loosened from the bands of the grave, and became a Christian chief. When a Dutch farmer, whose uncle Africaner had killed, saw the converted Hottentot he exclaimed: "O God, what cannot thy grace do! What a miracle of thy power!"

209. Grace—Saved by

Some years after Hunt's death an infidel English earl visited Fiji. He knew what it had been, he saw what it was, but he did not believe in God, who had changed it. He said to an old Fijian chief who looked very civilized and respectable:

"You are a great chief, and it is a pity you have been so foolish as to listen to the missionaries, who came only to get rich among you. No one, nowadays, believes in that old book which is called the Bible; neither do men listen to that story about Jesus Christ. People know better now and I am sorry for you that you are so foolish."

The old chief's eyes flashed, and he answered:

"Do you see that native oven yonder? In that oven we roasted human bodies for our great feasts. If it had not been for these good missionaries, and for that old book, and for Jesus Christ, who changed us from savages into God's children, you would be killed and roasted in yonder oven, and we would feed on your body in no time."—Tidings.

210. Grace—Saving

A farmer came to a pastor, saying, "I have here a thank-offering to the Lord," and handed him a gold piece. "It is just two years since my son fell in the battle of St. Privat," he added in explanation. "And for that you bring a thank-offering?" exclaimed the pastor. "Yes," replied the man with tear-dimmed eyes, "for I know he died a saved man. In a letter he wrote

us the night before the battle he assured us of his faith in Christ and of the forgiveness of his sins. Therefore I know that this our son is not lost to us, but that sometime we will go to him. Should I not be thankful for that?"

211. Grace—Sufficient

A man in Chicago was one day watering his lawn, a precious bit of grass plot six by ten feet. The grass had withered under the hot sun of the day, and with hose in hand he proceeded to quench its thirst. The hydrant was opened but the water refused to flow. What could be the matter—was there no water in the lake? Not that, for the water of the great lakes washes the shore at the city's front. Was there no water in the main? Yes, there was a seven-foot main filled with a high pressure. Then why did he get no water? Just around the corner of the house his little boy at play had pulled down a heavy iron bar which was leaning against the house and it fell across the hose and cut off the flow. That is why he had no water. So it is with many a life. The fountains of living water are flowing free, but some sin has cut off the flow and it is like a barren desert.—O. A. Newlin.

212. Grace—Sufficient

A great preacher was asked if he had grace enough to be a martyr; he replied, "No! What do I want with a martyr's grace now? If I am ever called to be a martyr, then a martyr's grace will be given me. What I need now is grace for my present circumstances." Even so. Whatever is brought forth in the way of trial will find God's grace brought forth to meet it; but let us live on God's strength moment by moment, so that "As our day is so shall our strength be." And he has said, "My grace is sufficient for thee."

213. Transforming Grace

Chemistry has performed many wonderful feats of transformation. What is more black and dirty and unpromising than coal-tar, yet it has been changed into the most beautiful and useful colors? But the grace of God has wrought still more marvelous wonders. What could be more filthy and unpromising than a God-hating, blaspheming sinner, steeped as in a cesspool of iniquity, and possessed by the spirit of the Devil? Yet the grace of God, as by a spiritual chemistry, has transformed such depraved and hopeless characters into the most beautiful and useful lives. "By grace are ye saved" (Eph. 2: 5).—James Smith.

GRATITUDE

214. Gratitude

There was a man in Boston (I know not whether he lives yet,—yes, he lives, but I know not whether he lives in this world) who, though not rich, was accustomed to go into the courts of justice every morning to give bail for culprits that had no friends; and it was his testimony that of all those for whom he gave bail, not one betrayed him,—not one left him in the lurch. And do you suppose that those creatures whom Christ has helped, and whom he has given a hope of eternal salvation, would turn against him, their best friend, and the one to whom they are indebted for their choicest blessings? Would that be human nature? Is there anything on God's earth like gratitude to inspire a soul to act in the right direction?—H. W. Beecher.

215. Gratitude a Debt

The "coat of arms" of the Fitzgerald family of Ireland is the figure of a baboon carrying a baby, and underneath the Latin motto, "Non

immemer beneficii." The story connected with this strange device is interesting. Long ago one of the family was away at the wars, and had left his household in charge of one or two old retainers and the women servants. Suddenly there came an alarm of the enemy, and all fled, forgetful of the little baby, the heir of the house. A pet baboon noticed the omission, ran to the cradle, caught up the child, and ran with him to the top of the abbey steeple, holding him out for the people to see. The servants were all in terror, but the baboon carried the child safely to the ground. When the child's father returned, he felt that he owed a debt of gratitude to the dumb beast that had saved the heir of his house; and he was not ashamed to set the monkey in the center of his knightly shield, and place beneath the motto, "Not unmindful of his kindness." We should show that we recognize our debt of gratitude to the Giver of the divine benefits.

216. Gratitude—Unexpressed

The Northwestern University at Evanston, Ill., had for many years a volunteer life-saving crew among its students which became famous. On September 8, 1860, the Lady Elgin, a crowded passenger steamer, foundered off the shore of Lake Michigan just above Evanston. One of the students gathered on the shore, Edward W. Spencer, a student in Garrett Biblical Institute, saw a woman clinging to some wreckage far out in the breakers. He threw off his coat and swam out through the heavy waves, succeeding in getting her back to the land in safety. Sixteen times during that day did young Spencer brave those fierce waves, rescuing seventeen persons. Then he collapsed in a delirium of exhaustion.

While tossing in delirium that night he cried over and over to his brother, "Did I do my best? O, I am afraid I did not do my best!" When his brother tried to quiet him by saying, "You saved seventeen lives," he would reply, "O, if I could only have saved one more!"

Ned Spencer slowly recovered from the exposure and exertion of that day, but never completely. With broken health he lived quietly, unable to enter upon his chosen lifework of the ministry, but exemplifying the teachings of Jesus Christ in his secluded life. He died last February in California, aged eighty-one.

In a notice of his death one paper said that not one of these seventeen rescued persons ever came to thank him. He risked his life and gave up his life hopes for them without one word of appreciation being returned.

This seemed such rank ingratitude that we wrote to Mrs. Spencer to ask if the paragraph were true. She replied: "The statement is true. Mr. Spencer never received any thanks from anybody he succeeded in saving, nor any recognition from any one of them." She adds that the general confusion, the exhaustion of the rescued as well as of the rescuer, were probably responsible. "My husband always took this view of the situation and never manifested any feeling of resentment, and I am sure he felt none. He did his best with no thought of reward or appreciation."

When one recalls that his supreme effort meant a shattered life—at least physically and in plans—it seems that this attitude is more heroic than was the great exertion of his youth.

217. Moral Stumbling Blocks

One of the most useful members of a certain church is a physician. He has been a member for only a few years. By his devotion he seems to be doing his best to make up for lost time. They were having a real revival in his town. And the town

had been in great need of it. The doctor was a moral man of most excellent habits. He had tried to be public-spirited. Like Horace Bushnell, he was uneasy that he was not a positive force in the great campaign. He was interested in a great group of young men. It came to him that one of the excuses they made for their lack of decision for Christ was that so excellent a man as the physician did not call himself a Christian. He reviewed the situation. Back of him was a long line of devoted and conscientious principles. What was he giving in return? Nothing. And, more, he was a stumbling-block in the way of others doing their duty. The Spirit of Truth was leading him and he became obedient to the vision. He gave himself in a mighty consecration, and his life is now an epistle known and read of all men. He is doing his best to pay his debt of loving gratitude.

218. Wounds—Pleading

The story is told of an old soldier down in Georgia who decided to become a candidate for the office of justice of the peace. Unaccustomed to political campaigning and being altogether deficient in the art of public speaking it soon became evident that he was no match at all for a younger opponent who was both a politician and a glib talker. One evening just prior to the election the old soldier sat on the platform at a great mass meeting. Suddenly one of the speakers of the occasion who was presenting the claims of the old soldier for election, stepped over to his side and pointing to the sleeveless arm and placing his hand upon a great scar that marked the veteran's face, he exclaimed: "Ladies and gentlemen, behold! Pickett's charge at Gettysburg!" Instantly the enthusiasm of the great crowd rose like a great tidal wave and with cheer on cheer they greeted and applauded the old man whose wounds bore such eloquent tokens of his bravery and patriotism, and a few days later they sent him into office beneath an avalanche of votes. Infinitely eloquent of love, humiliation and sacrifice are the wounds of Jesus Christ. Truly he is worthy to receive the homage of every heart and life.

Five bleeding wounds he bears,
  Received on Calvary;
They pour effectual prayers,
  They strongly plead for me:
"Forgive him, O forgive," they cry
"Nor let that ransomed sinner die."

HEAVEN

219. Brother—Coming of a

I remember when, nine years ago, in Boston, a great tabernacle, holding 8,000 people, was built for Mr. Moody. He held a month's services in it, during which the building was full; but at the last meeting it was so crowded that it was overfilled an hour before the service. Every door was shut, except the private door behind, by which only the workers had access. Many people crowded round pressing to get in, but were restrained by a chain of policemen. There were members of the State Council, ladies in their silks and jewels, and aldermen of the City Council; but to the entreaties of each and all the uniform reply was given that they could not be admitted. One gentleman came up, and the policeman said, "No, sir; you cannot come in." He said, "I came here for half a day only; I have finished my business, and have come to hear Mr. Moody." He gave his card—he was a governor of a New England State; but the policeman was unable to let him in, and said, "Even were you allowed to pass, there is no room for you inside; but my orders are strict." Just then I saw an-

other man come up. He was a countryman. Neither his hair nor beard had been trimmed by a city barber. His hands were callous with toil. He was a small man. Here, thought I, a governor has been refused, and he tries to get in. "I must come in," he said. The policeman pushed him aside. "But," he said, "would you go and tell my brother William that his brother George wants to come in?" I went in; they were singing the hymn before the address when I told Mr. Moody. Quick as a flash he said, "My brother George! Let him in at once. Make way there for my brother George." And as there was no seat for him, Mr. Moody took him into the pulpit and placed him in his own seat. And so at the last great day, when the kings and great ones of the earth come there, but are not allowed to enter, when one of the least of God's children comes up, he will just say, "Will you tell my Brother that one of His brethren is outside and wants to come in?" And then he is let in at once and seated on the throne.—George F. Pentecost.

220. *Graves and Tunnels*

When they buried the old Pharaohs in Egypt, they built tunnels into the pyramids, through which to take their mummied kings, but none on the other side of the mausoleum for their exit.

The grave without Christ is an entrance into darkness and oblivion. With him it is an entrance into everlasting life. "To-day shalt thou be with me in paradise."

When the town burier took down the carcasses of those thieves who were crucified with Jesus, and pitched them into holes in the potter's field, he understood that there was only one opening into the hole. Mostly there isn't another, to holes in the ground. Just the one that opens upward. But after Jesus spake those words to the thief at his side, his grave opened downwards. That's the difference that Jesus' resurrection makes to the world. That's what it means to us. We go out to the family plot in the cemetery, and see the grave that was opened yesterday all closed and sodded over.

"How am I ever going to behold my loved one again? He is shut off from me. She is hidden forever from my sight."

But you remember having read stories of old colonial houses that were provided with a secret exit for use in case of Indian attacks. Those inside, when pressed too hard, could flee by an underground passage to the sea or the river, and escape. The old Spanish mission in San Diego had such a passage which I have seen, leading to a well, by which all escaped.

So the resurrection of Christ means that the grave on which you gaze so sadly is open at the bottom, and leads straight to the throne of God.—John F. Cowan.

221. *Heaven—Arriving in*

St. Pierre in one of his books tells of a French ship which had been beating about for months amid storms in the southern seas. One morning land was cried from the masthead. Passengers and crew gathered on deck, awaiting in suspense the unveiling of the coming shore. Vague outlines only were seen, so vague that the uncertainty almost broke the hearts of the watchers. Was it land? If so, what land? Could it be France? Was it indeed France? Or was it some strange country? Nearer and nearer they came. Clearer and more distinct became the outlines. After some hours, hours that seemed days, the lookout cried, "France! France! It is France!" The joy of the ship's company knew no bounds. They were indeed home after all their wanderings and all their dangers and fears.

So will it be with us, when, through the mists of that sea which we call death, we approach the shores of eternal life. After the dimness of dying, our eyes shall open to behold the banks of the celestial land. Then the shout will be, not "France! It is France!" but "Heaven! Heaven! It is Heaven!" The storms will all be past. We shall be in glory. Then we shall have life in all its fullness. Then we shall be at home.—J. R. Miller.

222. *Heaven—A Secular*

The priest had delivered an eloquent sermon on the Judgment Day. At the close of the service a worthy Irishman in his congregation sought him out, much troubled in mind.

"Father, do ye mane that everybody will be there on the Judgment Day?"

"Yes, Pat."

"Brian Boru and Oliver Cromwell?"

"Yes."

"The Dublin men and the Orangemen?"

"Yes."

"And the A. O. H. and the A. P. A.'s?"

"Yes, they will all be there, according to my understanding."

"Well, Father," said the questioner, "it's my opinion that there'll be very little judgin' done the first day."

223. *Heaven—Awaking in*

Bishop Quayle tells, says Rev. E. W. Caswell, of a little girl, Edith, who one evening wanted to sit up with the family while they were visiting with the bishop. The little one, becoming very sleepy, her mother begged her to retire to her room. But she pleaded to remain, so delighted was she with the bishop. Finally, she fell asleep in her mother's arms and was gently carried up the stairs to her bed without awaking. She did not know she was in the upper room till she opened her eyes in the morning. So Enoch visited with God one day and was not, for God took him, carried him away in everlasting arms. What a delightful way to refer to death!

So we might say of our loved ones, carried by angels, or in the arms of Jesus, into the heavenly mansion. They fell asleep in Jesus and did not know they were in the upper room till they awoke in the morning.

This is our resurrection hope. This is what Easter morning means. —H.

224. *Heaven Challenged*

There was an infidel soldier of the Middle Ages who hated the Bible and all sacred things. He grew so fierce and mad in his defiance that he determined to test the power of the Christians' God. So he went out into a field, armed as if for battle. He threw his glove down on the ground as a challenge. Then he looked up into the heavens and angrily cried: "God, if there be a God, I defy thee here and now to mortal combat. If thou indeed art, put forth thy power of which thy pretended priests make such a boast." As he spoke he saw a piece of paper fluttering in the air just above his head. It fell at his feet. He took it up, and on it read these words: "God is love." This was the message that came wafted down on the still air, in the angels' song, that night when Christ was born.—J. R. Miller.

225. *Heaven—Clearer View of*

Was it not a pretty thought, that of the gay young Southern girl dancing with a sort of ecstasy among the falling leaves, whose brilliancy she had never seen in her sea-coast home? To one near her, saddening over their fall, she said, "Just think how much more room it gives you to see the beautiful blue sky be-

yond!" Is it not true that, as our little joys and pleasures and earth's many lovely things fade and pass, they open spaces for us in which to see God's heaven beyond?—Christian Union.

226. Foregleams of

Let us not forget that every day we are helping to make our own heaven. A few years ago it was our privilege to take a trip to Europe and the Orient. Among the passengers on our cruise were a bride and groom. They had been married just before the vessel set sail and seemed exceedingly happy in their experiences. But this we noticed that at every port we entered, and in all the cities, they were buying things and sending them back to America—beautiful rugs, choice pieces of antique furniture, vases and ornaments, and useful articles, too. All these things they were sending over to help make their home when they should arrive. Do we realize it, that there is a sense in which we make our own heaven? There are a good many people who seem to think that heaven is to be a gift, ready-made, handed over to each of us complete, without any effort or price from us. No; a heaven into which we have put nothing cannot be a real heaven to us. We must send our treasures, loves, and thoughts forward into it. We must have learned its language, acquired its spirit, and gained some homestead rights there, if it is to be really a home.

227. Heaven—Gates of Always Open

The Persian kings took state upon them, and enacted that none should come near to them uncalled, on pain of death. But oh! sirs, the gates of heaven are always open; you have liberty night and day of presenting your petition, in the name of Christ, to the King of the whole earth.—Ralph Erskine.

228. Heaven—Heat of

Professor Huxley tells us that in the soil of England there lie buried tropical seeds in bewildering variety. They have been brought by birds, by winds, by many agencies. There they lie deeply buried, these tropical potencies waiting for what? Huxley said that if for twelve months we could have in England tropical heat we should be amazed by the coming out of strange seeds, and our little gardens would bloom with tropical luxuriance. Oh! I think that powers we have never conceived lie buried in your life and mine (if we have Christ)—powers put there by God, and waiting for their proper atmosphere! Our lives are too chill, and so the seeds are non-germinant. But if the heat of heaven would come, I think those powers would troop out of their graves, and we should be amazed to see how rich we were in Christ Jesus our Lord.—J. H. Jowett.

229. Heaven—Moved to

Passing by a house a short time since I noticed the intimation, "This house to let." "How is this? Is the former tenant dead?" I asked. "Oh no, sir," said the caretaker; "he has removed to a larger house in a better situation." Even thus, as we look upon the clay tenement in which some loved Christian friend has dwelt, we answer, "No, he is not dead, but removed into the enduring house in 'the better country,' where the 'better resurrection' is, and where eternal life is."—Henry Varley.

230. Heaven—Notes of

"When a king asked Ole Bull, the virtuoso of the violin, where he caught the rapturous tones which he brought out of his instrument, the artist replied: 'I caught them, your Majesty, from the mountains of

Norway.' He had climbed the mountains and listened to the storm; he had footed the lofty cliffs and heard the vespers of the pines at the time of the sunset breeze; he had heard the midnight litany of the cascades in the darkness. When interpreting these voices of nature, he thrilled the world's great heart. What gives some men power beyond others to move and thrill? It is because they have ascended the mountains and gone down into the valleys of sorrow and there caught up the tones of tenderness and of subdued strength and confidence."—George Douglas.

231. Heaven—Prospect of

A clergyman was once summoned to a death-bed in one of the slums of South London. Flight after flight of stairs he mounted, till he came to the topmost flat, and found his way into a miserable room with hardly any furniture, where a poor half-starved old man lay dying in great pain. As he entered he could not help saying, "Oh, I am sorry for you!" "Sorry for me?" the old man replied. "Why, think of my prospects!"

232. Heaven—Treasures in

Little Mary was sitting with her Uncle George one afternoon while he was going over some accounts. For an hour all was still, then Mary heard him say: "There! I have quite a nice little sum laid up against a time of need."

"What are you talking about, Uncle George?" asked Mary.

"About my treasures, little girl, that I have laid up."

"Up in heaven?" asked little Mary, who had heard her father that morning read about laying up treasures in heaven.

"Oh, no, Mary! My treasures are all on earth, some in banks and some in other places," answered Uncle George.

"But haven't you any in heaven, too?" asked Mary.

"Well, I don't believe I have," said Uncle George, thoughtfully. "But run away to your mother now, for I am going out."

Uncle George went out and was gone a good while, but all the time he was thinking that, after all, perhaps he was not so well off if he had no treasures laid up in heaven to be ready for him when he left this world and his money behind him. He was so impressed with the thought that he wisely determined to lay up treasures in heaven. Little Mary never knew until years afterwards that it was her childish question that started Uncle George on a generous, active, Christian life.

233. Heaven—Watching in

Some time ago there was an engineer that run out of Baltimore, who had his home close by the railroad, and as he would pass in his engine, his little girl would run out in the yard to see him go by. After a while he knocked off a picket or two from the fence, so she could see him better, and there she would put her little head through and watch and wave until he was out of sight. He never failed to be at the side of his engine to see her and she never failed to be at the fence looking for him. One day, however, he came back on his run and looking out he could not see her, so was immediately alarmed as he knew something was wrong at home. He finished his run and hurried home and was met by his wife at the door, and with tear stained face she told her husband that their little girl had been suddenly taken sick and the doctor said she could not get well. He dropped to the floor with a broken heart and asked if she was still alive. "Yes," said the mother, "but very sick. She told me to give you a message in case she didn't see you again." "What is it?" he impatiently

asked. "She said, 'Tell papa I am going to ask Jesus to take out the picket from his fence and I will watch for him until he comes.'" The little girl passed away and the father, who hadn't been a Christian before, kept thinking of his little girl's message and found the Saviour. He did not want her to watch in vain.

234. Hope of Heaven in Old Age

How desolate must old age be to the man who has no heaven beyond; who stands trembling with infirmities, declined in ear, and eye, and tongue; his hand palsied, his memory gone—looking back across the dreary stretch of life that he has just passed over, and forward with fear to the life of which he thought so little! How glorious for an old man to stand, as Moses stood, upon the top of the mount, looking across the Jordan into the promised land, and viewing the fair possessions that awaited him! Moses died, and did not go over; but the old man shall die, and go over, and shall find it in that day a land rich, beautiful, and glorious.—H. W. Beecher.

235. Life—Brevity of

In the anecdote-books of our boyhood we used to be told the story of an Indian faquir who entered an Eastern palace and spread his bed in one of its ante-chambers, pretending that he had mistaken the building for a caravanserai or inn. The prince, amused by the oddity of the circumstance, ordered—so ran the tale—the man to be brought before him, and asked him how he came to make such a mistake. "What is an inn?" the faquir asked. "A place," was the reply, "where travelers rest a little while before proceeding on their journey." "Who dwelt here before you?" again asked the faquir. "My father," was the prince's reply. "And did he remain here?" "No," was the answer; "he died and went away." "And who dwelt here before him?" "His ancestors." "And did they remain here?" "No; they also died and went away." "Then," rejoined the faquir, "I have made no mistake, for your palace is but an inn after all." The faquir was right. Our houses are but inns, and the whole world a caravanserai. —Clerical Library.

HEART

236. Heart—A Believing

"With the heart a man believeth unto righteousness?" Oh, well do I remember how like a flash of light that verse illumined my soul one day when all was at its darkest for me. And then I saw what it all meant: that God did not ask me to believe with my intellect at all, but to trust Him with my heart. From that hour the world has brightened in me, for I know now that I have found God. Often and often now I cannot believe with the intellect, but I can with the heart. And so may you. Come, doubts and all, to the blessed Lord, and let your hearts go out to Him, and He shall give you rest unto your soul.—W. J. Dawson.

237. Heart—Broken Clown

They say the clown is a jester and has no soul or heart. I will tell you of an incident in my own life. I married after I came to this country, and I had a little boy. All summer I had to be away from him, but in the winters, when the show was in winter quarters and I went back to New York, I spent hours and hours with that little chap.

One year the show opened early and it was still cold. We were playing in a small Wisconsin town. It was a one-night stand and the tent was full. I had an unusually funny act and brand new. In it I carried a baby around in my arms. I was supposed to be taking it away from

the nurse. After I had been on a little while I was told that I was wanted in the pad-room. When I got there some one gave me a telegram from my wife which said: "Frank is dying." That was my boy. He was in New York; I was hundreds of miles away and I could not get to him. Outside in the big tent the band was playing, whips were cracking in the rings, people were laughing and shouting—the whole circus fun was on. There I stood in my clown's garb with the tears streaming down my white make-up. I heard a voice say merrily:

"Come, Jules; we are waiting for you."

So I had to go out into that crowded arena with a breaking heart.—Saturday Evening Post.

238. Heart—Gift of

A touching incident has been told of a sixteen-year-old girl who was a chronic invalid, and whose mother was a pleasure-loving woman who could not endure the idea of being much with her shut-in daughter. While the mother was traveling abroad in Italy, she remembered the coming birthday of her daughter, and sent her a rare and wonderful Italian vase. The trained nurse brought it to the girl, saying that her mother had sent it so carefully that it came right on her birthday. After looking at its beauty for a moment the girl turned to the nurse and said: "Take it away, take it away. O mother, mother, do not send me anything more; no books, no flowers, no vases, no pictures. Send me no more. I want you, you!"

Don't give Christ things—only things. He wants you. "Son, daughter, give me thy heart." That daughter wanted her mother. She wanted her presence, her companionship, her love. Christ wants you. He wants you first of all. He wants your yielded heart, your confidence, your trust, your union with him He wants your love, prompting you to give the best possibilities you have. He says, "I want you, you." Your heart fully given, he knows all else will follow.

239. Heart—Hardened

When I was a soldier I, with others, was drawn out to go to such a place to besiege it; but when I was just ready to go one of the company desired to go in my room, to which, when I had consented, he took my place, and coming to the siege, as he stood sentinel, he was shot in the head with a musket-bullet, and died. Here, as I said, were judgments and mercy, but neither of them did awaken my soul to righteousness; wherefore I sinned still, I grew more and more rebellious against God, and careless of my own salvation.—Bunyan.

240. Heart—Need of a New

One evening the chief of the Delaware Indians was sitting by a fireside with a friend. Both were silently looking into the fire. At last his friend broke the silence by saying:

"I have been thinking of a rule delivered by the author of the Christian religion which we call the Golden Rule."

"Stop," said the chief. "Don't praise it. Tell me what it is, and let me think for myself." He was informed that the rule was for one man to "do to others as he would have others do to him."

"That is impossible; it cannot be done," hastily replied the Indian.

Silence followed. In about fifteen minutes the Indian said:

"Brother, I have been thoughtful of what you told me. If the Great Spirit who made man would give him a new heart, he could do as you say, but not else."—Exchange.

241. Heart—New

A tourist was once staying at an

inn in a valley of northern Italy, where the floor was dirty. He had in mind to advise the landlady to scrub it, when he perceived that it was made of mud and the more she would scrub it the worse it would become. So is it with our heart; its corrupt nature will admit of no improvement, it must be made new.

242. Hearts on Fire

Zinzendorf said to a Moravian brother at Herrnhut, "Can you go as a missionary to Greenland?" "Yes." "Can you go to-morrow?" "If the cobbler has finished my shoes I can go to-morrow." That was a quick, willing-hearted response. Wesley said: "If I had three hundred men who feared nothing but God, hated nothing but sin, and were determined to know nothing among men but Jesus Christ, and him crucified, I would set the world on fire." "Send us men," said a heathen convert, "with hot hearts."

It is a zeal like such Rally Day ought to kindle in us all. Ready. Enlisted. Fearless. Hothearted. Such people will set the world on fire.

243. Heart—Refusing the

There is a story of a colored man who came to a watchmaker and gave him the hands of a clock, saying, "I want yer to fix up dese hands. Dey jes doan' keep no mo' kerrec' time for mo' den six monfs." "Where is the clock?" answered the watchmaker. "Out at de house on Injun Creek." "But I must have the clock." "Didn't I tell yer dar's nuffin' de matter wid the clock 'ceptin' de han's? And I done brought 'em to yer. You jes' want the clock so you can tinker with it and charge me a big price. Give me back dem han's." Foolish as this man was, his caution is very like that of people who try to regulate their life without being made right on the inside. And their reason for not putting themselves into the hands of the Lord is very similar to the reason the colored man gave. They are afraid the price will be too great. They say, "We only wish to avoid this or that habit." But the Master Workman says, "I cannot regulate the hands unless I have the heart."

244. Heart—Seeing

"But do you see it in your own heart?" was the penetrating question of Mr. Haldane which led to Merle D'Aubigne's conversion. He saw the doctrine of the new birth theologically and as contained in Scripture; but as yet he had not known it experimentally, as written in the heart. And now, while at the University in Geneva, he tells us that he sought and "experienced the joys of the new birth." Being justified by faith he had peace with God; he knew himself forgiven and accepted. But still he lacked perfect joy and the peace of God keeping his heart and mind.

Some years after his conversion, he and two intimate friends, Frederick Monod and Charles Rieu, were found at an inn at Kiel, where the chances of travel had detained them, searching the word of God together for its hidden riches. D'Aubigne thus tells the story of what there passed in his own soul:—

"We were studying the Epistle to the Ephesians, and had got to the end of the third chapter, where we read the last two verses—'Now unto him who is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think, according to the power that worketh in us, unto him be glory, etc.' This expression fell upon my soul as a revelation from God. 'He can do by his power,' I said to myself, 'above all that we ask, above all even that we think; nay, exceeding abundantly above all.' A full trust in Christ for the work to be done within my poor heart now filled

my soul. We all three knelt down, and, although I had never fully confided my inward struggles to my friends, the prayer of Rieu was filled with such admirable faith as he would have uttered had he known all my wants. When I arose, in that inn room at Kiel, I felt as if my 'wings were renewed as the wings of eagles.' From that time forward I comprehended that all my own efforts were of no avail; that Christ was able to do all by his 'power that worketh in us,' and the habitual attitude of my soul was, to lie at the foot of the cross, crying to him 'Here am I, bound hand and foot, unable to move, unable to do the least thing to get away from the enemy who oppresses me. Do all thyself. I know that thou wilt do it. Thou wilt even do exceeding abundantly above all that I ask.'

"I was not disappointed: all my doubts were removed, my anguish quelled; and the Lord 'extended to me peace as a river.' Then I could comprehend with all saints what is the breadth and length and depth and height, and know the love of Christ which passeth knowledge. Then I was able to say, 'Return unto thy rest, O my soul! for the Lord hath dealt bountifully with thee.'"—A. J. Gordon.

245. Heaven in the Heart

You might put a blind man in the Louvre of Paris, and he might walk among the acres and prairies of picture there, and not be conscious that he had seen the stroke of one artist-hand. You might bring a deaf man within the sound of all the bands of heaven and of earth, and there would be no music to his consciousness. And if a man is not prepared to enjoy the felicities of heaven, those felicities will be nothing to him. Heaven is not heaven except to those who have the initiation of it in themselves. They carry it in their own heart first.—H. W. Beecher.

HELL

246. Hell—Building His Own

A wealthy contractor, who built the Tombs in New York, slept in it as a prisoner not long ago. In his prosperous days he did a business of a half-million a year, but when caught in hard circumstance he forged a note for $2,000 and was convicted and sentenced to imprisonment. The building of the Tombs was his last large contract, and into it he stepped as a prisoner. "I never dreamed," he said, "when I built this prison that I would be an inmate one day. But here I am. It is hard luck."

It is not hard luck, it is not luck at all, but it is the hard way in which the transgressor walks and which he builds for himself. Every man imprisoned in sin has built his own prison. The retribution which wrongdoing brings is not an arbitrary punishment inflicted by the revenge or caprice of an outside judge or fate, but it is just the necessary consequence of the wrong itself. Drunkenness shuts a man up in his own habits, as unyielding as stone walls and iron bars, and with his own fiery appetite, and what worse prison could he have? Yet he built it himself.—Presbyterian Banner.

247. Hell—Explaining

An old colored preacher of the South was asked by a Northerner why it was that the colored ministers preached so much about hell. "Well, sah," he replied, "I don't knows jis why dat am, but I done be sposen dat de reason am cause we cullud folks haint got learnin' enough to splanify de tex' an' extinguish de Bible, like you white folks am." We must admit that there is more truth than poetry in his statement.—O. A. Newlin.

248. Spiritual Death

A man is taken out of the water

into which he has fallen. It is feared that he is past recovery. He is brought in. He no longer hears, nor speaks, nor sees, nor breathes, nor moves, nor shows any evidence of feeling. And you say, "He is dead." Why is he said to be dead? Because he lacks sensibility.

Now, take a man that is spiritually dead. Pinch his conscience; he does not start. Bring before him the law, and let it thunder in his ears; it makes no impression upon him. Pierce him with the sword of the Spirit; he does not feel it; he is not susceptible to fear; he has no moral sensibility. And you say that that man is spiritually dead because he is not alive to Divine influences.—H. W. Beecher.

HOLY SPIRIT

249. Baptism of the Spirit—Finney's

Finney was a Pauline preacher because he had a Pauline experience—the peace of God and the power of God coming to him almost together. And giving all due consideration to his uncommon natural endowments, we are constrained to find the chief secret of his success in his remarkable spiritual history. Let us read this as he has written it for us.

He had been converted after passing through powerful spiritual exercises, and immediately after, on October 10th, 1821, while alone in his law office, he says:—

"I then received a mighty baptism of the Holy Ghost. Without any expectation of it, without ever having the thought in my mind that there was such a thing for me, without any recollection that I had ever heard the thing mentioned by any person in the world, the Holy Spirit descended upon me in a manner that seemed to go through me, body and soul. I could feel the impression like a wave of electricity, going through and through me. Indeed, it seemed to come in waves of liquid love; for I could not express it in any other way. It seemed like the very breath of God. I can recollect distinctly that it seemed to fan me like immense wings. No words can express the wonderful love that was shed abroad in my heart. I wept aloud with joy and love; and I do not know but I should say, I literally bellowed out the unutterable gushings of my heart. These waves came over me, and over me, one after the other, until I recollect I cried out, 'I shall die if these waves continue to pass over me.' I said, 'Lord, I cannot bear any more.' Yet I had no fear of death. . . . Thus I continued till late at night. I received some sound repose. When I awoke in the morning the sun had risen, and was pouring a clear light into my room. Words cannot express the impression that this sunlight made upon me. Instantly the baptism that I had received the night before returned upon me in the same manner. I arose upon my knees in the bed and wept aloud with joy, and remained for some time too much overwhelmed with the baptism of the Spirit to do anything but pour out my soul to God. It seemed as if this morning's baptism was accompanied with a gentle reproof, and the Spirit seemed to say to me, 'Will you doubt? Will you doubt?' I cried, 'No! I will not doubt; I cannot doubt.' He then cleared the subject up so much to my mind that it was impossible for me to doubt that the Spirit of God had taken possession of my soul."—A. J. Gordon.

250. Bible—Holy Spirit in the

In the diamond-fields of South Africa a diamond was found, celebrated lately under the title of fly-stone; placed under a magnifying-glass, you see enclosed in all its brilliancy a little fly, with body, wings, and eyes, in the most perfect state

of preservation. How it came there no one knows, but no human skill can take it out. So in Holy Scripture the Spirit of God is found in a place from which no power of man can remove it.—M'Ewan.

251. Cleansing—Constant

Learn a lesson from the eye of the miner, who all day long is working amid the flying coal dust. When he emerges in the light of day his face may be grimy enough; but his eyes are clear and lustrous, because the fountain of tears in the lachrymal gland is ever pouring its gentle tides over the eye, cleansing away each speck of dust as soon as it alights. Is not this the miracle of cleansing which our spirits need in such a world as this? And this is what our blessed Lord is prepared to do for us if only we will trust him.—F. B. Meyer.

252. Holy Ghost—Power of

Rev. William Haslam, the well-known evangelist, in referring to that remarkable crisis in his ministry when he gained the power of the Holy Ghost as he had never known it before, says:—

"A book came into my hands which interested me greatly. This I read and re-read, and made an abstract of it. It was the 'Life of Adelaide Newton.' What struck me in it so much was to find that this lady was able to hold spiritual communion with God by means of a Bible only. Is it possible, I thought, to hold such close communion with the Lord apart from the church and her ministrations? I do not hesitate to say that this was the means under God of stripping off some remains of my grave clothes, and enabling me to walk in spiritual liberty."—A. J. Gordon.

253. Holy Spirit—Charged by

It is a common thing now to catch the voice of some speaker or singer three thousand miles away, and those who sing in the broadcasting stations expect to be heard at least that far. If man has thus annihilated distance, how far can the Almighty hear? How far can he fling his messages out?

But man cannot hear at all in radio if his batteries are down. His dry cell and his wet batteries must both have real life in them. A very wise Jew at one time wrote, "The natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God; for they are foolishness unto him . . . they are spiritually discerned." A man that is not charged with the spirit cannot hear God.

A battery! What is a battery? It is a box. Inside are metal plates separated by wood or rubber and connected in circuit at the top. A liquid of acid and water completes it. But that battery, as described, will not ring a bell or make a spark. It is in vain till it is charged. No matter what the make nor how worthy the materials, there is no power till the connections have been made with some mighty power line and life absorbed from outside. The glory of the battery is that it has power to take in this life and to retain it.

Every normal man and woman is a complete battery ready for a charging of the Holy Spirit.

254. Holy Spirit—Need of

What a power the Church would be if she moved in united strength against the enemy. She would be like the army of Themistocles, the famous Athenian general, during a naval battle. At sunrise all were ready to advance but no order was given. As hour after hour passed, the soldiers began to ask, "Is he going to fight at all?" "Is it possible he is afraid?" But Themistocles knew what he was doing. About nine o'clock each forenoon there was a land breeze in that region, and he

was waiting till it arose, so that instead of having one-half of his men at the oars, the wind would do the propelling, and he could have all his men in arms. Oh, that the wind—the Spirit—would come upon the churches, so that instead of having divided interests they would march in solid strength all armed against opposing forces!—Evangelist Mickle.

255. Holy Spirit's Power

I stood some time ago beside Niagara Falls (said Dr. A. C. Dixon, of the Metropolitan Tabernacle, in a recent address), and looking down by the bank of the river I saw a great house which I was told was the power house. In that house was a great dynamo, and from thence went wires to Buffalo and to New York. They light Toronto by Niagara Falls, heat it by the Falls, cook their dinners by the Falls, run their tramcars by the Falls and at a sanatorium near Toronto the patients get their electric baths by the Falls. And in New York State there is one gruesome place where the Falls also are at work. They electrocute their criminals by the power that comes from Niagara Falls.

When I went to the Falls again I saw the philosophy of it all. Lake Ontario is 169 feet below Lake Erie, and if you were to lift up Ontario to the level of Erie you would have no Falls and no power.

"Tarry at Jerusalem until ye be endued with power from on high." That is what we need—to get down, to get under, to humble ourselves before God, that the power from on high may come upon us. It is something to have power from behind, such as a church with prestige and a history; something to have power from before, such as the thrill and hope of coming achievement; something to have power round about us, such as organization, and culture, and wealth; but, somehow, the power behind and in front and round about us is all power on the level. What we need is the power from on high, the power borne along from the great dynamo of God.

Along those lines comes the power which gives light to bring to the benighted. Along those lines comes the power which gives warmth, and sympathy and companionship. Along those lines comes the power for locomotion—the power to go about doing good. Along those lines comes pulsing health, quickening us spiritually, a tonic, a refreshment. And along those lines comes also death. For, I remember, as I turn from that gruesome place where the power of Niagara Falls is used to rid the State of its criminals, that the power from on high can execute my sinful self; my selfishness, my carnality, everything that is displeasing to God can be put in the chair of judgment and the power can be turned on and they are gone, and I am free from the body of this death.

256. Life-Giving Breath

In South America the wind from the marshes comes charged with the germs of intermittent fever, and often the most deadly cholera accompanies stillness in the atmosphere. A storm is the best purifier of the air, and the inhabitants long eagerly for it. From the marshy places of our lower nature the fever of lust and unsanctified passion comes. The stillness of inactivity and donothingness is always favorable to the cholera of doubt and unbelief. The great preventive is the soul-stirring breath of the Holy Ghost. When He comes as a mighty, rushing wind, the whole atmosphere of the life is purified.—James Smith.

257. Life—Power of the Inner

On a winter's day I have noticed a row of cottages with a deep load of snow on their several roofs; but as the day wore on large fragments

began to tumble from the eaves of this one and that other, till, by-and-by, there was a simultaneous avalanche, and the whole heap slid over in powdery ruin on the pavement, and before the sun went down you saw each roof as clear and dry as on a summer's eve. But here and there you would observe one with its snow-mantle unbroken and a ruff of stiff icicles around it. What made the difference? The difference was to be found within. Some of these huts were empty, or the lonely inhabitant cowered over a scanty fire; whilst the peopled hearth and the high-blazing faggots of the rest created such an inward warmth that grim winter melted and relaxed his grip, and the loosened mass folded off and tumbled over on the trampled street. It is possible by some outside process to push the main volume of snow from the frosty roof or chip off the icicles one by one. But they will form again, and it needs an inward heat to create a total thaw. And so, by sundry processes, you may clear off from a man's conduct the dead weight of conspicuous sins; but it needs a hidden heat, a vital warmth within, to produce such a separation between the soul and its besetting iniquities, that the whole wintry incubus, the entire body of sin, will come spontaneously away. That vital warmth is the love of God abundantly shed abroad—the kindly glow which the Comforter diffuses in the soul which He makes His home. His genial inhabitation thaws that soul and its favorite sins asunder, and makes the indolence and self-indulgence and indevotion fall off from their old resting-place on that dissolving heart. The easiest form of self-mortification is a fervent spirit.—James Hamilton.

258. Miracles—Daily

Sometimes, in the great wheat fields, the grain will be ready for the harvest, when a storm will sweep over the land, and the wheat will be as if a roller had passed over it. Millions of dollars can be lost in a storm of thirty minutes duration. The wheat, rolled to the ground, is too low for the harvester. Its loss will be a tragedy to the farmer. Then a miracle takes place. The sun shines and its warm rays begin to caress the broken wheat. A soft, drying wind stirs over the land and the wheat stalks begin to lift up the heavy heads. Literally millions of pounds are lifted up by the soft influence of sun and wind. Within the third day the wheat's glorious banner is again flung to the breeze. As the sun's light lifts the broken wheat, so the miracle of God's Spirit lifting broken lives is daily taking place.

259. Security—Daily

One Sabbath evening recently the old Jerry McAuley Mission room in New York City was crowded. Song after song was sung as only an audience of men can sing. Testimonies were called for. There was an eager response. It was inspiring to listen to them. One man, a giant physically as well as morally, with a sincerity that could not be doubted, thanked God for having kept him 'midst severest temptation for eighteen years. Another was grateful to his Heavenly Father for having thrown about him influences that had kept him from drink for five years. And interspersed with song the testimonies went on.

But among those who spoke there was one man who, after all, struck the keynote of Christian living a little truer than all the others. He was extremely nervous—a mere wreck of humanity. He deplored his weakness, expressed his determination to continue the struggle against his enemy, begged the prayers of God's people, and added, "I want to thank God for keeping me from

drink during the last twenty-four hours."

Is it not day by day our Father keeps us? Is it not daily grace we are to ask for and expect? "Every day, every hour, let me feel thy cleansing power."

260. Spirit—Candle of

As Michael Angelo wore a lamp on his cap to prevent his own shadow from being thrown upon the picture which he was painting, so the Christian minister and servant needs to have the candle of the Spirit always burning in his heart, lest the reflection of self and self-glorying may fall upon his work to darken and defile it. To show how genuine a trait of holiness this self-repression is, we recall the words of Edward Payson touching the same point:—

April 1, 1806.

"Spiritual pride. By how many artifices does it contrive to show itself! If at any time I am favored with clearer discoveries of my natural and acquired depravity and hatefulness in the sight of God, and am enabled to mourn over it, in comes spiritual pride with, Aye, this is something like. This is holy mourning for sin; this is true humility. . . . What a proof that the heart is the natural soil of pride, when it thus contrives to gather strength from the very exercises which one would think must destroy it utterly."—A. J. Gordon.

261. Spirit—Fruit of

One day a man saw workmen pushing wheelbarrows over a rough piece of ground.

"What are they doing?" he asked his friend.

"Making a garden," was the reply.

"But I thought a garden just grew," exclaimed the man.

"There could not be a greater mistake," said his friend. "To make a garden means weeks of back-breaking toil!"

Many of us have fallen into the same shallow and foolish blunder regarding the making of character. We thought the graces of Christ's gentlemanliness grew so easily. Now we know that they are achieved only by ceaseless vigilance and constant struggle. "No man becomes a saint in his sleep." said Carlyle. We must be fully armed and sharply alert. We must wrestle and fight and pray. Yet thank God the issue does not depend entirely on our varying courage and easily exhausted enthusiasm. In this strenuous and exhilarating adventure we are not lonely and isolated soldiers.

Napoleon when patrolling a camp one night, found a young sentry asleep at his post. Napoleon quietly took the musket out of his hand, and marched up and down himself until in the dawn the soldier awoke to find his general keeping watch in his place. So, when the battle of life is hot and the situation critical, and we are in peril of base surrender, Christ himself will re-enforce our weakness, heal our despair, and vanquish the hostile forces that are too much for us.—Unidentified.

262. Spirit—Quenching the

A man has lost his way in a dark and dreary mine. By the light of one candle, which he carries in his hand, he is groping for the road to sunshine and to home. That light is essential to his safety. The mine has many winding passages, in which he may be hopelessly bewildered. Here and there marks have been made on the rocks to point out the true path, but he cannot see them without that light. There are many deep pits into which, if unwary, he may suddenly fall, but he cannot avoid the danger without that. Should it go out he must soon stumble, fall, perish. Should

it go out that mine will be his tomb. How carefully he carries it! How anxiously he shields it from sudden gusts of air, from water dropping on it, from everything that might quench it! The case described is our own. We are like that lonely wanderer in the mine. Does he diligently keep alight the candle on which his life depends? Much more earnestly should we give heed to the warning, "Quench not the Spirit." Sin makes our road both dark and dangerous. If God gave us no light, we should never find the way to the soul's sunny home of holiness and heaven. We must despair of ever reaching our Father's house. We must perish in the darkness into which we have wandered. But He gives us His Spirit to enlighten, guide, and cheer us.—Newman Hall.

263. Spirit—Warning of

The island of Ischia was a famous summer resort for the Italians. In 1883 the sinking of water in wells as well as mutterings and rumblings underground, distinctly foretold a coming earthquake; these signs were noted and understood, but through fear of frightening visitors, and so losing custom, hotel keepers and others refrained from making public these warnings. Ruin and death ensued, involving those who knew and heeded not, and those who, through lack of warning, had unwittingly exposed themselves to peril. Many are failing to heed warnings more imperative in the realm of the Spirit.

264. Spirit—Witness of the

Nothing General Howard ever said impressed me more than that response of his, after he had accepted Christ in the old barracks room at Tampa, kneeling before the table with his Bible on it, surrendering to Jesus. In the morning he met one of his officers who said, "Howard, I hear that you have become a Christian." "Yes," Howard says, "I have, and I am not ashamed of it." "Why," he says, "I can show you a hundred inconsistencies in the Bible." "Perhaps you can," says Howard, "but you can't show me that last night I did not surrender to the Lord Jesus Christ, and I have been so happy I couldn't sleep. I can wait God's time for the explanation of the inconsistencies."

265. Union, in the Spirit

When the tide is out you may have noticed, as you rambled among the rocks, little pools with little fishes in them. To the shrimp, in such a pool, his foot depth of salt water is all the ocean for the time being. He has no dealings with his neighbor shrimp in the adjacent pool, though it may be only a few inches of sand that divide them; but when the rising ocean begins to lip over the margin of the lurking-place, one pool joins another, their various tenants meet, and by-and-by, in place of their little patch of standing water, they have the ocean's boundless fields to roam in. When the tide is out—when religion is low—the faithful are to be found insulated, here a few and there a few, in the little standing pools that stud the beach, having no dealings with their neighbours of the adjoining pools, calling them Samaritans, and fancying that their own little communion includes all that are precious in God's sight. They forget, for a time, that there is a vast and expansive ocean rising—every ripple brings it nearer,—a mightier communion, even the communion of saints, which is to engulf all minor considerations, and to enable the fishes of all pools—the Christians—the Christians of all denominations—to come together. When, like a flood, the Spirit flows into the Churches, Church will join to Church, and saint will join to saint, and all will rejoice to find that if

their little pools have perished, it is not by the scorching summer's drought, nor the casting in of earthly rubbish, but by the influx of that boundless sea whose glad waters touch eternity, and in whose ample depths the saints in heaven, as well as the saints on earth, have room enough to range.—Hamilton.

HOME

266. Home—Eternal

John Adams, in his extreme old age, was visited by Daniel Webster, who said, "How are you to-day, Mr. Adams?" The old man said, "I am living in a tenement that is rapidly falling into ruins, and the landlord will not make any repairs." This, of course, was not exactly true. If repairs had not been made in the failing body every day it would immediately cease to hold its living inmate; but it was true that God would not make any repairs for the body that would continue it as a suitable house for an immortal spirit. And when the tenant was removed, the house would quickly go to decay. But what matter about the earthly house, if the inmate has gone to inhabit another body which God will give him, fashioned like unto Christ's glorious body?

267. Home—Eternal

A godly man, who had built a new house had put over the door in golden letters the one word: "Linquenda," "I must leave it." Karl Gerock, the celebrated German poet, wrote about it as follows: "Write this word above everything you value. Write it upon your house, proprietor; upon your bonds, capitalist; upon your jewelry, young lady; upon your stores, business man; write it, mother, in spirit upon the brow of your child; husband, note, it is written above the head of your wife. Man, see it is written above this world, with all the beautiful and good things it contains! How much cause have we to cleave to One who has said: 'I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee!'"

268. Homeless Through Eternity

Picture the groups sitting around and watching and reviling the suffering Saviour. A party of gentlemen sitting upon the deck of a steamer coming up the Delaware River after dark looked with admiration upon the distant clouds illuminated by a conflagration in the city of Philadelphia. When the landing was reached, one of them received the message, "Your factory has been entirely destroyed by fire." He had been smiling at the blaze which made him almost penniless. Many sit down and indifferently read of a crucified Christ, little thinking that rejecting that Christ will render them homeless through all eternity.

269. Home—Safe

Over in one of our eastern cities was an engineer who had been on the road for a good many years. He was one day addressing a crowd of men among whom were a good many railroad men. In closing his address he said, "Men, I can't begin to tell you what Jesus has meant to me. Years ago on every night when I would finish my run I would pull open the whistle and let out a blast just as we came around the curve and I would look up to a small hill where stood a little white cottage and there would be a little old man and a little old woman standing in the door-way. I would lean out of the old cab window and we would wave at each other and as my engine would go shooting into a tunnel the old couple would turn and go back inside and the little old woman would say to the little old man, 'Thank God, father, Bennie is safe home to-night.'

"But at last the day came when we

took mother out and laid her away and then each night as I came around the curve and blew the whistle the little old man would be at the door and I would wave to him and he would wave to me and then as my train shot through the tunnel he would turn and go slowly back into the cottage and say, 'Thank God, Bennie is safe home to-night.'

"But bye and bye the time came when we carried father out too and now when I finish my run although I pull open the whistle and let out a blast there are no dear ones to welcome me home. But when my work on earth is done, when the last run has been made and I have pulled the throttle and the whistle for the last time, as I draw near to heaven's gate I know I shall see that same little, old couple waiting there for me, and as I go sweeping through the gate I will see my dear old mother turn to my dear old father and hear her say, 'Thank God, father, Bennie is safe home at last.'" —W. E. Biederwolf.

270. *Home, Sweet Home*

On the tenth of April in 1852, beneath the African sun, died an American. He was laid to rest in a lonely cemetery in Tunis, Africa. Thirty-one years later, as an act of a grateful public, the United States dispatched a man-of-war to the African coast, American hands opened that grave, placed the dust of his body on board the battleship, and turned again for his native land. Their arrival in the American harbor was welcomed by the firing of guns in the fort, and by a display of flags at halfmast. His remains were carried to the nation's Capital City on a special train. There was a suspension of all business, an adjournment of all departments of government, and as the funeral procession passed down Pennsylvania Avenue, the President, Vice-President, members of the cabinet, congressmen, judges of the supreme court, officers of the army and navy, and a mass of private citizens, rich and poor, stood with uncovered heads. To whom did they thus pay homage? To a man who expressed the longing of his heart rather than the happy experience of his life; a man whose soul longed for the domestic tranquillity of a pious home, and he expressed that longing in the words of that sweet song, "Home, Sweet Home." —O. A. Newlin.

271. *Homes Without Christ*

In a Brahmin family a mother was proud of her two children. She was even proud of her husband, although he was selfish and thoughtless. Submission is a womanly virtue in India and she never complained. Being of the highest caste, the family enjoyed the rights and privileges accorded them.

One day an accident befell the mother. Falling into the fire, she suffered from severe burns on her face and right hand. One month late, a third child was born. The mother still suffered from her injury. She was unable to do the housework for her husband. He determined to turn her out and take another wife.

The new wife arrived and the old one had to take her departure. But she could not bear to leave her children. She made up her mind to hang around until she could determine whether the new wife was kind to them. Her heart was filled with joy when she found out that it was so.

Only then was she ready to think of herself. She had heard of the foreign doctor in the Mission hospital at Nasirabad. To him she decided to go. In her mind she had worked out a plan. If the Mission medicine cured her, she had great hopes of coming back to her husband. As a wife? No, she thought that she might be employed by him

in the home as a servant. Just to be near the children again she made the long journey to Dr. McLaren. The good doctor's wife said: "The saddest part of it all was that she made no complaint. It was all taken as a matter of course, and for her there was no redress, because of the inefficiency of the laws and religion of the country." Of course there are thousands of happy homes in India, and thousands of men far better than their laws and their religion; but still, every now and again, here and there, women are met who have been treated as this woman was, and who are suffering as she suffered.—Stanley A. Hunter.

272. Home—Temporary

A man in comfortable circumstances was planning a new home for his family. He bought a tract of ground in the suburbs of the city. He laid out the ground and planted trees and shrubbery years before he was ready to build. Then the time came when the new house was actually under construction. But the man never moved into the house. Illness fell upon him, and when the house of brick and mortar and lumber was taking shape his earthly tabernacle of clay was crumbling away. He made plans, but could not see their completion.

273. Homeward Bound

That young, chivalrous and powerful knight, Maltbie Babcock, pure and sweet as a summer's morning, in one of his bright, manly, human songs sang this cheery strain:

"Some day the bell will sound,
Some day my heart will bound,
As with a shout
That school is out—
And, lessons done,
I homeward run."

274. Home—Worship in

A lady and her little daughter were in a service in which the preacher spoke about how obedience toward God is revealed in the manner in which one attends to the small duties of every-day life. He described how many parents neglect their spiritual duties in the home; how they retire night after night without praying for God's watchcare and how in the morning they fail to thank him for rest, protection and the new blessings of the new day. The little girl listened attentively. Then turning to her mother, she whispered: "Mamma, is the minister talking about you?" The simple question pierced her heart. She said nothing, but that night she kneeled before her bed, confessed her sin and asked God's help in carrying out her duties.

275. Mansions—Building

There is a Hindoo legend of a king, who hired a master builder, and gave him a large sum of money and sent him to the Himalayas to build the most magnificent palace ever erected on this earth. When the builder arrived at the place, he found the people dying of starvation. He used all his own money, and the king's too, for food, and saved hundreds of lives. The king was so angry when he heard of it that he said, "To-morrow the builder shall die."

That night the king dreamed he was in heaven and in the most beautiful palace he ever saw. He asked who owned it, and an angel said, "It is yours, built by the man you have condemned to death." The next day the man received his pardon.

276. Parents—Duty of

To a father who admitted in court that he did not know how his son, then under arrest, had been spending his evenings or what he had been doing, the judge put some questions that other fathers might well ask themselves: "Do you keep a horse?" "Yes, Your Honor." "Where is it

now?" "In the barn." "You know where it is every night, don't you? You lock the barn door to keep the horse safe, and you feed it and care for it, don't you?" "Yes, sir." "Which do you think the most of, the horse or the boy?" "The boy, of course." "Then see that you treat him as well as you treat the horse."

277. The Old-Fashioned Parents

The good old-fashioned mothers and
the good old-fashioned dads,
With their good old-fashioned lassies and their good old-fashioned lads,
Still walk the lanes of loving in their simple, tender ways,
As they used to do back yonder in the good old-fashioned days.

They dwell in every city and they live in every town,
Contentedly and happy and not hungry for renown;
On every street you'll find 'em in their simple garments clad,
The good old-fashioned mother and the good old-fashioned dad.

There are some who sigh for riches, there are some who yearn for fame,
And a few misguided people who no longer blush at shame;
But the world is full of mothers, and the world is full of dads,
Who are making sacrifices for their little girls and lads.

They are growing old together, arm in arm they walk along,
And their hearts with love are beating and their voices sweet with song;
They still share their disappointments and they share their pleasures, too,
And whatever be their fortune, to each other they are true.

They are watching at the bedside of a baby pale and white,
And they kneel and pray together for the care of God at night;
They are romping with their children in the fields of clover sweet,
And devotedly they guard them from the perils of the street.

They are here in countless numbers, just as they have always been,
And their glory is untainted by the selfish and the mean.
And I'd hate to still be living, it would dismal be and sad,
If we'd no old-fashioned mother and we'd no old-fashioned dad.

—Edgar A. Guest.

PERSONAL WORK

278. Beggars—Christian

An Arab beggar used to sit at the gate of a rich man's house, on whose bounty he depended, and from whom he received daily alms. One day his patron wished to send a letter in a hurry, and, seeing the beggar, asked him to deliver it. The beggar drew himself up and said, "I solicit alms; I don't run errands." We have been soliciting alms from God all our lives, and yet how unwilling we are to convey his message of salvation or do any other service for him.

279. Best—Giving Our

Helen Hunt Jackson wrote this, it is said, on the day before her death:

If I can live to make some pale face brighter, and to give
A second luster to some tear-dimmed eye, or e'en impart
One throb of comfort to an aching heart,
Or cheer some wayworn soul in passing by;

If I can lend a strong hand to the fallen, or defend
The right against a single envious strain,
My life, though bare,
Perhaps, of much that seemeth dear and fair
To us of earth, will not have been in vain.

The purest joy, most near to heaven,
far from earth's alloy,
Is bidding cloud give way to sun and
shine; and 'twill be well
If one that day of days the angels
tell
Of me, She did her best for one of
Thine.

280. Christian Activity

There is a wide, shallow river in Arizona, the Ria Puerco, that has this peculiarity—its bed is nearly all quicksand on which you may travel with safety providing you keep moving, but the instant a halt is made the treacherous sands begin to engulf you. How like the world that is! God never intended that we should tarry in it since "the fall." The Christian must keep moving or become submerged in its sands.

281. Christian Workers Wanted

An advertisement in a newspaper reads as follows:

"Partner Wanted For A Going Concern.

"Capital not necessary.

"Hundreds of thousands of unfilled orders and they're all marked rush. You're not asked to put up any money. But there's something you have which will enable the manufacturer to buy money. Lend it and we'll both be gainers."

Could anything better state the appeal that is constantly made for Christian workers, especially Christian witnesses and soul-winners? Nations appealing for the Gospel "and they're all marked rush!" You have the time and the potential power at your disposal. Will you become an active partner?

282. Creed and Deed

A young and enthusiastic worker in God's vineyard came to an older and more experienced Christian friend and told him the following experience: "Yesterday I spoke to old Peter M. about his soul's salvation. I had a good opportunity as we went a long way together. I spoke to him as fervently as possible about the love of God, but the old man seemed wholly unresponsive, and replied to my invitation to accept Christ, 'I am a poor old man and must stagger under the load of firewood I had so much trouble in collecting. I can feel nothing of the love of God.' How terrible is such hard-heartedness!" The experienced Christian replied that he must acknowledge it quite natural that the old man did not respond to the invitation as he should have. "Natural?" said the man, "what do you mean? I told him all about Christ in a biblical way." "My brother, had you borne his load of wood for him, he surely would have considered your words, as he would have not only heard about the love of God, but seen an illustration of it in you."

283. Duty—Evading

"I pray thee have me excused." A general asked a certain soldier standing in the front rank: "Meier, what would you do if during the war yonder bridge had to be taken, although it lies under the mouth of the enemy's cannon and, as only a few soldiers could advance at the same time, the order would be given: 'Volunteers to the front!'?" "I would quickly jump to one side to let the volunteers pass," he answered. How many of us have acted so when a piece of work requiring self-sacrifice was expected of God's children? Don't duck.

284. Duty—Wavering in

The deed is done so quietly—the little deed. It is so silent, so brief. It is merely a movement, a word; sometimes it is merely a glance. It is the scratch of a pen. The deed is done—done immediately and silently. There is no peal of thunder or avenging flash of lightning piercing the trees, and finding out the

guilty soul. The deed is done. It was done and passed into the annexus of things without any sign and without any immediate result at all. You get up from it and you pass out. The sun shines, the birds are singing, the flowers bloom, the gentle scents of the summer are wafted in the breeze. It is all the same, nothing has happened; and, after taking the forbidden fruit, you wipe your mouth and think it is past, it is done, it is forgotten. But it is not; it is there; it cannot be undone. Because the sentence is not executed immediately it is not forgotten; it only waits its time. The Stoneycliff lighthouse on the Channel has a revolving light, and one night, some time ago, the keeper of the lighthouse fell asleep at his watch, and the clockwork which revolved the light came to a stand. Later the lighthouse keeper started up and saw what had happened and set the clockwork going again. Then he peered into the night to see if any ship were passing. He could see nothing. He hoped nothing had passed at that moment, and as there seemed to be nothing he did not enter the little slip into his logbook and he tried to sleep. The next day he tried to forget, and the next day nothing happened, and the weeks began to pass and nothing happened, and all was forgotten. The little incident had passed out of his mind and his mind was at rest. But four months afterward the captain of a P. & O. liner was dining at Trinity House, and he said to the official who was close to him, "When did you make the Stoneycliff a fixed light?" "It is not a fixed light," said the official. "Well," he said, "four months ago I was passing down the Channel at two o'clock and the light was fixed." "That is impossible," said the official; and the captain, eager to show that he was right, said, "I made note of it, and I can bring my first officer and others to show that it was so," and the official said, "Ah," and the captain wished he could have withdrawn his words; he feared what might happen. But it was too late, and the next morning, by the first train, the inspector went down to dismiss the keeper of the lighthouse on the spot.—Robert F. Horton.

285. Friend Wanted

The late Bishop Dudley, of Kentucky, was once on a hunting expedition near Louisville and happened to fall in with a local Nimrod whose unconcealed admiration of the city man's marksmanship paved the way for further conversation.

"What's your name?" the countryman finally inquired.

"Dudley," was the reply.

After some exchange of incident and experience, the bishop's interlocutor hazarded, "Say, Dudley, what business do you follow?"

"I'm a preacher."

"Oh, get out! What are you giving me?"

"But I am. I preach every Sunday."

"Where?"

"In Louisville."

"Well, well; I never would ha' thought it. You ain't stuck up a bit, like most of the preachers down this way."

An invitation to hear this newmade acquaintance preach was accomplished by a scribbled card, and the next Sabbath saw the rustic in his "Sunday best" ushered into the bishop's own pew, where he listened intently to both service and sermon.

He was manifestly amazed afterward to have the orator of the morning come down to greet him as cordially and familiarly as in the woods. He managed to stammer his thanks and added: "I ain't much of a judge of this kind of thing, parson, but I riz with you and sot with you and saw the thing through the best I knew how, but all the same if my

opinion's wuth anything to you, the Lord meant you for a shooter!"—Chicago Tribune.

286. Happiness—Art of

The art of being happy is the finest of the fine arts.

So Dr. Charles E. Barker of Washington, D. C., said recently. As physical adviser at the White House he first tried his recipe on President Taft, being the man who taught Taft how to decrease his weight. Recently he told his recipe for happiness in five rules:

"Cultivate the habit of looking on the bright side of every experience, no matter what it is.

"Accept cheerfully the place you find yourself in to-day.

"Throw your whole soul into your work.

"Do as many courtesies as possible for the people you are thrown with every day.

"Adopt and maintain a childlike attitude of trust in your God.

"Everybody can tell how happy a life they are living by asking themselves one simple question: How do you act back home at the breakfast table?

"I used to believe that anyone could be happy with plenty of money and automobiles and yachts and so on. But my experience as a physician has cured me of that. I have found the folks of that class usually the most miserable in the world.

"Nearly everybody lives one sort of double life; one on dress parade and one back in the home."

287. Help—Neglected

Just a few hours after the awful Iroquois theater fire in Chicago, a lady who was returning from the city to her home at Oak Park, noticed in the seat opposite her in the street car, a young lady who seemed so pale and agitated that she finally ventured to engage her in conversation and ask the cause of her unusual excitement. With intense emotion, the young lady stated that she was one of the few who had escaped unhurt from the terrible disaster at the theater, she having been borne along with the fear maddened crowd, trampling upon the writhing forms of those who had fallen, never to rise again. When she had finished, the older lady said: "Certainly you ought to feel thankful that you escaped such a frightful death." Quickly, the now weeping girl, replied: "Yes, I know I ought to be thankful, but oh, I didn't save anyone!" Hoping to comfort her, the lady soothingly said, "Yes, dear, but you were perfectly excusable in acting for yourself under such intense excitement." Instead of taking comfort from the words the trembling girl only bowed her head and sobbed aloud, "Yes, but I didn't even try to help anyone." That same cry will arise from the lips of many a Christian some day when it is known that loved ones in the home died worse than physical deaths, and yet they hadn't even tried to help save them. The burning shame of it all is that we do not try.

288. I Accept

The Rev. John Van Ness, of the Narberth, Pa., Presbyterian Church, was recently telling his congregation how French women have been visiting the new-made soldier cemeteries near their villages, and how each one has been chalking over her signature on the rude wooden crosses the words, "I accept." It meant that these good women would be responsible for keeping green these graves of boys whose loved ones, who would otherwise perform this ministry, were far away in distant lands. The incident beautifully suggests to us, this pastor said, that the finished work of redemption is represented by a cross that stood near an open tomb, and upon which we must by faith

inscribe those words of eternal import, "I accept."—The Sunday School Times.

289. Idle Hands

When I was in the army before Port Hudson I remember that night after night, when our campfires were built, we boys used to sit around them and discuss various matters; and sometimes our discussions became very heated, and sometimes we lost our tempers, and sometimes we said angry words. But one night, right in the midst of a discussion, there broke upon us that awful, startling sound which, once heard is never forgotten. Away off, on the right of the line, it began; but it rolled in a thundering, awful echo, until it chilled our hearts. It was the long roll, and every man was on his feet, and every man shook hands with his comrade and said, "Forgive me. When we were idle we could afford to discuss; but now there is work to do, it finds us brothers."—G. Hepworth.

290. Impossible—Nothing

"Got any rivers they say are uncrossable?
Got any mountains you can't tunnel through?
We specialize on the wholly impossible,
Doing the thing that no one can do."

The impossible becomes possible when we walk with the Lord.—Sunday School Times.

291. Jesus—How to Shine for

Two plowshares were made from the same pig iron. One was sold to a farmer who used it constantly. The other remained on the shelf of the hardware store, unsold until it was covered with rust. The farmer brought his wornout share to get another like it. The rusty share was brought out, and there was its brother shining like a silver mirror. "How is it," the rusty one asked, "that your life has been so wearing and yet has made you so beautiful? Once we were alike: I have grown ugly in spite of my easy life." "That is it," replied the shining share, "the beautiful life is the sacrificial life."

292. Keep Chiseling

A gentleman who was walking near an unoccupied building one day saw a stonecutter chiseling patiently at a block of stone in front of him. The gentleman went up to him. "Still chiseling?" he remarked pleasantly. "Yes, still chiseling," replied the workman, going on with his work. "To what part of the building does this stone belong?" asked the gentleman. "I don't know," replied the stonecutter; "I haven't seen the plans." And then he went on chiseling, chiseling, chiseling. And that is what we should do. We have not seen the great plans of the Master Architect above, but each of us has his work to do, and we should chisel away until it is done.—Christian Herald.

293. Laborers Together

Phillips Brooks said: "The chisel cannot carve a noble statue—it is only cold, dead steel. Yet neither can the artist carve the statue without the chisel. When, however, the two are brought together, when the chisel lays itself in the hands of the sculptor, ready to be used by him, the beautiful work begins. We cannot do Christ's work—our hands are too clumsy for anything so delicate, so sacred; but when we put ourselves into the hands of Christ, his wisdom, his skill, and his gentleness flow through us, and the work is done. Christ and we do it—not we alone, for we could not do it; yet not Christ alone, for he depends on us. That is the true rally spirit. God

and I. "We are laborers together with God."

294. Life—Blooming

The century plant had bloomed and after the flower faded the gardener began to cut it down, and then I exclaimed:

"Why are you cutting it down? Won't it revive again after it has had a little rest?"

"No, the old plant's done for! Might have lived to be a hundred years old, though, if it hadn't up and bloomed, but now it's as dead as a door-nail!"

"Does blooming always kill them?" was my amazed query.

"Yes, ma'am; in this country, anyhow, so far as I know," was the emphatic rejoinder.

"Then why did you not cut back and not let it bloom?" was my next query.

The old gardener, looking me in the face as he leaned on the axe handle, said:

"Now, honest, ma'am, wasn't it better to let the thing die? Seein' it bloomed, it's given pleasure to hundreds of people this summer who never saw the like before."

Then, as the old philosopher again swung his axe, he added, between blows:

"A blooming death, to my way o' thinkin', is a mighty sight better'n a no-account life!"

I walked away thinking, not of the century plant, but of the gardener's suggestive words:

"A bloomin' death is a mighty sight better'n a no-account life!"—Christian Intelligencer.

295. Life—Water of

When I was in Egypt in 1917 I used to pass to and fro along the banks of the Suez Canal, and I noticed miles of deserted British camps from which the troops had moved on their leaving for Palestine but a few months before. The whole region had been alive. Now it was given back to the desert. But here and there traces of the old order, the old civilization remained. The shell of a hut, a length of pegs, a stand for wash basins, a set of goal posts marking a football ground. What especially caught my eye, however, and remained in my memory, was a tiny patch of green round the stem of an unsteady-looking derelict pump, by the side of which one could still read the legend: "Drinking Water." The water was still there underneath, but it could get out, yet just enough found its way to the surface to show what the buried supplies, if drawn upon fully, might effect, even in the desert sand. The seeds of life were there, and a very little water had started them growing. And ever since the scene has remained with me as a parable of the world situation, and of the individual soul. Bring God into either, and the desert will recede before the spread of life, and disorder will yield to order again. But it is only, as we have seen, through individuals that the streams can go out and change the face of affairs. In every one of us there is a divine spring. Are you drawing upon it? Or is that old pump in the desert a picture of how it is with your spiritual life?

296. Light-Giving

A young man who had heard the gospel accepted Christ. A little while after this, a Christian teacher asked him: "What have you done for Christ since you believed?" He replied: "Oh, I'm a learner." "Well," said the questioner, "when you light a candle do you light it to make the candle more comfortable, or to have it give light?" He replied, "To give light." "Do you expect it to give light after it is half burned, or when you first light it?" He replied, "As soon as I light it." "Very well," was the reply, "go thou and do likewise:

begin at once." Shortly after there were fifty more Christians in town as a result of the man's work.

297. Lost—Seeking the

In Richard Whiteling's book, "No. 5 John Street," there is a young girl who struggled hard to bring refinement and beauty into her life, and at last burst out with the bitter cry, "Oh, why didn't you ketch me when I was a kid?" Hundreds and thousands of people have felt as she did. The cry of the slum-girl about being "ketched" is just the slum way of saying that what she needed was to be "apprehended of Christ Jesus."

That is what Paul said of himself. While on his mad career, on the way to Damascus, Jesus "apprehended" him, or as the American Version says it, "laid hold of" him, or in our modern speech, arrested him.

298. Memory—Precious

After the Civil War, Booker T. Washington, who had been a slave, remained on the old plantation. Naturally, the new owners were not in sympathy with the traditions of the old home. One day Booker was ordered to dig up a crimson rambler rose bush. A few days later he was reminded that he had not done as he was commanded. The third time he was ordered to dig up the rose bush at once, or leave the place. With proper meekness, yet with emphasis, he replied: "Missus, I wants to do everything you tells me, but I can't dig up dat rose bush. Old mistress held dat bush while I put the dirt around it, and she loved dat rose bush mighty well. She first learned me how to pray. She sleep out dar in de garden, waitin' de morning of de resurrection. No, missus, I can't dig up dat bush."

He could not forget the words and life of the one who had led him to Christ.—J. W. Porter.

299. Moral Deserts

James Tyson, a Bushman in Australia, died worth $25,000,000. "But," he said, with a characteristic semi-exultant snap of the fingers, "the money is nothing. It was the little game that was the fun!" Being asked once, "What was the little game?" he replied with energy: "Fighting the desert. That has been my work. I have been fighting the desert all my life, and I have won. I have put water where was no water. And beef where was no beef. I have put fences where there were no fences and roads where there were no roads. Nothing can undo what I have done, and millions will be happier for it after I am long dead and forgotten."

Fighting the moral deserts of the lives of people is the splendid task of every Christian worker. It is a sterner task than fighting the deserts of nature, important as this may be.

300. Personal Work

In a recent address of Bishop Hughes, he spoke of a deacon in a certain Congregational church in Boston, who many years ago said to himself, "I cannot speak in prayer meeting. I cannot do many other things in Christian service, but I can put two extra plates on my dinner table every Sunday and invite two young men who are away from home to break bread with me." He went along doing that for more than thirty years. He became acquainted with a great company of young men who were attending that church, and many of them became Christians through his personal influence. When he died recently he was to be buried in Andover, thirty miles distant, and because he was a well-known merchant, a special train was chartered to convey the funeral party. It was made known that any of his friends among the young men who had become Chris-

tians through his influence would be welcomed in a special car set aside for them. And a hundred and fifty of them came and packed that car from end to end in honor of the memory of the man who had preached to them the gospel of the extra dinner plate.

301. Personal Work—Difficult

"We have found the Messiah—He brought him unto Jesus." John 1: 41, 42.

In a South Coast Town, some years ago, a business girl who was having a very hard time among her friends and suffering much persecution for her Christian testimony, came to a friend of mine who was holding a series of special Sunday evening services in a large theater. She told him she was afraid she must give it all up. He said to her, "Tell me, where do we put the lights?" She looked puzzled at his question, so he answered it, "We put the lights in a dark place," he said. In a moment she saw his meaning, and realized God had put her in those difficult surroundings that she might shine for Jesus in the midst of the darkness. She went back determined to be more courageous than ever in her witness for Christ. A few weeks later, after the theater service, she came to him with a group of other girls, all radiant with joy. "Oh," she said, "the thirteenth from our business house has decided for Christ to-night."

The story is told of a rather timid young member of the Brotherhood of St. Andrew, that he tried in vain to induce a young friend of his to come to the church services and Bible class. He used to call for him every Sunday, but it was of no use. Finally, however, he won him, and when asked how he did it, replied, "Well, I got tired of calling on him so often, so at last I decided to go and board at the same house with him."

302. Personal Work—Fear in

I turned to a big business man whom I knew well and asked the privilege of using him as an illustration. He was a very prosperous man, on the board of directors of big corporations. He was also a devoted Christian; loyal to his church; giving time and strength to the teaching of a men's big Bible class. I said to him: "Mr. D., you are teacher of a big Bible class for men. Does it require any extra courage and superior consecration for you to teach that class?" "Oh, no!" he answered; "I delight to do it." "If I asked you," I continued, "to go down to the Salvation Army Citadel some night and present the Gospel to the crowd that gathers there, would that challenge test your courage in a special way?" "Not at all," he replied, "I would be glad to do it." "Certainly," I answered; "but what about the man who sits by your side in the board of directors of your corporation who you know is not a Christian? What about him?" Quickly he answered, "That is another story." Then I said to him, simply as an illustration to all the rest of the business men present, "Mr. D., take somebody your size." —Epworth Herald.

303. Personal Work—Persistent

"What else could I do?" So said a frail young girl of seventeen.

The home of this young heroine, Miss Esther Fuller, is in Corpus Christi, Texas. The flood came in the fall of 1919, and she and her brother, a lad of eleven, found themselves in the water. The boy became unconscious, and for five hours before being rescued the girl swam about in the surging waters, supporting her little brother. Happily her favorite sport had been swimming, according to the account in the newspapers.

"I couldn't leave him, could I?"

was the expression of the girl when her heroic conduct was being commended.

What a motto for those who are seeking to win others for their Master's service.

Those who endeavor to "rescue the perishing" will find that the Lord will provide strength for their task. Pluckily and hopefully they may continue their labor of love. Unfaltering faith in the saving Christ leads the Christian worker to exclaim, "I couldn't leave him, could I?" Because of such holy daring many have been reclaimed from the ways of sin. —W. J. Hart.

304. Sacrifice and Song

2 Chron. 29: 27. "And when the burnt offering began, the song of the Lord began also."

Here is a guiding sentence from the Word of God, a good test for a sermon, "And when the burnt offering began, the song of the Lord began also." The song began with the sacrifice. Joy is wedded to consecration. When life becomes sacrificial, song is awakened in the soul. This is a part of the divine plan for the children of men. Song breaks out in service. There are motor cars fitted with electric light, but the light is conditioned upon movement. The car generates the power as it runs; a long stop and the light goes out. Joy dies out when we are idle. We generate it as we serve. We begin to sing the song of the Lord when we spend ourselves in the labor of his kingdom. Let us take up some bit of work—the personal care of somebody else, or some service in the city, or some kind of interest among needy people far away. Let us take up the yoke of the Lord Jesus and draw our share of the world's burden, and so "enter into the joy of the Lord."

305. Sanctification

Two men were arguing about sanctification. "Was it a crisis or a process?" asked one. The other man replied by asking a question.

"How did you come from London to Keswick?" "I came by train," his friend replied. "And did the train bring you by one sudden jump into Keswick?" "Oh, no! I came along more and more." "Yes, I see. But first you got into the carriage, and how did you do that—was it more and more?" "No, I just stepped in." "Exactly. That is the crisis; and you journeyed along more and more till you were at your destination; this was the process."—Expository Times.

306. Serve—Free to

"Free to serve!" These words were uttered by a thoughtful woman as she saw a great vessel loosed from its stays and plough its way into the ocean. In the water only could it find its native element. It was in bondage until it was launched. It found its freedom in its preparedness for service.

A man is like that ship. He is not free when he is his own, withheld from God. His truest freedom comes by submission, his emancipation by surrender; he has a man's will only when he submits his will to God's will. God's will is the ocean to him, his native element. Once in that element, once fully yielded to God, he, like the ship in the ocean, is indeed free. He is "free to serve," and in serving finds his highest liberty.

307. Service—Abundant

The recent death of Dr. Robert Dawbarn, an eminent surgeon of New York, will be more notable among medical men than among others, but there is one interesting story told about him which is worth passing on. In sewing up a wound after an operation, one of his students observed that he always tied three knots where the custom was to

tie only two. Asked about it, Dr. Dawbarn replied, "The third is my sleeping knot; it may not be necessary to tie it, but it makes the matter that much safer, and I find I sleep better for it." That is only one more instance of the beauty of doing just a little more than any one could properly demand, going the second mile, as our Lord put it. Most men are able to sleep better after such an experience. There is danger in letting other people determine what one shall do, and the danger is more serious that it will lead to under-doing than to over-doing.—Continent.

308. Service—Continuous

Men and women of kindly impulses are found everywhere, and it would be unjust to cast discredit on the friendly souls all over the world who lend a helping hand out of pure friendliness and human kindness. But a test of any good thing is its enduring quality. This, on no less authority than the judgment of Miss Jane Addams of Hull House, Chicago, is a characteristic peculiar to Christian workers. Here are her words, quoted not long ago in a newspaper account of an interview in which she was asked upon whom she relied for volunteer unsalaried workers, "creedless, altruists or church members." Her answer is most significant. She replied: "They are all Christians from evangelical churches. I have had a good many 'altruists' try it, but I never knew any slum worker to stand the wear and tear of our work for over three weeks unless inspired by Christian Love."

309. Service—Double

"Set your candle before the looking-glass," said a dear, quaint old lady. "Don't you know you get almost the light of two candles that way?" This thought was carried out by a poor sewing woman, who had few pleasures to brighten her dull, gray life. But whenever she became the happy possessor of a flower she set it before her mirror, and thus her beauty-loving eyes had two flowers to enjoy. One woman, whose garden annually overflowed into all her neighbors' houses, said: "It is give or die!" Share the lovely, fragrant blossoms; let them carry their sweet messages into life's desert, shadowed places, and your own garden will smile in loveliness until frost comes to banish the outdoor beauty. Pleasures gratefully accepted from the Giver of all true pleasure, and pleasures shared with others, are pleasures doubled. Can we not always set our candle before a looking-glass?—Southern Cross.

310. Service—Double

"You are always working," I exclaimed, as I entered the office of a business friend. "How many hours do you work each day?" "Twenty-four," he replied with a smile. Then more seriously, "I became interested in missions and determined to go to China, but my father died and his business was in such a state that no outsider could carry it on. My mother, sisters, and younger brother were dependent upon the profits of the house, so I was obliged to remain here. I then took the support of a native preacher in China as my substitute. In that way I work twenty-four hours a day, for my representative there is working while I sleep."—Oriental Missionary Standard.

This man is like the angels in heaven, "serving day and night."

311. Service—Fearless

General Frederick Funston, who died quite recently, has been described by his superiors as absolutely fearless. Ever ready to plunge into danger, he cared little whether his force equaled that of his opponent. One day, the story goes, when it appeared certain the Filipinos would destroy three companies under

Funston's command, General Harrison Gray Otis inquired of the colonel how long he could hold his position. "Until I am mustered out," Funston replied, and he made good.

312. Service—Forgotten

A little fellow in the slum section of a large city was induced to attend a mission Sunday School, and by and by became a Christian. He seemed quite bright and settled in his new Christian faith and life, but some one, surely in a thoughtless mood, tried to test or shake his simple faith in God, asking him, "If God loves you, why doesn't he take better care of you? Why doesn't he tell some one to send you warm shoes and some coal and better food?" The little fellow thought a moment, then with tears starting in his eyes, said, "I guess he does tell somebody, but somebody forgets." Without knowing it, the boy touched the sore point in the church's history. I wonder if it is the sore point with you or me.

313. Service—Greatness of

Two brothers, Ahmed and Omar, wished to do something to perpetuate their memory. Omar cut from the quarry a great obelisk, and lifted it up beside the highway, and carved his name upon it, with many other inscriptions. And there it stood for ages, a splendid monument, but of no use to the world. Ahmed digged a well beside the desert highway and planted palm trees beside it. And in the course of time the spot became a beautiful oasis where the weary traveler stopped to quench his thirst and to feed upon the fruit and to rest beneath the shade of the tall palms. And all who passed that way blessed the name of Ahmed the Good. The story illustrates two plans of life. One is to make for yourself a great name, as high as the obelisk of Omar, and as useless. The other is to make your life like an oasis where the weary may find rest and comfort and refreshment.

314. Service—Humble

A minister called one day and found the mother of a large family at the wash tub.

"Excuse me," he said, "I see you are doing the Lord's work. I will not hinder you."

"I never do the Lord's work. I leave that for fine folks with plenty of time and money. I never go to church."

"Church! I said nothing about going to church. I said you were working for God."

"I'm not, I'm washing."

"Well, what is that but working for God? Whom are you washing for?"

"My family."

"And don't you call it working for God when you work for your family? If your neighbor were ill and could not do her washing or have it done, and you did it for her, would you not feel you were doing a great Christian service?"

Would it not take some of the weariness out of household drudgery if we felt we were as truly serving God in it as if we were doing what the fine folks with plenty of time and money are doing?

315. Service—Intelligent

Rev. E. P. Hill in a recent address, speaking on the question, "What have you done that will stand the light of eternity?" said: "Think how many live like a sewing woman, sewing all day long, and then suddenly discovering that her needle is not threaded. How many like a man pushing from the shore at night, and after rowing till his hands were sore wonders why he has not reached the opposite shore, and as the morning comes and as night is lifted, to his amazement he discovers his boat is tied to a post. Life is like a bag full of holes, things are put in, but at last nothing is seen. 'Wherefore be

steadfast, always abounding in the work of the Lord.'"

316. Service—Jesus Demands

A man said to me the other day, "I'm as good as most church-members." And I nearly said, "Heavens, what do I care if you are! Goodness counts for so little." And it does. The Gospel cry is for service. The Gospel goes far beyond the Sinaitic demand for righteousness, has but little patience with the naked "Thou-shalt-nots" of Moses. Look at Jesus. He was something far higher. The soul of Jesus craved service. Seeing the sin in the world he needs must die for it, beholding the woe in the world he needs must suffer with it. He was born to fight men's battles. The Greeks pictured love as the most boyish of the gods, plump, pleasant, smiling. They were shallow-eyed. Love is the haggard virtue. Love's eyes are bleared by watching; love's face is wizened by self-abnegation; love can be trusted, because love always hungers for the cross, love serves. Christ asks of you not goodness but Love.

317. Service—Unselfish

General Grant had been for several months in front of Petersburg, apparently accomplishing nothing, while General Sherman had captured Atlanta, and completed his grand "march to the sea." Then arose a strong cry to promote Sherman to Grant's position as lieutenant-general. Hearing of it, Sherman wrote to Grant, "I have written to John Sherman (his brother) to stop it. I would rather have you in command than any one else. I should emphatically decline any commission calculated to bring us into rivalry." Grant replied, "No one would be more pleased with your advancement that I; and if you should be placed in my position, and I put subordinate, it would not change our relations in the least. I would make the same exertion to support you that you have done to support me, and I would do all in my power to make your cause win."—(O. S. Marden, "Architects of Fate.")—James Hastings.

318. Service—Unselfish

Matt. 19: 27. "Peter said, What then shall we have?" One day when Jesus and the disciples were crossing a field covered with stones the Master said, "If each of you would carry away a stone it would give room for grass and trees to grow." To please him they picked up as many stones as they could carry and journeyed on till the sweat rolled down their faces. Not so Peter: he could see no profit in this, so he carried a pebble about the size of an egg. John carried a huge boulder, so large that only his love for the Master enabled him to bear it. When they reached the other side of the field, John said, "Master, we are hungry and we have no bread." Jesus said, "Those that work will always have bread." He lifted his hands and blessed the stones and lo, they turned to bread. All had plenty except Peter. On the return journey they came to the same field. Without waiting for a reminder they again took up stones, Peter bearing the largest of all. He toiled on in the hot sun, thinking of the feast he would have on the other side. On the far side flowed the Jordan. When they reached its bank Jesus said, "Let none do good for the hope of reward; throw the stones into the river." Thus did St. Peter fast a whole day and thereby learn a lesson: we should do good, not for the hope of reward, but because this is right. Righteousness is its own reward.

319. Sorrow—Sanctified

Jolly Harry Lauder had a heart so filled with merriment that for years he has been setting all the world

a-laughing with his rollicking songs. But a great darkness fell upon Harry Lauder. As he left the theater one night he received a message that his only son had been killed at the front in France. It was a crushing blow, for the boy was the idol of his father's heart. But the Scotch comedian turned to God for comfort. A few weeks later he was canceling lucrative engagements and going to France with the Y. M. C. A. forces to sing gospel songs to the soldiers and to bear his witness for Jesus. Commenting on his own experience Lauder said: "When a great sorrow overtakes any man there are three things that he may do. He may sour on life, or he may try to drown his sorrow in drink, or he may turn to God. I have chosen the third path." Would to God that all who pass through the night of sorrow might make the same choice, and find the same light dawning in their lives!—Selected.

320. Souls—Hand-Picked

The princely Bishop Warren was led to an open confession, while a freshman at college, through a Saturday morning's stroll with a junior. Bishop Bashford tells of a senior in Ohio Wesleyan convicted because of failure to do personal work. He made a list of sixteen students and began to work for them. All were converted and six entered the ministry. A traveling man asked a business man for the privilege of putting him on a prayer list. He permitted it but laughingly scoffed. He was, however, converted and became the great Young Men's Christian Association worker, S. M. Sayford, who won C. K. Ober, who won John R. Mott. Dr. Chapman tells of his ignorant Irish janitor, who prayed for and claimed the Holy Spirit's power and then in a few months led sixty men to Christ. Bishop Berry was led to Christ by two young friends who took him into his father's barn and held a prayer meeting.—Bishop McDowell.

321. Sympathy—Wise

A little news item read thus:

The doors which open from the sidewalk into the lobby of a big building are heavy ones and are very hard to open. Yesterday a little hunchback stepped out of an elevator on the first floor, followed by a great big man. The hunchback reached the doors first and threw himself against one. Although he pushed with all his might he couldn't open it. Chagrined, he stepped back, and the big man stepped up. Noticing the look of humiliation on the face of the little fellow, the big man said:

"I've got a sore wrist. Come on; let's see if we both can't open it."

The hunchback and the big man both pushed on the door, and of course it opened. The two went out smiling.

As this man helped so a Greater sympathizes and helps.

322. Time—Redeem the

According to a recent press dispatch two men, William Bell and Jacob Rosenwasser, who are under sentence of death at Ossining, N. Y., feel that they would be deprived of an hour of life if they were electrocuted on day light saving time, and so they have applied to the warden to have the clock in the death house returned to standard time.

How precious even an hour may be under certain circumstances! It is said that when Queen Elizabeth of England was dying she exclaimed, "All my possession for a moment of time!" But time cannot be bribed even by a monarch.

If the two men who are now pleading for an additional hour of life had always made a proper use of the time at their disposal the probability is that they would be little con-

cerned now about the additional hour to which they think they are entitled. They would understand that "the less of earth the more of heaven."

323. What Did You Do?

Did you give him a lift? He's a Brother of Man
And bearing about all the burden he can.
Did you give him a smile? He was downcast and blue,
And the smile would have helped him to battle it through,
Did you give him your hand? He was slipping down hill,
And the world, so I fancied, was using him ill.
Did you give him a word? Did you show him the road,
Or did you just let him go on with his load?

Did you help him along? He's a sinner like you.
But the grasp of your hand might have carried him through.
Did you bid him good cheer? Just a word and a smile
Were what he most needed that last weary mile.
Did you know what he bore in that burden of cares
That is every man's load, and that sympathy shares?
Did you try to find out what he needed from you,
Or did you just leave him to battle it through?

Do you know what it means to be losing the fight
When a lift just in time might set everything right?
Do you know what it means—just the clasp of a hand
When a man's borne about all a man ought to stand?
Did you ask what it was, why the quivering lip
And the glistening tears down the pale cheek that slip?
Were you Brother of his when the time came to be?
Did you offer to help him, or didn't you see?

Don't you know it's the part of a Brother of Man
To find what the grief is and help when you can?
Did you stop when he asked you to give him a lift
Or were you so busy you left him to shift?
Oh, I know what you mean—what you say may be true,
But the test of your manhood is, What Did You Do?
Did you reach out a hand? Did you find him the road,
Or did you just let him go by with his load?—James W. Foley.

324. Wanderer—Seeking the

An American bishop, speaking of the personal love and earnestness which in Christian work prove, with God's blessing, so successful, related that a youth belonged to a Bible-class, but at last the time came when he thought fit to discontinue his attendance, and to otherwise occupy his time. The class assembled, but his place was empty, and the leader looked for the familiar face in vain. He could not be content to conduct the Bible-reading as usual, ignorant as to the condition and whereabouts of the missing one. "Friends," he said, "read, sing, and pray; my work is to seek and find a stray sheep;" and he started off on the quest. "The stray sheep is before you," said the bishop to his hearers. "My teacher found me, and I could not resist his pleading; I could not continue to wander and stray whilst I was sought so tenderly."—The Quiver.

325. Winning Souls

I remember speaking once with a professor of the United Free Church, of Scotland—a man of sane and well balanced judgment—about

Henry Drummond and his remarkable work among the Edinburgh students. "Drummond," he said, "simply charmed men into the kingdom. When he spoke he cast such a spell about some that for a time they seemed half dazed; when they recovered it was to find themselves in the kingdom. But," he added seriously, "there was no mistake about it; They Were There."—George Jackson.

326. Work—Plenty of

During one of the great battles of the Civil War a recruit, who had lost his company in the tumult of strife, approached General Sheridan and timidly asked where he should "step in." "Step in?" roared Sheridan. "Step in anywhere; there's fighting along the line."

PRAYER

327. Guidance—Divine

When Lincoln was in sore straits as to what course to pursue during the Civil War, he went to God in prayer, and often remarked that he could not have succeeded in his great task without divine guidance. In the midst of President Wilson's difficulties in the present international negotiations he, too, has felt the need of divine guidance. When Mr. Wilson arrived at a recent cabinet meeting his face wore a solemn look. It was evident that serious affairs of the nation were on his mind. He said to the cabinet members: "I don't know whether you men believe in prayer or not. I do. Let us pray and ask the help of God." And the President of the United States fell upon his knees with the members of the cabinet, while the President offered a prayer to the Almighty for help.

328. Inspiration Given

When Haydn was composing the oratorio of the Creation he was seen kneeling by the organ praying for inspiration. Among the grand choruses in the realm of music are The Heavens are Telling, and Let There be Light; and when he heard them for the last time as music is rarely rendered on this earth, he exclaimed in tears: "Not mine, not mine; it came from above." Haydn was right. One voice has made the grandest of all music. The Voice that inspired Haydn to compose the Creation, and Handel the Hallelujah Chorus tuned Perronet's heart to sing All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name.

329. Practice Prayer

Fletcher of Madeley, a great teacher of a century and a half ago, used to lecture to the young theological students. He was one of the fellow-workers with Wesley, and a man of most saintly character. When he had lectured on one of the great topics of the Word of God, such as the Fullness of God's Holy Spirit or on the power and blessing that He meant His people to have he would close the lecture, and say, "That is the theory; now will those who want the practice come along up to my room?" And again and again they closed their books and went away to his room, where the hour's theory would be followed by one or two hours of prayer. (Hubert Brooke's "One Faith and One Family.")—James Hastings.

330. Pray—Teach Us to

Dean Brown of Yale University in his 1923 Gladden Lectures quotes the following historical incident: "When General Grant was slowly dying of cancer at Mt. McGregor, an old friend, General Howard, was visiting him. He was speaking to Grant of the distinguished service he had rendered the country, and how he would always be held in high esteem for his part in preserving the Union, but Grant waved all this aside; he was thinking of other and higher

things. He knew the piety of his old comrade, that it was as genuine as his valor. 'Howard,' he said, 'tell me something more about prayer.'"

The greatest experience that can come to any of us is to talk with God in simple, unaffected prayer as a man talks with his friend.

331. Pray—Why

I remember speaking in the Boston noonday meeting, in the old Bromfield Street M. E. Church on this subject one week. Perhaps I was speaking rather positively. And at the close of the meeting one day a keen, cultured Christian woman whom I knew came up for a word. She said, "I do not think we can pray like that." And I said, "Why not?" She paused a moment, and her well-controlled agitation revealed in eye and lip told me how deeply her thoughts were stirred. Then she said quietly: "I have a brother. He is not a Christian. The theater, the wine, the club, the cards—that is his life. And he laughs at me. I would rather than anything else that my brother were a Christian. But," she said, and here both her keenness and the training of her early teaching came in, "I do not think I can pray positively for his conversion, for he is a free agent, is he not? And God will not save a man against his will." I said to her: "Man is a free agent, to use the old phrase, so far as God is concerned; utterly, wholly free. And he is the most enslaved agent on the earth, so far as sin and selfishness and prejudice are concerned. The purpose of our praying is not to force or coerce his will; never that. It is to free his will of the warping influences that now twist it awry. It is to get the dust out of his eyes so that his sight shall be clear. And once he is free, able to see aright, to balance things without prejudice, the whole probability is in favor of his using his will to choose the only right."—(S. D. Gordon's "Quiet Talks on Prayer.")—James Hastings.

332. Prayer and Play

Ed. Garbisch, captain of the United States Military Academy football team which returned yesterday from its victory over the Naval Academy team, revealed the fact that the West Point cadets have prayed before every game this season, and after Saturday's game each player snatched off his headgear and gave thanks to God.

"We did not pray for victory," said Garbisch, "but only that we might acquit ourselves like men. At the conclusion of Saturday's game every man on the Army eleven tore off his headgear and thanked God fervently for the victory."

The cadets got back to West Point at 4:45 P. M. They were accorded the honors which other triumphant Army teams have received for the last twenty-five years.

The cadet corps was waiting for them with a band and the venerable stage coach which has been the car of victory for generations of West Pointers.

Into the vehicle the players were crammed, and then with a mighty heave the cadets, swarming at ropes, started the creaking anachronism up the hill. They trundled it about the "plains," now covered with snow, while the band played inspiriting airs, and when they stopped Garbisch mounted the top of the coach and delivered his valedictory as football captain. Henry R. Baxter, '26, has been elected captain for next season. —Every Evening, Wilmington, Delaware, December 1, 1924.

333. Prayer and Practice.

The bride came down stairs the first morning after the return from the honeymoon, patted the silver, looked around, pushed the button calling the cook. and when that

worthy made her appearance said, "Fred—I beg your pardon, Mr. Thompson—will be down in a few minutes and we will have prayers. We want you to join us." "But I'm not religious," said the cook, "I ain't been to church for five years. It's all right for you to have prayers; I shouldn't respect you if you didn't; but I don't want to come in." "Well, come for a week anyway, won't you?" said the young mistress, and the cook came. The head of the house came down, read a chapter—he was a beautiful reader—then they knelt while he prayed. It was a phonograph prayer, one he had heard his father offer a hundred times. It had nothing original in it. The next morning he prayed for "the sick and afflicted." After he was gone the cook asked, "Who's sick?" "I don't know as anybody is," replied her mistress. "Why do you ask?" "Why the master prayed for the sick; I wondered who it was; and, as this is my afternoon off, I thought I'd take a can of currant jelly round." She never suspected, of course, that it was just a prayer and didn't mean anything personal, only the sick in general. It was the day to pray for the sick. When Fred came home at noon, his wife said, "Who is sick?" "I don't know; why?" was the reply. "Cook wanted to know whom you were praying for this morning. It is her afternoon off and she wants to go and take a can of currant jelly to the sick, whoever it is." Mr. Thompson meditated, then said, "Come to think of it there is the carpenter down at the shop who broke his leg. They are talking of giving him a purse. If I'm going to maintain my credit with the cook, I guess I'll have to do something besides pray for the sick. I'll stop on my way back to business."

Jesus prayed that they might all be one. And friends, we have got to commence living up to that prayer or discredit the church of Jesus Christ before the world.—Rev. O. P. Griffin.

334. Prayer and Praise

A servant girl in great anxiety of soul sought the help of her clergyman. All his explanations of the gospel, and applications of it to her case, failed to bring peace. She said she had tried to pray, but dared not speak to God. "If you cannot pray," said the clergyman, "perhaps you can praise." He went on to show that it was God who had graciously begun to stir her soul, giving her concern about salvation, and some feeling of sorrow for her sins. He told her that she would greatly add to her sins if she failed to thank him for this grace; but if she praised and blessed God for what he had done, she would soon find that he who had begun the good work would carry it on to the praise and glory of his grace. And to commence this exercise, he recommended her to go home singing the glorious 103d Psalm, "O thou, my soul, bless God the Lord." She departed with a light heart, singing as she went; "and," said the minister in telling the story, "she is singing still, praising and praying and rejoicing with joy unspeakable, and full of glory."

335. Prayer and Revivals

The great revival in New York in 1858-9 began in answer to the earnest believing prayers of one man. After long waiting upon God, asking Him to show him what He would have him to do, and becoming more and more confident that God would show him the way through which hundreds might be influenced for their souls' good, he at last began a noon-day prayer-meeting. The first half-hour no one came, and he prayed through it alone. At half-past twelve the step of a solitary individual was heard on the stairs; others came, until six made up the whole company. His record of that

meeting was, "The Lord was with us to bless us." Of those six, one was a Presbyterian, one a Baptist, another a Congregationalist, and another a Reformed Dutch.—The Power of Prayer.

336. Prayer a Key

When Queen Victoria was opening the Town Hall of Sheffield she had put into her hand a little golden key, and she was told as she sat in her carriage that she only had to turn the golden key and in a moment the Town Hall gates of Sheffield would fly open. In obedience to the authority of experts who gave her the directions, she turned the golden key, and in a moment, by the action of electric wires, the Town Hall gates of Sheffield flew open. Exactly in the same way Jesus Christ must know one thing, if He knows anything, and that is, what opens heaven's gates. He must know that; He must know what key it is which opens heaven's gates; and in His teaching He reiterated over and over again, as if He thought that this was one of the things we should find it hardest to believe, "Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you." And I say that if we are justified in believing in the Divinity of Christ, then we are justified in going a step further, and saying that His authority is good enough to make us believe that the golden key of prayer, if we use it, will open the gates of heaven. (Bishop Winnington Ingram's "Banners of the Christian Faith.")—James Hastings.

337. Prayer Answered

Dan Crawford tells of an experience he and his party had while returning to his African mission field after a furlough. A stream to be crossed was in flood, and there were no boats. Haste in getting back was important. The missionaries camped and prayed. After a time a tall tree which had battled with the river for a century, perhaps, began to totter, and then fell—clear across the stream. "The Royal Engineers of Heaven," Mr. Crawford said, "had laid a pontoon bridge for God's servants."—Sent by the Rev. J. A. Clark.

338. Prayer Station

In front of a store that I pass I have frequently noticed an electric automobile being "charged" from a convenient switch. Ever so often this fine piece of machinery and perfected storage batteries must wait for the propelling power to make it effective.

It is a strikingly true picture of the Christian. Effective power to do the will of God can come only by tarrying each day until we be endued. —Merlin Fairfax.

339. Prayer—A Constant Privilege

In the vestibule of St. Peter's, at Rome, is a doorway which is walled up and marked with a cross. It is opened but four times in a century; on Christmas-eve, once in twenty-five years, the Pope approaches it in princely state, with the retinue of cardinals in attendance, and begins the demolition of the door by striking it thrice with a silver hammer. When the passage is opened the multitude pass into the nave of the cathedral, and up to the altar by an avenue which the majority of them never entered thus before, and never will enter thus again. Imagine that the way to the throne of grace were like the Porta Santa, inaccessible save once in a quarter of a century, on the 25th of December! With what solicitude we should wait for the coming of the holy day!—Clerical Library.

340. Prayer—Child's

"Some years ago, one of our great expresses was rushing through the night, and the engine-driver had to

get off his secure place to do something to his engine, and missed his footing and fell. How he saved himself he never knew, but he caught hold of something on the engine and swung himself back again to a place of safety. When he reached home it was the early hours of the morning. He took off his boots and went quietly upstairs, not to awaken his sleeping children, and as he passed the room where his little daughter was sleeping the door was burst open, and out she rushed in her little nightdress, flung herself into his arms, put her arms round his neck and her cheek against his and said, 'Oh! daddy, daddy, I am glad to see you. I had such an ugly dream. I dreamt you were killed on the railway, and I got out of bed, and I knelt down, and I asked God to take care of you.' That strong man believes that God heard the prayer of that little child, and that to her he owes his life, and so do I." (Bishop G. H. S. Walpole.)—James Hastings.

341. Prayer—Child's

Proverbs 20: 11. "Even a child maketh himself known by his doings." A clerical friend was on a Pullman car a few months ago. He found himself with men who were returning from the races. Their language was shockingly irreverent. Their conversation showed that nearly all of them had been gambling. When the time came for retiring a little boy was made ready for his berth. The tiny fellow stood in the aisle of the sleeper, clad in his wee pajamas. Ere he climbed into his bed the child looked doubtfully about as if he were hesitating. Then he overcame his timidity, knelt at the side of his berth, folded his hands, and began to pray in a childish treble, heard all over the car, "Now I lay me down to sleep!" You will all know that for a time profanity ceased; that all talks of bets won or lost died into silence! The eyes of the hardened men were moist with tears. One rough fellow pointed to the kneeling child and said, "I would like to know what that little chap has that I have lost."—Bishop Edwin H. Hughes.

342. Prayer—Child's Saving

You never know where a prayer's power will land—in a human heart that needs it, or with God who hears it. Norman Macleod tells of a boy's cry to Heaven for the sake of a drunken man who used to come to see him as he lay sick and dying. When he had drink, he used to pass the door softly, ashamed to look the little one in the face. But one night he heard the thin voice beating at Heaven's door with its cry, "Oh, Father! don't let him be drunken any more, he is so good and kind, and I love him." The strong man listened, caught at the heart, and when he entered he went down upon his knees beside the dying child, and said through big, bitter tears, "Were you praying for a waif like me?" "Yes," said the boy, "I was praying for you. I aye do that. You're no a waif?" —he didn't know the word—"you're a man." Many a night as he drove his cab along the weary streets, out of the grave came that pinched face, lit by love, to his heart, and the haunting, "You're no a waif, you're a man," made him at last stand firm, rooted in manhood through a child's weak dying prayer, heard in a city stair by night. (L. Maclean Watt's "God's Altar Stairs.")—James Hastings.

343. Prayer—Communion in

An English minister tells us how he went to see a dying man one day, a saint who had a clear and tenacious mind; and as he entered the room where the man was, the man suddenly broke out in the words: "I have one great sorrow. I enjoy communion with God, blessed and heavenly communion, but I don't ask

for anything, I do not want anything; is that right?" He said in reply, "I have watched the children when it has been towards the gloaming, and I have noticed that often they dropped their toys and games, and went to the mother, who was sitting by the fire, and the mother dropped her work while the children nestled up to her and she put her arms around them and together they looked into the fire; and did not say anything, they were too near for words." The man threw up his hands and said, "I know what you mean and I have got it." And then he said with a wan smile, "You know you didn't get nearest to your mother when you went to ask her for a shilling did you?"

344. Prayer—Countermanding

It is often a blessing to us that God does not always answer our prayers, for some are offered with a wrong motive. Some are in ignorance of what we really need, and others, if we knew all the circumstances, we should be sorry indeed if our Father did grant. In Galt, Ontario, Dr. Knowles, the Presbyterian pastor, was marrying a couple in the Manse. During the prayer, Dr. Knowles fervently asked God to bless the couple with material prosperity and to increase the business of the bridegroom. In filling out the blanks in the papers to be sent to the government, he, of course, asked the man's business, when to the minister's horror, he replied, "I keep a saloon." In telling the story afterwards. Dr. Knowles said that as he wrote the occupation he whispered, "Lord, you needn't answer that prayer."

345. Prayer—Faith in

It is said that a man once asked Alexander to give him some money to portion off a daughter. The King bade him go to his treasurer and demand what he pleased. He went and demanded an enormous sum. The treasurer was startled, said he could not part with so much without an express order, and went to the King, and told him that he thought a small part of the money the man had named might serve for the occasion. "No," replied Alexander; "let him have it all. I like that man; he does me honor; he treats me like a king, and proves, by what he asks, that he believes me to be both rich and generous." Let us go to the throne of grace, and put up such petitions as may show that we have honorable views of the riches and bounty of our King.—Newton.

346. Prayer—Fear of

When Ethelred, the Saxon king of Northumberland, invaded Wales, and was about to give battle to the Britons, he noticed, near the enemy, a host of unarmed men. He inquired who they were, and what they were doing. He was told that they were the monks of Bangor, praying for the success of their countrymen. "Then," said the Saxon king, "they have begun the fight against us. Attack them first."—James Hastings.

347. Prayer—Forgiving

When Dr. Joseph Parker was quite a young lad, he was accustomed to hold arguments with infidels outside the great iron works on Tyneside. One day an infidel challenged him upon this great passage, and said, "What did God do for Stephen?" insinuating that if there had been a God, He would have interposed to rescue him from the hands of his foes. Dr. Parker always said he believed that it was given to him in the same hour what he should say, and he answered, "What did God do for him? He gave him the power to pray for the forgiveness of those who stoned him." It was a great answer. (F. B. Meyer.)—James Hastings.

348. Prayer—God's Power in

An engineer in Bolivia brought over the Cordilleras the first locomotive ever seen in those latitudes. The native Indians came up from the Amazon basin to see this sight, and sat on their haunches discussing what this strange monster could be. One said: "It is made to go"; and another, "Let's make it go"; and so they got their lassoes out, and lassoed the buffers, and then about thirty of them began to pull, and drew the locomotive some six yards. They exclaimed, "Ay-ay-ay-ay Tatai Tatito." "The great and little father hath enabled us to do something wonderful!"

The next day came the engineer, who got up steam in the locomotive and hitched a couple of cattle trucks on to it, and when the Indian gentlemen came, put them into the trucks and locked them in. Then he stood on the fire-plate of the locomotive, and opened the regulator, and let steam into the cylinder, and it began to move the piston, and the wheel of the locomotive; and the locomotive carried the Indians along, ten miles an hour! I don't know what they didn't say to their great and little father! But they learned this great lesson—that locomotives are not made to be moved along by outside human power, but by means of a power within, and so to carry human beings along.

And we would have every believer understand that prayer is not a machine, to be worked by human zeal, but by the power of God within. See to it that you learn the power of God. —A. T. Pierson.

349. Prayer—Lincoln's

Dr. Anderson, a former president of Chicago University, once told me this story: There was a nurse in our family who was employed in the Lincoln family during the illness of the President's son. One morning, having left the sick room for a few moments, she was just returning, when to her surprise she heard a voice in the room. Looking in she beheld Mr. Lincoln kneeling by the bedside engaged in prayer. "O God, thou knowest how the cares of state weigh and how because of it I have not been the father I should have been. O great Father, spare the boy and forgive me for the sin."

Coming into the hall and seeing the nurse he said, "You heard?" "Yes, Mr. President, I heard," she replied. "It is all right," he said and passed on.—M. P. Boynton.

350. Prayer—Mother's

Years ago a devout woman of Scotland prayed earnestly that her son might be called to the Gospel ministry. He grew up to be an earnest Christian man, and in the very morning of that manhood began to prepare for the high calling to which he seemed destined. But before his preparation was complete, he decided that he was not called of God to this work. He left school and entered a bank. He continued to the end of his days a financier. He died, successful and rich. The mother's prayer was not granted.

But when her son's will was read, it was found that his large fortune had been left to the endowment of what is now the Kentucky Theological Seminary. By this not one, but many ministers are given in answer to the Scotch mother's prayer.

For that prayer, though not granted, was answered.—Southern Evangelist.

351. Prayer of Infidel

Dr. Knox, Bishop of Manchester, preaching on the sands at Blackpool, told a story of a miner who called himself an infidel. One day in the mine some coal began to fall, and the man cried out, "Lord, save me." Then a fellow-miner turned to him and said, "Ay, there's nowt like cobs

o' coal to knock th' infidelity out o' a man." Yes, men may try to keep down the instinct of prayer, but there are times in every life when it will be heard.—James Hastings. (G. C. Leader's "Wanted—a Boy.")

352. Prayer—Revenge in

Little Jack had been so persistently naughty that mother just had to give him a good spanking, and all that afternoon a desire for revenge rankled in his little breast. At length bedtime came, and kneeling down, he said his evening prayer, asking a blessing upon all the members of the family individually—except one. Then, rising, he turned to his mother with a triumphant look, saying as he climbed into bed, "I s'pose you noticed you wasn't in it." —The Christian Guardian.

353. Prayer—Power of

It is said of that mighty spirit of the Middle Ages, S. Bernard of Clairvaux, that he found "on the days which he spent rapidly writing and was most persuasive, and his own schemes were widened or lost in the greater purposes of God; anxiety was allayed and the power of the Holy Spirit to which he had opened his heart was felt in every word he spake and in his very presence and look." It was in the hours, ay, in the whole nights, passed in prayer in his church on a remote Cornish cliff that perhaps the greatest mission preacher of the century won that extraordinary power which enabled him "to bow the hearts of his hearers as the heart of one man." It was in those jealously guarded times of communion with God, in the heart of busy London, and on the plains of China and North Africa, that General Gordon gained the gift of inspiring others with his own high enthusiasm, and of casting a spell alike over civilized and savage, over Christian and Mohammedan and heathen. "A gift," says Goethe, "shapes itself in stillness, but a character in the tumult of the world." And the gift of spiritual power is the child of solitude.—F. J. Chavasse.

354. Prayer—Prevailing

It is enough to make every preacher to cushioned critics and listless fashionables turn his back on these Gospel-hardened, and "trek" for the wilds, to read of Nelson, that jewel in Black Rock, whom it was Craig's joy to set in the Master's crown, and to hear of the Gospel-hungry gathered round him. You remember how Nelson came to Craig after the Christmas Eve supper and sermon in the camp; "Mr. Craig, are you dead sure of this? Will it work?" He quoted the precious texts, "The Son of Man is come." "Him that cometh." Then came the terse utterance, "If it is no good, it's hell for me," and the preacher's counter, "It it is no good, it is hell for all of us." By and by old man Nelson was seen on his knees in the snow, with his hands spread upward to the stars.

One night Graeme noticed a light in the stable. He heard the voice of one reading. In a vacant stall, on straw, a number of men were grouped. Sandy was reading. Nelson was kneeling in front of him and gazing into the gloom beyond; Baptiste lay upon his stomach, his chin in his hands and his upturned eyes fastened upon Sandy's face; Lachlan Campbell sat with his hands clasped about his knees, and two other men sat near him. Sandy was reading the undying story of the prodigal, Nelson now and then stopping him to make a remark. "Dat young feller," said Baptiste, "wha's hees nem, heh?" "He has no name. It is just a parable," explained Sandy. "He's got no nem? He's just a parable? Das mean nothing?" Nelson explained. "Dat young feller, his name Baptiste, heh? And de old Fadder, he's le bon Dieu? Bon, das good story for me. How you go

back? You go to de pries'?" Nelson said the book mentioned no priest. "You go back in yourself, see?" "Non; das so, sure nuff. Ah"—as if a light broke in upon him—"you go in your own self! You make one leetle prayer. You say: 'Le bon Fadder, oh, I want come back! I so tire, so hungree, so sorree!' He say: 'Come right 'long.' Ah, das fussrate! Nelson, you make one leetle prayer for Sandy and me." And Nelson lifted up his face and said: "Father, we're all gone far away; we have spent all, we are poor, we are tired of it all; we want to come back. Jesus came to save us and He said if we came He wouldn't cast us out, no matter how bad we were. Oh, Jesus Christ, we are a poor lot, and I'm the worst of the lot, and we're trying to find the way. Show us how to get back. Amen."

355. Prayer—Security in

The form of a little boy in the coffin surrounded by mourning friends. A mason came into the room and asked to look at the lovely face. "You wonder that I care so much," he said, as the tears rolled down his cheeks, "but your boy was a messenger of God to me. One time I was coming down by a long ladder from a very high roof, and found your boy close beside me when I reached the ground. He looked up in my face with childish wonder and asked frankly, 'Weren't you afraid of falling when you were up so high?' and before I had time to answer, he said: 'Oh, I know why you were not afraid! You said your prayers this morning before you began work.' I had not prayed; but I never forgot to pray from that day to this, and by God's blessing, I never will."—J. W. Porter.

356. Prayer—Unanswered

General Gordon, of Atlanta, Ga., told me of how the Confederate troops prayed for victory before the battle of Sharpsburg. The day before the battle they prayed earnestly that they might be victorious, so earnestly that both officers and men felt that their prayers would be answered. General Gordon said that many felt satisfied that the Confederate forces would sweep the Union lines, and would be on their way to Washington within a week. But the next day the battle came off, and in results it was one of the most crushing blows that the Confederates received during the war. General Gordon, who was shot five times, said that after the battle the men were discouraged. They felt that God was on the side of the largest legions. Some of the officers suggested that it would be better to spend less time in praying and more time in manufacturing powder and bullets. The suggestion seemed to be a good one even to the General. But he told me years after that the prayers of the Confederates on the day before that battle were best answered by defeat; that if the Confederates had captured Washington and defeated the Union our nation would now be far down the scale among the weaker nations of the earth. (R. H. Conwell's "How to Live the Christ Life.")—James Hastings.

357. Prayer—Unceasing

"Stonewall Jackson," says E. M. Bounds in "Purpose in Prayer," "was a man of prayer. Said he, 'I have so fixed the habit of prayer in my mind that I never raise a glass of water to my lips without asking God's blessing, never seal a letter without putting a word of prayer under the seal, never take a letter from the post without a brief sending of my thoughts heavenward, never change my classes in the lecture-room without a minute's petition for the cadets who go out and for those who come in.'"

It is said of James Gilmour, the pioneer missionary to Mongolia, that

he never used a blotter in writing. He used the time to pray while the ink was drying on the page he had written.

358. Prayer—Warmth of

Mr. Spurgeon was one day showing some visitors through the Tabernacle. After taking them to the main part of the building he said, "Come and I'll show you the heating apparatus." Not caring to see that they would have declined, but out of courtesy they consented. Imagine their surprise when he took them to a room where four hundred were gathered in a prayer meeting. His figure of speech was well chosen. The church with warmth of spirit must have the warmth-producing prayer meeting.

359. Prayers—Father's

Here is a story which was told one Sunday in an Arran pulpit by one who knew the persons it concerned. There lived in a quiet village a godly man. And he had a wife and three sons. His wife died, and the burden of bringing up these sons fell on him. He cried to God to help him. Now, it so happened that in that house there was a rush-bottomed chair, the only chair of that sort in the house, and it was at that chair this good man knelt when he prayed for his boys as well as at family prayer. And often when alone he spent long whiles on his knees praying for their conversion. But he saw no change in his sons; they were hard, selfish, and worldly. At last one by one they all left him, and went into business in some great city of the land. They prospered in business, but not in religion. But business prosperity is not joy, and prosperity was making them hard. The father prayed the more earnestly that they might gain their own souls, although they should lose the whole world. But at the end of his days they were not saved. There was an old servant who lived in the house, and to her he said when he was dying, "I will pray now that my death may be used by God to save them." Then he died. The three young men came home to the funeral. And when all was past, they said: "What shall we do with the house and the old furniture?" One said: "Let them go to the old woman who has taken care of him." But the eldest son said: "Well, I consent if only you will allow me to get the rush-bottomed chair. I never heard prayers like those I heard there. I hear those prayers still when I am at business. I think if I had the chance I would not live the prayerless life I am living now." And the other two were softened. And with that the Spirit of the Lord came upon the eldest brother, and he said: "Let us kneel around it once more and pray." And they did. And with great crying and tears they spent that afternoon together. And the end of all was that the two younger brothers gave up their business and offered themselves to the mission-field. And they are well known missionaries now. And the eldest brother is one of those whose praise is in all the churches. (Alexander Macleod's "The Child Jesus.") —James Hastings.

360. Prayers—Insincere

Many prayers are not earnest. If they were there would be more answers. Many prayers are uttered only under pressure; where God's great love is scouted under normal conditions and considered merely because some great calamity threatens. The notorious murderer, Wanderer, who was hanged in Chicago in September, murmured as he walked to the death-chamber, "God have mercy on my soul." Yet the hours preceding his death were spent in playing cards instead of those heart-searchings that would have indicated some sense of the need of God's forgive-

ness. His last words were those of a senseless, popular song, "Old pal, why don't you answer me—"

And yet there are multitudes who do not die as murderers on the gallows whose prayers are just as insincere as those of Carl Wanderer, and their last days as senseless.

361. Prayers, Registered in Heaven

A charactertistic letter from Henry Ward Beecher is found in the archives of the Grand Army of the Republic. It was written in reply to a request for a copy of a prayer of his for publication:

"Peekskill, July 11, 1878.—Gen. H. A. Barnum, Grand Marshal. You request me to send you my prayer made on Decoration Day evening. If you will send me the notes of the oriole that whistled from the top of my trees last June, or the iridescent globes that came in by millions on the last waves that rolled in on the beach yesterday, or a segment of the rainbow of last week, or the perfume of the first violet that blossomed last May, I will also send you the prayer that rose to my lips with the occasion and left me for ever. I hope it went heavenward and was registered; in which case the only record of it will be found in heaven. —Very truly yours, Henry Ward Beecher."

362. Praying Aloud

One day a little girl, about five years old, heard a ranting preacher praying most lustily, till the roof rang with the strength of his supplication. Turning to her mother, and beckoning the maternal ear down to a speaking-place, she whispered: "Mother, don't you think that if he lived nearer to God he wouldn't have to talk so loud?"

363. Secret of Strength

There is an old story of mythology about a giant named Antaeus, who was born by the earth. In order to keep alive this giant was obliged to touch the earth as often as once in five minutes, and every time he thus came in contact with the earth he became twice as strong as before. The Christian resembles Antaeus. In order to become and continue a truly-living Christian, the disciple of Christ must often approach his Father by prayer.—Preacher's Lantern.

364. The Fool's Prayer

The royal feast was done; the king
  Sought some new sport to banish care,
And to his jester cried: "Sir Fool,
  Kneel now, and make a prayer!"

The jester doffed his cap and bells,
  And stood the mocking court before;
They could not see the bitter smile
  Behind the painted grin he wore.

He bowed his head, and bent his knee
  Upon the monarch's silken stool;
His pleading voice arose: "O Lord,
  Be merciful to me, a fool!

"No pity, Lord, could change the heart
  From red with wrong, to white as wool;
The rod must heal the sin; but, Lord,
  Be merciful to me, a fool!

"'Tis not by guilt the onward sweep
  Of truth and right, O Lord, we stay;
'Tis by our follies that so long
  We hold the earth from heaven away.

"These clumsy feet, still in the mire,
  Go crushing blossoms without end;
These hard, well meaning hands we thrust
  Among the heart-strings of a friend.

"The ill-timed truth we might have kept—
Who knows how sharp it pierced and stung!
The word we had not sense to say—
Who knows how gladly it had rung?

"Our faults no tenderness should ask,
The chastening stripes must cleanse them all;
But for our blunders—oh, in shame
Before the eyes of heaven we fall.

"Earth bears no balm for our mistakes;
Men crown the knave, and scourge the fool
That did his will; but Thou, O Lord,
Be merciful to me, a fool!"

The room was hushed; in silence rose
The King, and sought his gardens cool,
And walked apart, and murmured low,
"Be merciful to me, a fool!"
—Edward Rowland Sill.

CHRISTIANS

365. Believers—Faulty

A proverb from India says: "A faulty diamond is more valuable than a perfect pebble." So in God's estimation believers, in spite of their faults, are more valuable than unbelieving moralists. Though this is true, let perfection be our ideal!

366. Christian—A Genuine

Elder Knapp was once showing, in a sermon, the difference between a mere professor and a genuine Christian. By the way of illustration he said that if you should turn the former out of the church he would act like a hog, that turns round and tries to root the pen down; but that the other would be like a lamb, that looks wistfully towards the fold, and longs to be within it again.—Christian Age.

367. Christian Furlough

A professing Christian sold a bale of poor hay to a certain colonel, who rebuked him, and the church member whined, "I am a soldier, too." "You!" ejaculated the colonel in a tone of disgust. "What kind of a soldier are you?" "I am a soldier of the cross," said the skinflint, with a detestable flourish of the hand. "That may be," said the colonel, "but you've been on a furlough ever since I knew you."

368. Christian—Narrow

Jenny Lind once went to hear Father Taylor preach in Boston; but the preacher, ignorant of her presence, paid a glowing tribute to her powers of song. As the Swedish nightingale leaned forward with delight, drinking in this unexpected praise, a tall man who sat on the pulpit-stairs rose and wanted to know whether any one who had died at Miss Lind's concerts would go to heaven. Father Taylor said, "Sir, a Christian will go to heaven wherever he dies; but a fool will be a fool, even though he be on the pulpit-stairs."—Life of Father Taylor.

369. Christian—Prostrate

I have a small mantel clock that refuses to run only when it is lying on its back. It just can't operate while in a normal position. Some people in our town are mighty like that clock. The only time they are pious and teachable is when they're ill or handicapped in some other way. "Before I was afflicted I went astray, but now have I kept Thy word."

370. Christian—Rejoicing

One of Paul's practical injunctions is: "Rejoice with those that do rejoice." An aged woman of Brooklyn that Dr. Charles Parkhurst tells about surely caught the spirit of it. She lived in a tiny room on the north side of a tenement. One day

a visitor said to her: "You never see the sunshine in this room, do you?" Quick and confident and sweet was her reply: "The sun never shines in here, but I can see it shining upon my neighbor's windows." Who has not known a few choice souls like that? How they adorn the gospel they profess. The ability to see the things of others, and then to delight in them, who does not crave such a spirit?

371. Equality Before Him

It is related of the Duke of Wellington, that once, when he remained to take the sacrament at his parish church, a very poor old man went up the opposite aisle, and, reaching the communion table, knelt down close by the side of the Duke. Some one came and touched the poor man on the shoulder, and whispered to him to move farther away, or to rise and wait until the Duke had received the bread and wine. But the eagle eye and the quick ear of the great commander caught the meaning of that touch and that whisper. He clasped the old man's hand and held him to prevent his rising; and in a reverential undertone, but most distinctly, said, "Do not move: all are equal here."—The Biblical Museum.

372. Sentiment—Christian

When the Vice-President and Mrs. Hobart signified to the Belgian Minister at Washington their desire to entertain Prince Albert, the Crown Prince of Belgium, they were informed that Sunday evening would be an agreeable date for their royal guest to attend the proposed dinner party proffered. To this proposal Mrs. Hobart returned a prompt refusal, giving even royalty to understand that on the Lord's day Americans were engaged in something higher than giving dinners, a custom which she did not propose to infringe upon for any cause.

When General Grant was in Paris he was invited by the government to attend the races on Sunday. He courteously, but positively, declined the invitation, telling his French host that it was not the custom of his country to have such festivities on a day kept holy.

One of the many blessings for which the American people have cause to be thankful is that their rulers have seldom failed to recognize the religious sentiment of the nation, and to give the weight of their high example to the observance of our Christian ordinances.—Lutheran World.

373. Christian Unity

When Anthony of Bourbon, during the French king's minority, held the regency of France he informed the Danish ambassador that he hoped in a short time to procure a free passage for the gospel throughout France. The ambassador, a zealous Lutheran, expressed his pleasure but hoped that Luther's, not Calvin's, doctrines would be taught. "Luther and Calvin," replied the regent, "agree in forty points and differ but in one. Let those therefore that follow the tenets of those two unite their strength against the common enemy and at better leisure and in a more convenient season compound their own differences."

This was finely said, and denominationalists still need to ponder the advice. How often, when some door of opportunity opens, do we think of the fortunes of our little Israel rather than the wider interests of the kingdom of God.

374. Christian—Why Be a

I have heard of a man who said he was going to decide the question of becoming a Christian in a reasonable way, and that he would write down on one piece of paper all the reasons why he ought to be a Christian, and on another all the reasons why he ought not to be a Christian.

and then would weigh the matter in a rational way and decide like a reasonable man. And so be began. He wrote first the reasons why he ought to be a Christian, and his pen just flew down the paper and up on the other side until it was full of reasons; and then he began with the reasons why he ought not to be a Christian. He put down the figure one, and there his pen stopped. He could not think of one single reason why he ought not to be a Christian. And you can't either. There are no such reasons.

375. Christianity—Concealed

Concealed Christianity does not honor the Head of our church. But our life can be hidden without being concealed. "Are you a Christian?" asked Ralph Norton recently of a baggagemaster on a train. "Yes, sir," was the reply; "I'm a trunk Baptist." "What is that?" asked Norton in surprise. "My wife and I are church-members. We moved to Savannah, and our letters are in our trunk," said the trainman with entire frankness. A trunk is a dangerous place for our Christianity. It can get moth-eaten there. But when our life is really hidden in the right way, our Christianity will not be concealed in a trunk—as we remember that "ye died, and your life is hid with Christ in God." Col. 3: 3. The rightly hid life will be sure to express itself in service and activity as a witnessing member of the church, the body of Christ.—S. S. Times.

376. Christianity Necessary

A young lawyer who was an infidel, going West to settle for life, made his boast that he would locate in some place where there were no churches, Sunday Schools, nor Bibles. He found a place which substantially met his conditions. Before the year was out he wrote to a former classmate, a young minister, begging him to come and bring plenty of Bibles, and preach, and start a Sunday School. "For," said he, "I have become convinced that a place without Christians and Sabbaths and churches and Bibles is too much like hell for any living man to stay in."

377. Christianity—Practical

A barber who practices his art in a large Yorkshire village, had a rival. Our hero is an earnest Christian and local preacher. He noticed, in a recent week, a great increase of customers, and on making inquiry learnt that the practitioner at the other end of the village was ill. At the end of the week the barber made a calculation, and all he had taken above his average he took to his brother of the razor, with the warm expression of his Christian sympathy. Is Christianity played out? Verily, no!

378. Christians—Absorbing

The other day I was down at a beautiful little place called Rhosilly down on the Gower peninsula, not far from my own present home, and I was looking about, as I always do in an old church, to see what interesting things I could find. In the belfry vestry I found a ship's bell hanging, and I looked at it; I tapped it, and it was dead and dull, and I looked, and the whole of the bottom of the bell was plugged with a disc of wood right up; and then in the side of the bell they had cut a door, and there was a hinge and a padlock. They were using that old ship's bell for a strong box. Very useful, but it was not what the bell was made for. There are many Christians here made by the Lord to be bells to sound out the notes of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, to tell of the love and the power of him, to witness of him, and what are they? They are just strong boxes, and you cannot get any sound out of them. They take all in, and they give nothing out, and they pride themselves on being saints or saved.

379. Christians—Aggressive

When General Grant was in front of Richmond, and his army had been repulsed in the Wilderness, he called together his co-commanders and held a council, and asked them what they thought he had better do. There were General Sherman and General Howard, now leading generals, and all thought he had better retreat. He heard them through, and then broke up the council of war and sent them back to their headquarters; but before morning an orderly came round with a despatch from the General directing an advance in solid column on the enemy at daylight. That was what took Richmond and broke down the rebellion in our country. Christians, let us advance in solid column against the enemy; let us lift high the standard, and in the name of our God let us lift up our voice, and let us work together, shoulder to shoulder, and keep our eye single to the honor and glory of Christ.—Moody.

380. Christian's Burden

On the lower deck of one of our river packets a little pile of pig-iron was carried on the trip up the river, and when the cargo was unloaded, the pig-iron was not removed, but was carried again on the trip down the river. When the reason was asked, the answer was given, "She travels steadier when she carries a weight." And that is true of men and women. The world has little use for the young man or woman who has no furrow of thought, and no wrinkle of responsibility. And we are not kind to our own children when we seek continually to shield them from the hard things in life. We may wish to spare them some of our own hard experiences, but if they are to be strong and self-reliant they must reach it by putting themselves under the burden, and feeling the pressure of some of the difficult things in life. You want your boy to be strong and manly; you must push him off the plank, that he may learn of himself to swim. "Every man shall bear his own burden."—Pittsburgh Christian Advocate.

381. Christians—Conforming

D. L. Moody, speaking in reference to those people who claim to be on both sides of the question of salvation, said: "You detest a character of that kind. During our war there were, in the border States, some of those people. They kept two flags. When the Southern army came along they would run out the Confederate flag; then when the Northern army came along and they thought they were going to be in town some time, they would pull in the Southern flag and run out the Union flag, the Star Spangled Banner. Do you know that those people suffered more than any other people? The Southern army would strip them of everything they had, and if they hid anything from the Southern army and accumulated anything, when the Union army came along, it would strip them of everything. Both armies detested them. We like to have men one thing or the other. You cannot serve God and mammon. You cannot have two masters in this matter. 'He that is not for me is against me.'"

382. Christians—Crazy

The keeper of an insane asylum on being asked, "Are you not afraid that these insane people will unite some time and hurt you and the other attendants?" replied, "No. Crazy people never unite on anything."

383. Christians—Crazy

Two friends, one an army officer, met after an interval of ten years. They were much attached to each other, and shook hands cordially. After a little chat, the civilian, look-

ing at the other man with a curious air, observed: "By the way, General, they tell me you have gone mad over religion. Is there really anything in the report?" "Well," responded the general, "I'm not aware of being crazy; so far as I know I am in the enjoyment of my senses. But you know there is one comfort; if I am out of my head, I've got Jesus Christ for my keeper and heaven for my lunatic asylum, so I think I shan't do badly after all."

384. Christians—Earthly

The wealthy owner of a large business concern in Sweden had been a poor boy in a country district tending cattle. One day he wanted to be away, and asked his sister to tend the cattle for the day, promising to let her hold for the day a small coin, current there, worth less than two annas, to be returned at night. She consented. The very sight of money was a great rarity to her. So she spent a long, hard day tending his cattle and holding the bright little coin, and returned it again at night, quite content with the day's pay.

Long years afterwards the brother was telling the story. He had grown very wealthy. He had allowed the love of money to crowd out the Christ passion to which he was not a stranger. He told the story to my friend with great glee, laughing at his sister's childish simplicity. My friend said quietly: "That is all you get; you hold your wealth to the end of the day of your life, then you give it up and have as little as before, and the whole of your life is gone!" And the man's startled face showed that he quite understood.

385. Christians—Friendly

A clergyman had preached about recognition of our friends in heaven. One of his hearers remarked: "I wish the pastor would soon preach on recognizing our friends on earth. I've attended this church six years, but do not recollect having been greeted outside of the church by any of its members."

Is it not true that there is far too little real fellowship in our churches? People sit in the same pew on Sundays, they commune at the Holy Table, they hope to spend eternity in Heaven, but in spite of these facts there seems to be a barrier between them here so that one is inclined to doubt whether their hope will be realized.

386. Christians—Growing

There is a blessing in striving after a Christian character, even supposing we never attain to our ideal. The baby sat on his play-rug and cooed and gurgled with the joy of living. The admiring visitor laughed at his antics as he reached vainly for a bright tassel on a curtain cord just out of reach of his destructive fingers.

"Of all the toys he has that tassel seems the most fascinating, probably because he can't get it," laughed the mother. "Wait until he walks, then he'll pull it down," said the visitor. "He reminds me of Browning's, 'Ah, but a man's reach should exceed his grasp, or what's heaven for.' Baby is like most of us—he tosses aside the attainable and reaches for things beyond." "Yes," said the mother, "and like us, too, he grows by reaching. If we were content to sit still, and amuse ourselves with our little, earthly playthings—just think what weak undeveloped souls we should have. It's the reaching that makes us stronger, larger and better." "I press toward the mark."

387. Christians—Honest

Christ makes a gracious difference in the soul that truly knows him; for where he is sin cannot be. "Rabbi" Duncan once told of a minister who visited one of his flock. She was a

miller's wife, and in those days millers had a character for roguery, especially in the way of short measure After the old Scotch fashion he started "catechizing" her. What did she remember of the sermon last Lord's day? She could remember nothing, not even the text. Wherein, then, was she the better for going to church? "Well," she replied, "when I came home I burned the bushel measure."—David Smith.

388. Christians—Indifferent

Not long since in an American city a mother suddenly died with no one in the house but two small children who were found playing about the dead body about as unconcerned as if nothing had happened. But something more tragic and pitiful than this is seen by the Saviour when he sees professing Christians coming into constant daily contact with those who are "worse than dead" through sin, and neglecting to seek to turn their hearts to Him—nay even content—

"To dance, to call, to break
No canon of the social code,
The little laws that lackeys make,
The feeble decalogue of mode:
How many a soul for these things lives
With pious passion, grave intent,
While heaven, careless handed, gives
The things that are more excellent."

389. Christians—Lukewarm

D. L. Moody met a stranger on the piazza of the hotel at Northfield, and said to him in his abrupt and eager way, "My friend, are you a Christian?"

The man, stiffening a little, replied: "What do you think?"

"Not red hot!" exclaimed Mr. Moody, as he hastened on.

You can tell a red hot Christian when you see him, or when you hear him either. And yet he does not have to be boisterous to reveal it.

The trouble with so many of us is that we are not "red hot." The whole church is not "red hot." The Christian press is not "red hot." If we were "red hot," sin would be burned out in our lives, and our neighbors would feel the warmth.

How may we become "red hot"? There is responsibility resting upon us in the matter, for the Greek of our text might be rendered, "Stir into flame the gift of God which is in thee." The gift is the Holy Spirit Himself. Is it possible we can have more of the fire of God if we desire it? D. L. Moody's own experience is an affirmative answer to this. Let us therefore ask that we may receive, and seek that we may find, and knock that it may be opened unto us.—Gen. O. O. Howard.

390. Christians—Posing

In London, England, there stands an equestrian statue of St. George. The horse is stationary with the forefoot lifted midway from the ground. He is just about to go somewhere, but he hasn't started yet.

You go back there two years from now and you will find him in the very same place and just about to start. The birds have built their nests in his ears.

There is more than one congregation where there are St. George's statues—people who are just about to do right, but who never accomplish anything worth while. They are just about to do something for missions, for temperance, or evangelism, but if you go back to them in two years, six years, or ten years, you will find them where you left them and still just about to start.

It grates on the nerves of a sensitive person to look on this equestrian statue in London. It makes one wish for a dynamite bomb to help it move on.

A generous use of gospel dynamite

bombs is one remedy to aid equestrian statues in a congregation to move forward.

391. Christians—Silent

A Christian woman of Foochow, China, when in England visited a cathedral. Noticing the date upon the oldest part of the building, she exclaimed, "What? do you mean to say you were Christians all those years and you never told us?" Is it any wonder she asked the question?

392. Christians—Struggling

I learned to swim in boyhood, but it was only this summer that I achieved complete mastery of myself in the water. For thirty years I had assumed that I must constantly put forth effort to keep from sinking.

One day an expert swimmer watched me for a few minutes then cried: "Stop fighting the water and trust it to hold you up. Use your strength to get somewhere."

Under his direction a few moments sufficed to convince me he was right. I lay flat in the water without moving hands or feet and to my delight it held me up. Then I struck out, using my strength to forge ahead. What a revelation. Why did not some one tell me that years ago?

So many constantly struggle to be Christians when if they would only trust Christ they would be kept. How suggestive is that advice when applied to the Christian: "Stop struggling and trust God to keep you. Use your strength to get somewhere."

393. Christians—Sunshine

I noticed a tree planted at the sunny end of a house, and there the blossoms were large and beautiful. It was a feast to the eyes, but some of the branches were trained round the corner, where they got so much less of the sun, and the difference was wonderful. The blossoms here were starved and sad, and there was the least promise of fruit; same root, same stem, but while one part of the tree was in the full glorious light, the other branches were in the shade. Ah, brethren, it is thus in character. —W. L. Watkinson.

394. Christians—Tempering

A Christian blacksmith who had had a good deal of affliction was asked by an unbeliever to account for it. He said:

"You know that I am a blacksmith. I often take a piece of iron and put it in the fire and bring it to a white heat. Then I put it on the anvil and strike it once or twice to see if it will take temper. If I think it will I plunge it into water, then heat it again, then plunge it into water again. This I repeat several times. Then I hammer it, bend it, rasp, file it, and then make some useful article out of it.

"Now I believe my Heavenly Father wants to use me, so he is putting me through the fire and water of affliction; he let me experience sorrow of suffering. I have had many hard blows, have been bent, rasped, filed. But I am glad of it all, if only I can be of service to him."—Ram's Horn.

395. Christians—Unprogressive

One of our evangelists in the earlier days was accustomed to tell a story of an old farmer who, in the prayer meetings of his church, was wont, in describing his Christian experience, to use the phrase, "Well, I'm not making much progress, but I am established." One springtime when the farmer was getting out some logs his wagon sank in the mud in a soft place in the road and he could not get out. As he sat on top of the logs reviewing the situation, a neighbor who had never accepted the principle of the old man's religious experience came along and

greeted him: "Well, Brother Jones, I see you are not making much progress, but you're established." To be stuck on the road is not a very satisfactory type of establishment, but it is not uncommon.—Robert E. Speer.

396. Christians—Worthless

One thing the fruit-grower learns very early, and that is to keep the sprouts which are so apt to grow out at the top of the trunk of his trees cut off. He knows they take from the life of the tree and never bear any fruit. He has given these useless sprouts a name we do not care to hear or think about—suckers—just because they sap the very life-blood and give nothing back.

But take these same sprouts and graft them upon the limbs of another tree and in a little while you will find them loaded with the choicest fruit. They simply were not in the right place. Wonderful, is it not, that simply to take those barren sprigs of wood and graft them somewhere else will make them bear such beautiful, rosy-cheeked apples!

There is a parable here. Where are those you love? Ah, well you know some who are where they never bring any fruit for the Master. You are sad when you think of it. So much strength wasted! And all because your dear ones are not grafted in the right place. Give them something to do. It may be they must be severed from many things they have counted dear. They may shrink from the service you give them to do and think they never can do it. Tell them it is "no more I that live, but Christ that liveth in me," and in his strength they can do anything. So drawing life and strength from him it will not be long before you will see the richest fruit growing from these branches which seemed once so dead and useless. So God will be honored and the world blessed.

397. Christians—Young

Among the skaters was a boy so small and so evidently a beginner that his frequent mishaps awakened the pity of a tenderhearted, if not wise spectator. "Why, sonny, you are getting all bumped up," she said. "I wouldn't stay on the ice and keep falling down so. I'd just come off and watch the others."

The tears of the last downfall were still rolling over the rosy cheeks but the child looked from his adviser to the shining steel on his feet and answered: "I didn't get some new skates to give up with; I got 'em to learn how with."

398. Conduct—Private

The Duke of Wellington, observing a British officer standing in a slack manner, asked: "Why do you stand in such an unbecoming attitude?" Said he: "I am off duty, sir." But the Iron Duke replied: "A British officer is never off duty, so resume your military standing."

399. God's Instruments

John Albert, the famous violin maker of Philadelphia, who has been called "The Stradivarius of America," died the other day at the age of ninety years. His great success in making violins, that won him fame throughout the world, was as much due to the care with which he selected the woods from which they were made as to his skill as a workman. So much depended on the proper woods that Albert sought them sometimes at the risk of his life. Once he lay for weeks between life and death, the victim of an accident while he was on the hunt for a certain wood in an almost impassable forest. Ole Bull, the great violinist, pronounced him one of the great violin makers of the world because he possessed the greatest knowledge of the acoustic properties of woods of any man living at that

time. Surely if a violin maker must pay such great heed to the character of the wood out of which he constructs a violin, in order that he may make it a perfect interpreter of musical thought to human ears, we should not wonder at the care of God in seeking to so purify and cleanse our hearts that they shall be resonant, and responsive to the slightest touch of the Holy Spirit, and thus be able to interpret the melodies of heaven.—Louis Albert Banks.

400. Enemies—Capturing

In the year 1818, Tamatoe, king of Huahine, one of the South Sea Islands, became a Christian. He discovered a plot among his fellow natives to seize him and other converts to burn them to death. He organized a band to attack the plotters, captured them unawares and then set a feast before them. This unexpected kindness surprised and dumfounded the savages, who burned their idols and became Christians. Heathen Christians here and now might borrow a leaf from that book.

401. Formality

There is a variety of apple called "Apple-John," which is considered to be in perfection when it is shrivelled and withered. There are also those who believe in an apple-John religion, which to them is perfect only when it is thoroughly dried up of all spiritual power and utterly destitute of the sap of life and growth. The trees of the Lord are full of sap. —James Smith.

402. Gospel According to You

There's a sweet old story translated for man
But writ in the long, long ago—
The Gospel, according to Mark, Luke and John—
Of Christ and his mission below.

Men read and admire the Gospel of Christ,
With its love so unfailing and true;
But what do they say, and what do they think;
Of the Gospel "according to you"?

'Tis a wonderful story, that Gospel of love,
As it shines in the Christ life divine,
And, O, that its truth might be told again
In the story of your life and mine.

Unselfishness mirrors in every scene,
Love blossoms on every sod,
And back from its vision the heart comes to tell
The wonderful goodness of God.

You are writing each day a letter to men,
Take care that the writing is true,
'Tis the only Gospel that some men will read—
That "Gospel according to you."

403. Indolence

The mischief of indolence is not that it neglects the use of powers and the improvement of the opportunities of life, but that it breeds morbid conditions in every part of the soul. An indolent man is like an unoccupied dwelling. Scoundrels sometimes burrow in it. Thieves and evil characters make it their haunt; or, if they do not, it is full of vermin. A house that is used does not breed moths half as fast as a house that, having the beginnings of them, stands empty. Woe be to them who take an old house, and carry their goods into it! A lazy man is an old house full of moths in every part.—H. W. Beecher.

404. Lifters and Leaners

The following lines from some unknown poet, accurately describe

the situation in many a church and community.

"The two kinds of people on earth, I ween,
Are the people who lift and the people who lean,
Wherever you go you will find the world's masses
Are always divided in just these two classes.
And oddly enough, you will find, too, I ween,
There is only one lifter to twenty who lean.
In which class are you? Are you easing the load
Of overtaxed lifters who toil down the road?
Or are you a leaner, who lets others bear
Your portion of labor and worry and care?"

405. Religion—Formal

Said a Michigan business man to his pastor at the close of a Men and Religion Forward Movement campaign, "You know that in crossing the ocean they always label the baggage that goes into the hold, 'Not wanted on the voyage.' That's been the way with my religion for a good many years, pastor, but in the future I'm going to use it, and I want you to count on me."

406. Religion—True

Men have different ideas of religion. With some it is mainly feeling, with others it is largely form; with some it is mostly faith, with others it is generally talk!

A converted cowboy gives this as his idea of what religion is: "Lots of folks that would really like to do right think that servin' the Lord means shoutin' themselves hoarse praisin' his name. Now, I'll tell you how I look at that. I'm working for Jim here. Now, if I'd sit around the house here tellin' what a good fellow Jim is, and singin' songs to him an' gettin' up in the night to serenade him, I'd be doin' just like what lots of Christians do, but I wouldn't suit Jim, and I'd get fired mighty quick. But when I buckle on my straps and hustle among the hills and see that Jim's herd is all right an' not sufferin' for water and feed, or bein' off the range and branded by cow-thieves, then I'm serving Jim as he wants to be served."

This was the converted cowboy's idea. Does it not sound a little like the voice of Him who, when his disciple said, "Lord, thou knowest all things, thou knowest that I love thee," only answered, "Tend my sheep; Tend my lambs"? —Evangelical Messenger.

407. Religious "Butter"

The "butter" is a biped with strong mental propensities. You meet the "butter" everywhere. He is always ready to "butt" every proposition. Butting is a disease and he has caught a bad case. Butting as a disease is worse than smallpox. Those who are unfortunate enough to contract smallpox either get well or die, but not so with the butter; he always lives and that to butt. In his list of prepositions, adverbs or conjunctions "but" is always placed first. You say to him, "Mr. A. is a fine fellow." "Yes," will come the labored reply, "but I don't like the clothes he wears;" or "he has too big a nose." Should you in passing note the condition of the weather as, "It is a fine day," "Yes," the butter will reply, "but it's too warm." or "It's too hot." So you find those who are putting the "but" into everything they say. The butter is found in labor organizations, in societies, in lodges and in church. The worst form of him is found in church. The religious "butter" is the most dangerous bacillus. There is no remedy known to religious therapeutics to counteract his influence. If the pastor attempts to treat him

he is apt to get a "butt" that will knock him out of the pulpit. If the church officials attempt to deal with him a split is apt to be caused in the fold and the "come-outers" turned into a faction of "butter." About the only thing to do with the chronic "butter" is to let him "butt."

408. Resolutions—Edwards'

Jonathan Edwards' resolutions were these:

Resolved, to live with all might while I do live;

Resolved, never to lose one moment of time, but improve it in the most profitable way I possibly can;

Resolved, never to do anything which I should despise, or think meanly of in another;

Resolved, never to do anything out of revenge;

Resolved, never to do anything which I should be afraid to do if it were the last hour of my life.

409. Righteousness—Appetite for

Charles M. Alexander, the Gospel singer, tells the story of an old colored man in Chicago, who always came into one of the missions with a bright and shining face, no matter what happened. One day he came with his thumb tied up. They asked him what was the matter, and he replied, "To-day I was fixing a box and I smashed my thumb, but praise the Lord, I have my thumb yet." A few nights after he came in with his face as bright as ever. Someone inquired, "Well, uncle, what have you to praise the Lord for to-night?" "Oh," said he, "I was coming down the street to-night with a big piece of beefsteak. I had spent all my money on that beefsteak, and I laid it down on the sidewalk to tie my shoe, and while I was tying my shoe, a big dog came along and took that beefsteak and carried it off. Praise the Lord!" A man said, "Look here, uncle, what are you praising the Lord for about that?" The colored man answered, "I'm praising the Lord because I've got my appetite left." There are a good many men who would give a good part of their fortune for an appetite, and the greatest thing of all to be thankful for is a spiritual appetite, for has not Jesus promised that, "Blessed are they who do hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled"?

410. Sainthood—Attaining

"How did you learn to skate?" a little boy was asked.

"Oh," was the innocent but significant answer, "by getting up every time I fell down."

411. Saints—Communion of

A gentleman on his death-bed was told by his friends of the glories of heaven, its golden streets, its river of life, its crowns and harps, and all the delights and joys of that wonderful life. "That is all very well," he said, "and doubtless is perfectly true; but I would rather remain in a world where I am better acquainted." What an argument for keeping intimate communion with Christ and His saints, with the thoughts and principles of heaven! —Phelps.

412. Saints—How Made

When Gregory the Great was Bishop of Rome, a beggar once died of hunger in the streets of the Eternal City. Am I my brother's keeper? he asked himself. He felt he could not avoid the true answer. One of the sheep committed to his care had been starved to death; his charity was shocked; his vigilance had failed; his sense of responsibility was outraged: and he imposed a severe penance on himself, and for many days actually lay under his own sentence of excommunication, performing no priestly act. This is the man who won the title of Great:

this is the man who attained to the brilliant company of the Saints.—S. E. Cottam.

413. Saints—Provision for

During the siege of Sebastopol, a Russian shell buried itself in the side of a hill without the city, and opened a spring. A little fountain bubbled forth where the cannon shot had fallen and during the remainder of the siege afforded to the thirsty troops who were stationed in that vicinity, an abundant supply of pure, cold water. Thus the missile of death from an enemy, under the direction of an overruling Providence, proved an almoner of mercy to the parched and weary soldiers of the allies.

414. Soul—Restoration of

I remember meeting a man who, though a Christian, had fallen into sin. The church of which he had been a member had exercised discipline in his case; and for twelve years he had been in this condition. In answer to my inquiry he replied, "I was a Christian once, but I fell." "Well, but," I rejoined, "have you ever been restored?" "No," he replied; "I have been utterly miserable about it, and would give anything to be what I once was." "Would you like to be restored at this moment?" I asked; "for as surely as God lives you may be." He looked at me in amazement. To help his mind I said, "Suppose that you had a daughter who had sinned against you, and given you great sorrow; last night, however, she came and threw her arms about her mother's neck, saying, 'O mother, I am so ashamed of myself for having given you and dear father such anxiety and sorrow; do forgive me.' I ask, can your daughter restore herself, or must her restoration be your act?" "Mine," he replied. "Now, how soon would you restore her—in twelve years?" "Surely no," he added. "Well, in twelve months?" "No," he replied. "Well, in three?" "No," he said. "Then how soon would you restore her?" I asked. "Why, at once," he rejoined. "What!" I said, "are you prepared at once to restore your child, and do you think that our Father in heaven is not prepared upon confession to Him to restore immediately?" Opening my Bible, he read the first clause of the third verse of the Twenty-third Psalm; "He restoreth my soul." "Notice," I remarked, "that the word restoreth is in the present tense." . . .

I can never forget the joy with which, after prayer, my friend was filled. "Thank God," he replied, "for this night. I see it clearly now. It is God that restores." — Henry Varley.

415. Spiritual Asphyxiation

The other day in Brooklyn, a coal merchant, while looking over his stock, fell from the platform into a bin of fine coal. Realizing the nature of such coal, which acts very much like quicksand, he shouted for help. Before those who heard him could come to his rescue he had disappeared from sight. A quickwitted man went down and opened the chute below, allowing the coal to pour out of the huge bin. It was not until the greater part of the coal had been drawn off that the unfortunate man, now unconscious, was brought to the door. He barely escaped with his life. How many business men who affect to stand master of their business, are like this man, almost spiritually asphyxiated by being submerged in the cares of this world!

416. Unfaithfulness of God's Stewards

What shocked men more than the stories that came up from the seat of war, of unworthy nurses and surgeons in that army, when the

North sent down cordials and wine and delicacies for the sick and wounded in the hospitals, and they never got to the soldiers, but were eaten and drunk by their guardians? With what indignation men heard such stories and revolted at them! But do not you take the wine and the bread that are given to you as God's stewards? Do not you appropriate them all to yourself? You live to yourselves; you study for yourselves, you think for yourselves; your pleasures are for yourselves, though you have the power to make others rich.—H. W. Beecher.

CHURCH

417. Be a Booster

If you think your church the best,
Tell 'em so!
If you'd have it lead the rest,
Help it grow!
When there's anything to do,
Let them always count on you,
You'll feel good when it is through
Don't you know?

If you're used to giving knocks,
Change your style;
Throw bouquets instead of rocks
For awhile.
Let the other fellow roast,
Shun him as you would a ghost;
Meet his banter with a boast
And a smile.

When a stranger from afar
Comes along,
Tell him who and what you are—
Make it strong.
Never flatter, never bluff,
Tell the truth, for that's enough.
Be a booster, that's the stuff,
Don't just belong.

418. Church—A Cold

"One day, when I was serving my apprenticeship in a factory on the banks of the Merrimac River," says the Hon. N. P. Banks, late Governor of Massachusetts, "a party of the hands saw a man a quarter of a mile down the river struggling amongst the broken cakes of ice. We could none of us for the moment determine his political complexion or bodily colour, but he proved, in the end, to be a negro in the water. Of course the first care was to rescue him; but twice the victim slipped from the plank that was thrown him. The third time it was evident to our inner hearts that it was the negro's last chance, and so he evidently thought; 'For the love of God, gentlemen, give me hold of the wooden end of the plank this time.' We had been holding him the icy end." How often do Christians make the same mistake! We turn the icy end of the plank to our fellows, and then wonder why they do not hold on, and why our efforts do not save them.—Preacher's Lantern.

419. Church a Lighthouse

Do you ask, "Why not do away with the Church, if its members make so many mistakes?" Would you take away the lighthouse because careless mariners, through wrong observations, run their ships high and dry upon the shore? Would you put out the lamp in your house because moths and millers burn their wings in it? What would the children do?—Beecher.

420. Church—A Prayerless

A worthy minister of the gospel, in North America, was pastor of a flourishing church. He was a popular preacher, but gradually became less to his hearers, and his congregation very much decreased. This was solely attributed to the minister; and matters continuing to get worse, some of his hearers resolved to speak to him on the subject. They did so; and when the good man had heard their complaints, he replied, "I am quite sensible of all you say, for I feel it to be true; and the reason of it is, that I have lost my

prayer-book." They were astonished at hearing this, but he proceeded; "Once my preaching was acceptable, many were edified by it, and numbers were added to the church, which was then in a prosperous state. But we were then a praying people. . . ." They took the hint. Social prayer was again renewed and punctually attended. Exertions were made to induce those who were without to attend the preaching of the Word. And the result was, that the minister became as popular as ever, and in a short time the church was again as flourishing as ever. —Clerical Library.

421. Church—A Slumbering

A father took his little child out into the field one Sabbath, and he lay down under a beautiful shady tree, it being a hot day. The little child ran about gathering wild flowers and little blades of grass, and coming to his father and saying, "Pretty! pretty!" At last the father fell asleep, and while he was sleeping the child wandered away. When he awoke, his first thought was "Where is my child?" He looked all around, but he could not see him. He shouted at the top of his voice, and all he heard was the echo of his own voice. Running to a little hill, he looked around and shouted again, but all he heard was the echo of his own voice. No response! Then going to a precipice at some distance, he looked down, and there upon the rocks and briers, he saw the mangled form of his loved child. He rushed to the spot, and took up the lifeless corpse, and hugged it to his bosom, and accused himself of being the murderer of his own child. While he was sleeping his child had wandered over the precipice. I thought as I heard that, what a picture of the Church of God! How many fathers and mothers, how many Christian men and women are sleeping while multitudes are falling over a precipice into the bottomless pit!—Moody.

422. Church Attendance

I was speaking to the young Indians about regular attendance at church. After I came out, the chief said to me, "I'm glad, my lord, that you spoke to the young men about regularity of attendance at church. There have been some white men working at a big ditch,"—a canal—he said, "and they did not come to church on Sundays, and our young men think it is manly to follow the example of the white men. I remonstrated with one of the white men, and he gave me an excuse." I said, "What did you say to him?" "That is where I got him," he said. "The excuse that he gave was that he had not any good clothes to come to church in. I told him that I had read the Big Book from this cover to that cover, and I only found one verse about clothes and going to church, and the verse was, 'Rend your hearts, and not your garments.'" I thought that was a splendid answer, coming from a pure Indian.—Archbishop of Rupert's Land.

423. Church Becalmed

Dr. John Goucher related the following incident at one of the Lake George conferences: "One afternoon we were sailing on the ocean in a beautiful yacht when suddenly the wind died away completely. After remaining motionless for a long time it became evident that we would have to spend the night there. Just as we had resigned ourselves to the inevitable, we sighted a steam tug in the distance. When it drew near the captain threw us a line and in a few moments a thrill ran through the becalmed yacht and she followed in the wake of the powerful little tug." Christian, is your life or your church becalmed? Christ will throw you a line and take

you to your haven—not only the haven of heaven, but the haven of opportunity, usefulness and success.

424. Church Behavior

A clergyman was annoyed by people talking and giggling in church. He paused, looked at the disturbers, and said: "I am always afraid to expose those who misbehave, for this reason: Some years ago, as I was preaching, a young man who sat before me was laughing, talking and making uncouth grimaces. I paused and administered a severe rebuke. After the service a gentleman said to me, 'Sir, you have made a great mistake. That young man whom you reproved is an idiot.' Since then I have been afraid to reprove those who misbehave themselves in church, lest I should repeat the mistake and reprove another idiot." During the rest of the service there was good order.

425. Church—Disturbed

A war office is supposed to exist for the purpose of keeping the country in fighting trim. There are some people, however, who imagine that it exists only to furnish fat jobs for peaceful politicians. During the early part of the Spanish-American war Mr. Roosevelt encountered such a personage. After much vain exertion to have certain matters carried out, the energetic Roosevelt at last secured an order giving the authority to make the required dent on the obdurate peace-loving head officer of the department. "When I came up in triumph with the needed order," writes the Ex-President in his Autobiography, "the worried office head, who bore me no animosity, but who did feel that fate had been very unkind, threw himself back in his chair and exclaimed with a sigh: 'Oh, dear! I had this office running in such good shape—and then along came the war and upset everything!' His feeling was that war was an illegitimate interruption to the work of the War Department."

How about that "War Department" in your church? Would its "established order" be disturbed if the Brotherhood took up that languishing fight against liquor, or the rampant "red light," or the greedy factory owner of the community?

426. Church—Drawing

Gen. Robert E. Lee was stopping at a certain watering place over Sunday. During the day it was announced that a Methodist preacher was in the place, and would hold a preaching service at 3 o'clock, in the dancing-hall. Before the hour for service the general, himself a devout member of the Protestant Episcopal Church, passed around among the cottages and talked up a congregation, saying: "We are going to have divine service in the hall at three; will you not be kind enough to join us?" In most cases the simple invitation was accepted, and a large number were led to hear the gospel who would never have thought of such a thing but for the general's call.

We are accustomed to hold the ministry wholly responsible for the work of "drawing a congregation." If pews are empty we blame him. If people remain unreached we say we must "have a change," that we must secure a minister who will "draw."

How would it do to have a congregation that will draw? How would it do to place some of the responsibility upon the people in the pews? If we should invite indifferent people to accompany us to church, and do it in a winsome way, would not some of the vacant spaces be filled? And if we were duly gracious in our greetings to strangers would we not do much to hold these recruits to the church?

If the congregation is "running down" let the minister bear his share of the responsibility. But let the pew also assume its responsibility. If the pulpit and the pew will both "draw" together, the people will come.

427. Church—Forgetting

"The disciples went, and did even as Jesus appointed them." Matt. 21:6. A little fellow in the slum section of a large city was induced to attend a mission Sunday School, and by and by became a Christian. He seemed quite bright and settled in his new Christian faith and life, but some one, surely in a thoughtless mood, tried to test or shake his simple faith in God, asking him, "If God loves you, why doesn't he take better care of you? Why doesn't he tell some one to send you warm shoes and some coal and better food?" The little fellow thought a moment, then with tears starting in his eyes, said, "I guess he does tell somebody, but somebody forgets." Without knowing it, the boy touched the sore point in the church's history. I wonder if it is the sore point with you or me.

428. Church—Frozen

On a hot, sultry night a small company were vainly trying to be comfortable, sitting on the front stoop of a dwelling in a certain city. Suddenly one of the party proposed that they all go to the prayer meeting "at the First Church." "What on earth put that notion into your head?" queried one of the party. "O, it is so hot here, I can't stand it any longer. I thought if we went down there we would get cooled off, it is the coldest place I know of." This reminds us of what was once said by way of a report made at an association by a delegate from a certain church: "We are all united in our church." said the delegate, and sat down. As he took his seat he remarked in an undertone to a neighbor, "Frozen together."—Words and Weapons.

429. Church Giving

Two lads, one of eight and the other of six, were playing "store." The father, upon being told what game was being played, decided to make a purchase and dropped a penny under the counter. The six-year-old lad then most indignantly declared their place was a store and not a church!

430. Church-Going

A capable man of the world wrote to a certain professor a letter in which he said, "It has been proved in the colonies that a rapid social retrogression follows upon local inability to go to church. If the settler's 'grant' be so remote that church is now an impossibility, he gradually ceases to miss it, abandons the weekly burnishing and outside decorum, and the rest follows."

On the other hand Oliver Wendell Holmes wrote thus of church going, "I am a regular church-goer. I should go for various reasons, though I did not love it; but I am happy enough to find great pleasure in the midst of devout multitudes, whether I can accept their creeds or no." He said there was in the corner of his heart a plant called reverence, which wanted to be watered about once a week.

431. Church—Hindrance in Joining

In a certain town where two brothers are engaged in a flourishing retail coal business a series of revival meetings were held, and the elder brother of the firm was converted.

For weeks after his conversion the brother who had lately "got re-

ligion" endeavored to persuade the other to join the church. One day, when the elder brother was making another effort, he asked: "Why can't you, Richard, join the church as I did?"

"It's all right for you to be a member of the church," replied Richard, "but if I join who's going to weigh the coal?"—Ladies Home Journal.

432. Church—Judging the

An American gentleman said to a friend, "I wish you would come down to my garden, and taste my apples." He asked him about a dozen times but the friend did not come; and at last the fruitgrower said, "I suppose you think my apples are good for nothing, so you won't come and try them."—"Well, to tell the truth," said the friend, "I have tasted them. As I went along the road, I picked one up that fell over the wall, and I never tasted anything so sour in all my life; and I do not particularly wish to have any more of your fruit."—"Oh," said the owner of the garden, "I thought it must be so. Those apples around the outside are for the special benefit of the boys. I went fifty miles to select the sourest sorts to plant all round the orchard, so the boys might give them up as not worth stealing; but, if you will come inside, you will find that we grow a very different quality there, sweet as honey." Those who judge the church by its worst members, those most like the world, make the same mistake. —Spurgeon.

433. Church Members—Faulty

A preacher announced a men's meeting in his church for the consideration of objections to Christianity, proposing to give the men a chance to air their objections. Over 1200 were present.

The first objector said: "Church members are no better than others. Their lives are inconsistent," and so on.

"Yes," said the preacher, "that's too true. Church members are not what they ought to be. . . ."

"The ministers are no good," said another; "they are not like they used to be."

"Unhappily that is true, too," admitted the preacher again, "we are a poor lot."

And so objections were mentioned one after another and the pastor wrote them down on paper: "Hypocrites in the church," "the church is a rich man's club," "Christians don't believe the Bible any more,"—twenty-seven in all. They occupied about one hour.

When they were through the pastor read off the whole list, then folded the paper and tossed it aside, saying:

"Boys, you have objected to us pastors, to the church, to church members, to the Bible and other things, But You Have Not Said A Word Against My Master!"

And in a few simple words he preached Christ to them as the faultless One, and invited them to come to Him, and believe on Him. Forty-nine men responded.

434. Church Members—Frozen

At the wreck of the Larchmont off the Rhode Island coast last winter a father and son managed to get in a boat together. Refusing to allow the boy to help in the rowing the father took the oars, and with the boy on the back seat the battle to reach shore began. Finally they touched land, but when the father attempted to help the boy out he found him frozen stiff. Had the son been permitted to help with the oars the activity would have saved his life.

Many persons in the church to-day are dead "chilly propositions" because they haven't something to keep

them busy. A working church never has the name of being an "ice-box."

435. Church Members—Gloomy

During the South African war this telegram came from Ladysmith: "A civilian has been sentenced by court-martial to a year's imprisonment for causing despondency." The explanation given was that the man would go along the picket lines, saying discouraging words to the men on duty. He struck no blow for the enemy. He was not disloyal to the country. But he was simply a discourager. It was a critical time. The fortunes of the town and its brave garrison were trembling in the balance. Instead of heartening the men on whom the defense depended and making them braver and stronger, he put faintness into their hearts and made them less courageous. The court-martial adjudged it a crime to speak disheartening words at such a time. And the court-martial was right.

There are men in every community who are doing the same thing. They go about everywhere as discouragers. Happy is the church which has not one or more such members.

436. Church Members—Untrue

Not all compasses are trustworthy. If the magnetic needle has lost its sensitiveness, or if other parts of the compass are not just what they should be, we have an unsafe instrument. A pastor wrote the following message for his people, in his church bulletin: "I have a pocket-knife designed for camp use. It has a number of things not found in the ordinary knife; one of these is a compass. One day I was turning it about, testing the compass, which was evidently untrue to the magnetic pole. The needle gyrated in a most unexpected way without any apparent cause. A young man standing near by and watching the needle said, 'I should hate to be guided by that compass. It would never get a fellow home.'" Are we the sort that will get people safely home? Other lives are looking to us to show them the way. If we have lost our sensitiveness to the Pole Star, our Lord Jesus, or if, while still sensitive, we are letting things get between ourselves and him, we cannot point true. What a tragedy if others should be saying of us: "I should hate to be guided by that compass. It would never get a fellow home."

437. Church—Decaying

In the office of one of the largest railroad companies there is tacked on the wall a large blueprint bearing these words: A TRAIN STANDING STILL COSTS MONEY. And after reading it one must realize that there is the reason for the success of this road.

But that is not the great thought that this blueprint brought to mind. That thought was how easy to make a slight change in the lettering—just make the T in Train into a B—and then tack that quotation on every billboard.

It is also true that A Church Standing Still costs men and women their souls and lives and the little children of the parish a chance at life and light.

438. Church—Need of

Jack Miner, of Kingsville, Ont., Canada, has become famous as a naturalist. Although a tile maker by trade, and not by any means a rich man, he yet manages to spend considerable money every year, in order that he may make boys and birds happy.

But some few years ago he became discouraged and startled his pastor by requesting him to take his name off the roll, adding that he was not fit to be a member of the church. "Whatever has happened to lead you

to talk like that?" queried the pastor. "Well," he replied, "it's like this. Yesterday afternoon I had a bit of a difference with a man who came to my tile yard, and some words followed. To be perfectly frank about it, I got quite angry. I came within an inch of striking. I don't think any man who gets into a temper like that should belong to the church."

"What was it," said the Dominie, "that actually kept you from hitting the other man when you felt so much like it?" "Why, the fact that I was a member of the church restrained me. I knew it wouldn't do for a church member and a Sunday School teacher to use physical force."

"Really now wasn't that splendid," replied the pastor. "Your church membership was worth something, wasn't it? It kept you from engaging in a disgraceful fight; and yet you want to give it up."

"I see the point," said Miner. "You don't need to say another word. Let my name stay on the record." His name has remained there. Yes, every man needs the church. It not only helps, but restrains. It saves us from a thousand snares. "By the grace of God, I am what I am."

439. Church—Petrified

Dr. Len G. Broughton tells of a church which reported to its Association as follows: "Members received, none. Dismissed, none. Died, none. Married, none. Given to missions during the year, nothing. Brethren, pray for us that during the next year we may hold our own."

440. Church—Respectable

When it was rumored that Jim Reagan was "drinking again," the elders, who had been uneasy at receiving him into the church some weeks before, nodded their heads sagely. They were conservative men, kindly disposed and tolerant in the main, but officially vigilant for the good name of the religious organization under their charge.

"The man meant well," Elder Stevens said to the pastor, "but he lacked the resolution to hold out. Now the unfortunate affair is the talk of the town, and it'll be one thing more for persons outside to throw at the church."

"But is the reputation of the church the chief consideration in a case like this?" asked the minister. "If it were a show place, where fine types of Christian character were kept on exhibition, we should have to get rid of Jim Reagan, and, indeed, I'm not sure the Lord would have much use for the rest of us, either. But it isn't. It's more like a school, where little children learn the A B C of right living at the feet of Jesus; or if you like, it's a hospital, where God uses us as doctors and nurses to bring back sick souls to health.

"When little Stella McKane was taken to Mercy Hospital last winter the surgeons on the staff agreed that she hadn't one chance in ten but the hospital didn't shut its doors against her on that account, although, of course, every unsuccessful operation counts against it. If little Stella had a chance for life—even the slenderest chance—the hospital was there to make the most of it. If Jim Reagan has a fighting chance for a better life here and a bigger life up above—"

"We've got to make the most of it," Elder Stevens said eagerly; but the minister stopped him with a slight uplift of the hand.

"Wait! Jim came to me last night and told me the whole story. He met an old acquaintance and drank with him, and that was the beginning. The next morning he came to himself in a pool of muddy water by the roadside. What do you suppose he said to himself when he

raised up on his elbow and realized the situation? 'Ye son of God, what for are ye lyin' here in the gutter?' The hopeful thing is that Jim didn't forget who he was, where there wasn't as much as a hint of it in his wretched surroundings. The gutter wasn't the level of life on which he meant to live, and he's been trying ever since to climb back. It's our business to keep him from getting in again."

"Yes, it's our business," the others echoed seriously.—Youth's Companion.

441. Church—Salvation in

The Rev. Henry Howard of Australia tells a story of a ship wrecked on a coral reef in southern seas. The crew got ashore as they could, some on floating timbers, some on hencoops, some on nutmeg graters! Ashore, they hugged the coast, fearing to go inland lest it might prove to be a cannibal island. They had no special desire to be clubbed and eaten. Presently one of them, more adventurous than the rest, climbed a nearby hillock. Having won his summit, his fellows saw him waving his arms excitedly and invitingly and heard him shout, "Come along, boys, we're all right. Here's a church." There wasn't one of that crew who didn't feel safer because the good news had been proclaimed there. But for that their lives would have been little worth. Against such a background we see more clearly the significance of the Church. It is the light against the darkness, and the men in need thank God for the mercy of that light.

442. Church—Scandals of

Some one tells the story of a wise and godly Scottish minister who was approached by one of his parishioners wanting to tell his pastor of the wrongdoings of some of the church members. The pastor asked, "Does anybody else know this but you?" "No, sir." "Have you told it to anybody else?" "No," "Then," said the good man, "go home and hide it away at the feet of Jesus, and never speak of it again, unless God leads you to speak to the man himself. If the Lord wants to bring a scandal upon his church, let him do it; but don't you be the instrument to cause it."

443. Church Tramp

We mean the person who visits around from church to church without settling down with any congregation. He is found in every community, and he bears the same relation to the life and work of the churches that the ordinary tramp bears to society.

He does not like to work. He thinks the churches are good things and that they ought to be sustained, but he leaves it to others to sustain them. He is willing to enjoy the privileges of an open sanctuary, but not to bear the responsibilities for keeping it open. The burdens that must rest upon some shoulders if a house of worship is to be sustained affect him as the sight of the axe and the woodpile affect his ordinary namesake. He gets his dinner and leaves the premises. If he can eat without working, why should he work? In other words, like his namesake, he is a parasite. To the church life from which he draws he makes no contribution of time or money or service. No doubt whenever he attends divine worship he is made welcome. The hospitality of the churches is impartially extended to all. But it is the unique characteristic of the church tramp that he is willing to accept it year after year without making any return. The churches may not be impoverished by their giving, but he is by his withholding. He allows himself to become a dependent upon their charity. If there is sickness in his family, or a funeral, or the need

of any ministerial service, one of the churches must lend him its pastor. He has no right to demand the services of a minister. He has established no claims to pastoral care of any sort. Everything he gets in this line from his preaching to the burial of his dead, is provided for him at the cost of other people. One would think that no person who valued the offices of the church enough to ever seek them would consent to occupy this position of mendicancy. If his neighbors were equally lacking in sense of duty and self-respect, there would be no pastors in the community for him to call upon.

It is the misfortune of the church tramp that he is commonly impervious to the truth that would show him what manner of man he really is. That is because he does not go to church to hear God speak, but to hear what men will say. He is not thinking of the minister as an ambassador of God, delivering the message which he has received from God, but as a man by whom he expects to be pleasantly entertained for a little while. If the entertainment is not forthcoming he votes the service a failure. In his peregrinations he will in the future avoid the scene of his disappointment. At least he will keep going till he finds that the entertainment is no better in other churches. It is one of the blessings of having one's own church-home, with the same pastoral ministrations from week to week, that mere curiosity forms so little part of our feelings when we enter the sacred place. We are familiar with the services, we know in general what sort of a sermon we will hear, and we can join in the worship sympathetically and heartily, with minds alert that we may miss nothing that is profitable for correction or instruction. It is the bane of the church tramp that in his itch for novelty and entertainment he has lost sight of the fact that "the Lord is in his holy temple," and that that which invests the place and hour with sacred significance is the open privilege of saving and sanctifying fellowship with him.

No man can take to tramping without his looks betraying him. His rags and dirt and disordered aspect will tell the story of his vagrancy. His unkempt appearance will proclaim him a man without a home. And the church tramp will likewise carry the marks of his homelessness. His defective knowledge of spiritual things, the absence of the soul culture that results from permanent religious environments, the callousness to truth produced by wandering from church to church to hear men rather than the counsel of God, inefficiency and unwillingness for the service by which the kingdom of God is advanced and made victorious—these are some of the things that will invariably distinguish the church vagrant. He will not personally participate in the benediction which the psalmist pronounces on those who dwell in God's house, nor will he count for anything in the redemption of the world from the thraldom of evil, until he stops tramping, and chooses for himself a church-home in which he will abide.—The Lutheran Observer.

444. Church—Trouble in

The statement was made to me by a friend who gave it as a reason for remaining out of the Church. He believed he was saying something which justified his course. He believes in Jesus, but discounts heavily the Church which Jesus founded and commissioned. The faults of the Church are most clearly seen by those who are doing the tasks assigned to the Church and who are responsible for her nurture. Men do not remain aloof from families, yet there never has been an ideal family except in poetry and

fiction. The application of the principle would estop all effort in every line of service. The Church is not an abstract body of perfect beings. Her members are people with prejudices and bad tempers and bad judgment and all that, but folks for whom Christ died.

It is an old story. In Paul's church at Philippi, Euodias and Syntyche had rival plans for the Ladies' Aid and they were disrupting the church by their arguments. It must have been very damaging, for Paul wrote and besought them to get together. Prominent men in another church made shipwreck of faith. It was disconcerting, but these leaders on the shoals were no argument against the Church. In Corinth the Church was split over whether a Christian might go into the public market and buy meat for his table without disloyalty to Christ. Modernism broke out in another church and spiritualized the resurrection. Paul called attention to the harm the babblers were doing and kept on building churches. He made note of a defection led by Phygellus and Hermogenes. In the important church of Ephesus a man by the name of Diotrephes aspired to leadership without spiritual qualifications. He so longed for preeminence that he ignored the apostle John. So the story runs in the New Testament, not to speak of the Old, and has continued to run ever since.

But I have always had the comforting notion that our Lord foresaw all this. Satan tempts good men to remain aloof from the Church because of human weaknesses; for the same reason Christ urges good men to enlist in the Church for service. Mistakes look worse in the Church than anywhere else. Hypocrisy becomes evident only when it crawls out of the world into the Church. On the background of the high aspirations of men and the moral beauty of Christ it is seen for what it is. People who are looking for a utopian church will never find it on earth. With the sympathy, patience and charity of Christ, let us carry on in His own organization. —William M. Curry.

445. Churches—Real

If you want to work in the kind of a church
Like the kind of a church you like,
You needn't slip your clothes in a grip
And start on a long, long hike.

You'll only find what you left behind,
For there's nothing that's really new;
It's a knock at yourself when you knock your church;
It isn't your church, it's YOU.

Real churches aren't made by men afraid
Lest somebody else goes ahead;
When everyone works and nobody shirks,
You can raise a church from the dead.

And if while you make your personal stake,
Your neighbor can make one, too,
Your church will be what you want to see—
It isn't your church, it's YOU.

446. Churches—Worldly

In Brazil grows a common plant called "matador," or "murderer." Its slender stem creeps along the ground till it meets a vigorous tree; then, with clinging grasp, it cleaves to it, and, as it climbs, keeps, at short intervals, sending out arm-like tendrils that embrace it. As the "murderer" ascends these ligatures grow larger and clasp tighter. Up it climbs a hundred feet, two hundred, if need be, until the loftiest spire is gained and fettered. Then the parasite shoots a huge, flowery head above the strangled summit, and

thence, from the dead tree's crown, scatters its seeds to do again the work of death. Even so, worldliness has strangled more churches than ever persecutions broke.—S. Coley.

447. Conforming

We clip the following from the weekly paper of a university church:

I have often heard men and women say:

"If I could find a church which did not insist upon creed and ceremonial—a church where money was not the everlasting theme—I would attend." Here we say no creed, we have no ceremonial, the service is simple and congregational, the music is beautiful, the preaching varied—all the seats are free, and there are no collections—an ideal church. Yet literally hundreds of students never darken the church doors.—North American Student.

In 1 Samuel 12:2 this church could have found light on the question: Transform, not conform.

448. Contrary People

The patient but vain effort on the part of a khaki-clad driver to induce a mule, drawing what appeared to be a load of laundry through the gateway of a local hospital, afforded considerable amusement to the boys in blue who were watching the proceedings. The mule would do anything but pass through the gateway.

"Want any 'elp, chum?" shouted one of the boys in blue to the driver, as he rested a moment.

"No," replied the driver, "but I'd like to know how Noah got two of these blighters into the Ark!"—Tit-Bits.

449. Cross Central

Describing the artistic glories of the Church of St. Mark at Venice, Mr. Ruskin says: "Here are all the successions of crowded imagery showing the passions and the pleasures of human life symbolised together and the mystery of its redemption: for the maze of interwoven lines and changeful pictures lead always at last to the Cross, lifted and carved in every place and upon every stone; sometimes with the serpent of eternity wrapped round it, sometimes with doves beneath its arms and sweet herbage growing forth from its feet; but conspicuous most of all on the great rood that crosses the church before the altar, raised in bright blazonry against the shadow of the apse. It is the Cross that is first seen and always burning in the centre of the temple; and every dome and hollow of its roof has the figure of Christ in the utmost height of it, raised in power, or returning in judgment."—E. H. Stuart.

450. Honor—Badge of

A Y. M. C. A. secretary, wearing the Y. M. C. A. uniform, tells his experience in New York:

" 'Good morning, sir; that uniform looks good to me.' I was thus accosted by a stranger at Forty-fifth Street and Madison Avenue. Without asking my name, where I was from, who my parents were, or my attitude on the war, he continued: 'Say! I am a bank messenger; I've got $48,000 in currency in my pockets; I am afraid some of the "dips" may have me spotted. Won't you please take this roll and walk by my side to the bank over on Fifth Avenue?'

"I felt like a munition manufacturer with a government contract, as I walked along to the bank with that $48,000 adorning my person. But the larger thought which forced itself upon me as the man thanked me at the bank was: This could not have been possible five years ago. A New York bank messenger, naturally suspicious of the whole world, handing a stranger such a

sum of money without even asking his name can only be an illustration of the prestige of the Red Triangle, an emblem recognized today to the ends of the earth as standing for an unequalled, uncompromising Christ-like service to men.

"After going to my hotel and brushing up that uniform a little more carefully than usual, I wondered if any other uniform would in this critical and commercial day have been so recognized—and trusted."

Paul was able to bear testimony that he bore about on his body "the marks of the Lord Jesus." It was not in a spirit of idle boasting that he made that declaration. He was proud that he was a "bondservant of Jesus Christ," and that he could show the signs of his servitude.

The Christian should be able to show "the marks" of his devotion to his Lord and Master. And more than that. He should so exhibit "the marks" in his daily life, not in lordly ostentation, but in unconscious devotion through service and character, that those whom he meets in the various currents of this life may know that he has been with Jesus and learned of him; that he is a disciple of the Master; that he is a servant of him who, long ago, took upon himself the form of a servant in order that he might fulfill the purpose of his Father in heaven.

451. Pew—Anchored to

Roy B. Guild, of the Men and Religion Forward Movement, tells the following: "A few months ago while touring near Alexandria, I noticed two Turkish warships which I immediately proceeded to snap with my camera. The captain of the vessel on which we were sailing noticing my interest in them said with a smile, 'Yes, Mr. Guild, they look formidable, but they are perfectly harmless. They were anchored there eight years ago and haven't turned a wheel since.' That's mighty like some church members I know. Joined to a church, anchored to a pew for eight years and never turned a wheel."

452. Worry—Cure for

Every woman except one at the Ladies' Aid Society had been complaining that the dry season would ruin the crops; when they asked her if the drought had not hurt her fruit or garden, she said: "Yes, but I'll tell you what cured me of worrying. I used to fret over everything, and one spring when I sat down to have a good cry because an untimely frost during peach-blossoming threatened to ruin our splendid prospects for fruit, my Aunt Martha came in, and reminded me that she had lived eighty years, and the world's crop of provisions had never failed yet. 'If we don't have peaches, we'll have pumpkins,' said she. And I've noticed since then that in spite of all the frosts and droughts I've never suffered for food, and I don't believe you have, either." They all smiled rather sheepishly, and the president said, thoughtfully: "That's true. 'Peaches or pumpkins.' I'll try to remember that."

CONFESSION

453. Confession—A Noble

About the year 280, a number of Christians were sentenced to be tortured in a public place by order of the heathen emperor Maximinianus. Among the emperor's soldiers who stood by there was a young officer by the name of Adriannus, twenty-eight years of age. He stood there wrapt in deep thoughts, whilst his look was fixed upon the Christian martyrs. All at once he quickly stepped up to them and said, "I beseech you by the God whom you worship that you tell me who gives

you this strength and joy in the midst of your sufferings." The martyrs replied, "Our dear Lord Jesus Christ, in whom we believe." "And what is the end of all your tortures?" asked the young officer. The martyrs said, "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him. But God hath revealed them to us by his spirit." 1 Cor. 2:9, 10. When the young officer had heard this answer, he stepped up to the heathen judges and said, "Take down my name; I also am a Christian!"

The emperor, having heard of this incident, ordered Adriannus to be thrown into prison. Here he was more fully instructed in the Christian faith by his fellow-prisoners and strengthened in his love to the Saviour. All the great tortures which he had to suffer at the hands of the heathen could not make him deny his faith. Amid his sufferings he died a noble martyr's death and entered the joy of his Lord whom he so nobly confessed.

454. Confession—Christ's

Since coming to Rochester, I have heard from the lips of one of the great preachers of the city the story of the dream of a great minister, who was noted for his Christ-like spirit, as well as his consecrated ability.

He dreamed that he had died and stood at the gate of heaven, knocking for admission. He gave his name, only to be told that his name did not appear upon the books. At last, after earnest entreaty, he was bidden to enter in and was told he would have the privilege of appearing before the Judge of all the earth, and if he could stand his test he might abide in heaven forever. Standing before his throne, which was most sublime in its appearance and surroundings, he gave his name, and the following questions were put to him:

"Have you led a righteous life?" And he said: "No."

"Have you always been kind and gentle?" And again he replied in the negative.

"Have you always been forgiving to those who have been around you?" He said: "Alas, no, I have miserably failed here."

"Have you always been honest and just?" And he answered: "I fear not."

As question after question was put to him by the Judge, his case seemed more and more hopeless. The last question was asked him, and to that, too, he was obliged to give the same negative reply.

Just when he seemed to be in despair, the brightness about the throne became brighter, and suddenly he heard a beautiful voice, the most beautiful to which his ears had ever listened. It was sweeter than a mother's voice; it was more beautiful than all the music of heaven; it filled all the arches of the skies and thrilled the soul of this man as he stood before the Judge trembling, and was about to fall. The speaker said: "My Father, I know this man. It is true that he was weak in many ways, but he stood for me in the world and I take his place here before Thee." Just as the last words of the sentence were spoken, the dream was over, and the man awoke; but he had had his lesson, and it is a lesson for all of us. We have in ourselves no standing before God; it must be in Christ. If we have any hope in the hereafter, it must be in him who is God's only begotten Son, our mediator and sacrifice.

455. Confession of Sins

Luther was one day seated in the confessional at Wittenburg. Many of the townspeople came successively and confessed themselves guilty of great excesses. Adultery, licentious-

ness, usury, ill-gotten gains—such are the crimes acknowledged. . . . He reprimands, corrects, instructs. But what is his astonishment when these individuals reply that they will not abandon their sins! . . . Greatly shocked the pious monk declares that, since they will not promise to change their lives, he cannot absolve them. The unhappy creatures then appeal to their letters of indulgence; they show them, and maintain their virtue. But Luther replies that he has nothing to do with these papers, and adds, "Except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish." They cry out and protest; but the doctor is immovable. They must cease to do evil and learn to do well, or else there is no absolution.—D'Aubigne.

456. The General Confession

A man will confess sins in general; but those sins which he would not have his neighbor know for his right hand, which bow him down with shame like a wind-stricken bulrush, those he passes over in his public prayer. Men are willing to be thought sinful in disposition; but in special acts they are disposed to praise themselves. They therefore confess their depravity and defend their conduct, making themselves to be wrong in general, but right in particular.—H. W. Beecher.

CONSCIENCE

457. Conscience—A Live

That "still small voice" of the Almighty within our breast endeavors so ardently to restrain us from sin, and after we have sinned to shame to repentance. A former Elgin young man recently stole $17,000 from a western post-office where he was employed. So furiously did his conscience lash him that he never even had the courage to count the money. When he wished to take some of it out from its hiding place in an old trunk he would thrust in his hand quite blindly and pull out several bills. Commenting on his conviction which followed his apprehension in July, a newspaper said: "His punishment did not begin when he was sentenced to serve a sentence in the federal prison. It began at the time he sneaked into the postoffice and took the money from the safe. Perhaps it began even before that, when he was carrying the combination to the safe and begining to consider the possibility of getting away with the money." All the time God was warning him through a voice that must have sounded to him like a fire-bell clanging at the dead of night.

458. Conscience—Awakened

Why did Adam and Eve hide when God walked in the garden at the cool of the day? Why did Cain say to the Lord: "My punishment is greater than I can bear?" Why did Ahab say to the Prophet: "Hast thou found me, O mine enemy?" before Elijah had said a word to him? Why did mighty Felix tremble before the captive Paul? These all were the workings of conscience, that judge in the soul, whom it is so hard to silence. The following are some of the historical instances, showing his power:

Charles IX of Spain, the murderer of the Huguenots, said to Dr. Ambrosius Pare: "Doctor, for months I have been in a fever, physically and spiritually. If only I had spared the innocent, the weak minded and the cripples!" Charles II of Spain could not sleep except a priest and two monks were in his bed room. Cardinal Beaufort, who had the Duke of Gloucester executed, often cried out in his sleep: "Go away, why do you look at me so?"

And Richard III, who murdered his two nephews, often got up in the

night, took his sword and fought with spirit foes.

459. Conscience—Educated

Gov. Folk, speaking on "An Era in Conscience," said:

"Six years ago a member of the Missouri legislature accepted $25,000 for his vote in regard to a certain bill. Later he received $50,000 from the other side, and returned the $25,000. When the man, who had turned state's evidence, related the story on the stand, the examining attorney asked him, 'Why was it that you returned the $25,000?' The legislator drew himself up to his full height, and in a voice that showed his scorn of the lawyer for such a question, answered: 'I'd have you to know that I'm too conscientious to take money from both sides!'

"The other story was of a Missouri legislator who, after receiving a bribe, left the capital by train with the bribe-money stuffed into his pocket-book. When he awoke on the sleeper the next morning, he could not find his pocket-book. He called the porter, who at first denied all knowledge of the theft, but later confessed and returned the money. The legislator thereupon read him a lecture. 'See here, my man,' said he, 'I could send you to prison for that; but I will not. I will, however, give you a piece of advice. Always remember that honesty is the best policy.'

"Six years ago," said Governor Folk, in commenting on the two incidents, "men would give and take bribes and still pride themselves on their honesty. They have learned better than that now. The public conscience has taught them better."

460. Conscience—Faulty

In speculation, dancing, Sunday-cycling, theatre-going, or use of intoxicants, a man may say "I see no harm in it"; but the fact that he sees no harm in it does not settle the question.

Even after John Newton, who wrote some of our favorite hymns, had been cured of his wild life, and had become devoutly Christian, he saw no harm in holding property in slaves—until by and by his judgment was further enlightened—and many of the devout among his contemporaries—among them Mr. Gladstone's father—were in a like position. Jephthah saw no harm—though much sorrow—in putting his daughter to death as a sacrifice; Paul saw no harm in persecuting the first Christians; Mr. Charrington saw no harm in making his livelihood out of the sale of alcoholic liquor, until his eyes were opened to see more clearly what in truth he was doing. Our consciences are often both easy and ill-instructed, and they may need to be both sharpened and enlightened ere we can wisely draw the line between the right course and the wrong.

461. Conscience—Fearful

"Sitting down beside the great Makaba," says Dr. Moffat, "illustrious for war and conquest, I stated that my object was to tell him my news. In the course of my remarks, the ear of the monarch caught the startling sound of a resurrection. 'What,' he exclaimed with astonishment, 'what are these words about? The dead, the dead arise?' 'Yes,' was my reply, 'all the dead shall arise.' 'Will my father arise?' 'Yes,' I answered, 'your father will arise.' 'Will all the slain in battle arise?' 'Yes.' 'And will all that have been killed and devoured by lions, tigers, hyenas, and crocodiles again revive?' 'Yes; and come to judgment.' This I repeated with increased emphasis. After looking at me for a few moments, he said, 'Father, I love you much. Your presence and your visit have made my heart white as milk, but the

words of a resurrection are too great to be heard. The dead cannot rise. They must not arise!' 'Why,' I inquired, 'must I not speak of a resurrection?' Raising and uncovering his arm, which had been strong in battle, and shaking his head as if quivering a spear, he replied, 'I have slain my thousands, and shall they arise?' "

462. Conscience—Hoodwinked

A somewhat amazing fact in the strange and contradictory character of Samuel Pepys is the constant element of subtlety which blends with so much frankness. He wants to do wrong in many different ways, but he wants still more to do it with propriety, and to have some sort of plausible excuse which will explain it in a respectable light. Nor is it only other people whom he is bent on deceiving. Were that all, we should have a very simple type of hypocritical scoundrel, which would be as different as possible from the extraordinary Pepys. There is a sense of propriety in him, and a conscience of obeying the letter of the law and keeping up appearances even in his own eyes. If he can persuade himself that he has done that, all things are open to him. He will receive a bribe, but it must be given in such a way that he can satisfy his conscience with ingenious words. The envelope has coins in it, but then he opens it behind his back and the coins fall out upon the floor. He has only picked them up when he found them there, and can defy the world to accuse him of having received any coins in the envelope. It is a curious question what idea of God can be entertained by a man who plays tricks with himself in this fashion. Of Pepys certainly it cannot be said that God "is not in all his thoughts," for the name and the remembrance are constantly recurring. Yet God seems to occupy a quite hermetically sealed compartment of the universe; for His servant in London shamelessly goes on with the game he is playing, and appears to take a pride in the very conscience he systematically hoodwinks.—J. Kelman.

463. Conscience—Infallible

The Rev. Harrington C. Less said not long ago at Keswick, England, in a discussion of conscience that unaided it is a goad, but aided it is a guide. I think its tendency is infallibly correct when it says, "Do right at any cost," but its direction is not infallibly correct, and we need something to show us what is right after conscience has said, "Do right at any cost." It is like the sighting of a rifle. If a rifle had only one sight you would not very often hit the object you aim at, but the rifle must have two sights, and if both come level to your eye there is a chance of your hitting the mark. Now, you have conscience as one sight. What do you need at the other end? You need the revelation of God, as you have it here in our Bible, his written word; and as these two are brought into line and relation you will find the life which begins to approximate the will of God.

464. Conscience—Seared

As the old historian says about the Roman armies that marched through a country burning and destroying every living thing, "They make a solitude and they call it peace." And so men do with their consciences. They stifle them, forcibly silence them, somehow or other; and then, when there is a dead stillness in the heart, broken by no voice of either approbation or blame, but doleful like the unnatural quiet of a deserted city, then they say it is peace.—Maclaren.

465. Conscience—The Awakened

Those who have seen Holman

Hunt's picture of the "Awakened Conscience" will not soon forget it. There are only two figures—a man and a woman, sitting in a somewhat gaudily furnished room, beside a piano. His fingers are on the instrument. His face, which is reflected in a mirror, is handsome and vacant, evidently that of a man about town, who supposes the brightest part of creation is intended to administer to his amusement. A music-book on the floor is open at the words, "Oft in the stilly night." That tune has struck some chord in his companion's heart. Her face of horror says what no language could say, "That tune has told me of other days when I was not as now." The tune has done what the best rules that ever were devised could not do. It has brought a message from a Father's house.—Denton.

466. Conscience, the Guide

A man may cut away every mast on his ship, and yet pursue his voyage. A man may have everything on deck carried overboard, and yet make some headway. A man in the middle of the ocean can afford to lose everything else better than he can afford to lose the compass in the binnacle. When that is gone he has nothing to steer by. And that conscience which God has given you is your compass and guide. You can afford to lose genius, and taste, and reason, and judgment, better than that. Keep that as the apple of your eye. Keep it clear, and strong, and discerning. Be in love with your conscience; and let your conscience be in love with God.—H. W. Beecher.

467. Conscience—Thief's

The owner of a Philadelphia department store told me recently that hardly a week passes but he receives in the mail money which has been sent for something that has been stolen from the store. This varies in amounts from 10 cents to 10 dollars. It would seem from this statement that the eighth commandment of the decalogue is one that should receive more reverent attention. The number of those who break this commandment must be large. What a wise provision has been made for the direction of a man's moral nature. Conscience sits enthroned amidst the multitude of passions that rule in each life and direct them. Conscience makes cowards or heroes of us all. Seldom will we go wrong if we follow the dictates of conscience. There is no happiness to be gotten out of a thing that is stolen. The conscience of a thief is as restless as the tides of the ocean. Only the things which we acquire by honest work are the things we enjoy. Things that come easy, go easy. What we have labored and sacrificed for, that we enjoy. We appreciate the things we get by our own toil even more than those things which are given to us. By our efforts we work love into and through the things we are striving for. The things that are given to us are covered with a veneer of love. The things we work for have an intrinsic love value.

468. Conscience—Voice of

That grand old bell in St. Paul's Cathedral, London, is seldom heard by many during the business hours of the day. The roar and din of traffic in the streets have a strange power to deaden its sound and prevent men hearing it. But when the daily work is over, the desks are locked, and doors are closed, and books are put away, and quiet reigns in the great city, the case is altered. As the old bell strikes eleven, and twelve, and one, and two, and three at night, thousands hear it who never heard it during the day. And so I hope it will be with many a one in the matter of his soul. Now, while in health and strength, in the hurry

and whirl of business, I fear the voice of your conscience is often stifled and you cannot hear it. But the day may come when the great bell of conscience will make itself heard, whether you like it or not. Laid aside in quietness, and obliged by illness to sit still, you may be forced to look within and consider your soul's concerns.—Bishop Ryle.

CONSECRATION

469. Closing Ranks

Melville Cox, dying at the age of 33, did little for Africa by his short four months' labor there, but his farewell to a friend in Wesleyan University was, "If I die in Africa you must come and write my epitaph." "I will," replied the friend, "but what shall I write?" "Write," said he with emphasis, "Let a thousand fall, but let not Africa be given up." That sentence, illuminated by his sacrifice, has done almost as much for Africa as the longest life lived for Christ in it. Young Pitkin, of Yale, who was just equipped by three years in China for a life of great usefulness there, was murdered in the Boxer rebellion; but the short life he lived, combined with the sacrifice he made, his last message to his babe in America that he should grow up to take his place, and the tablet to his memory at Yale, mean an inspiration for service in China transcending the most he could have done in a full three-score-and-ten lifetime. Before Alexander Mackay, with seven others, set out for Uganda, a farewell meeting was held in the rooms of the Church Missionary Society in London. "There is one thing," Mackay said, "which my brethren have not said, and which I want to say. I want to remind the committee that within six months they will probably hear that one of us is dead." He paused, and there was a solemn stillness in the room. Then, he went on: "Yes; is it at all likely that eight Englishmen should start for Central Africa, and all be alive six months after? One of us, at least—it may be I—will surely fall before that. But," he added, "what I want to say is this: when the news comes, do not be cast down, but send some one else immediately to take the vacant place."

470. Consecration—Complete

Suppose a mother gives her child a beautiful flower-plant in bloom, and tells her to carry it to a sick friend. The child takes the plant away, and when she reaches the friend's door she plucks off one leaf and gives it to her, keeping the plant herself. Then afterwards, once a week, she plucks off another leaf, or a bud, or a flower, and takes it to the friend, still retaining the plant. Has she obeyed? Nothing but the giving of the whole plant would be obedience. Yet God asks for all our life—heart, soul, mind, and strength; and we pluck off a little leaf of love now and then, or a flower of affection, and give these little things to him, keeping the life itself. Shall we not say, "Let him take all"?

471. Consecration—Development of

"Full consecration may in one sense be the act of a moment and in another the work of a lifetime. It must be complete to be real, and yet, if real it is always incomplete; a point of rest, and yet a perpetual progression. Suppose you make over a piece of ground to another person. From the moment of giving the title deed, it is no longer your possession; it is entirely his. But his practical occupation of it may not appear all at once. There may be waste land which he will take into cultivation only by degrees. . . . Just so it is with our lives. The

transaction of, so to speak, making them over to God is definite and complete. But then begins the practical development of consecration."—Frances Ridley Havergal.

472. Consecration—Entire

"When the people of Collatia would surrender to Rome they were asked, 'Do you deliver up yourselves, the Collatine people, your city, your friends, your water, your bounds, your temples, your utensils, all things that are yours, both human and divine, into the hands of the Roman people?' They replied, 'We deliver up all,' and were received."

Some professing Christians seek to say to Christ, "I surrender all but—" And then follows space for a lot of exceptions.

473. Consecration of Talents

A young woman who was giving rather largely of her none too abundant means, and extravagantly (as her friends thought) of time and strength and painstaking effort for the benefit of a little mission church with which she was connected, was even reasoned with by her pastor on the subject. "It's an investment!" she answered brightly. "My brother is a business man. He works literally night and day. Every cent he makes, goes into the business. He never takes a day off: he thinks, eats, sleeps 'business.' I asked him what he did that way for, and what do you think he answered me? 'I'm putting my life into it, Sis,' he said. 'Investing money, time, youth, strength. By and by it will begin paying me dividends.' You see, what I am doing? I'm putting my life into that!" pointing, as she spoke, to the modest little wooden church which represented her "investments."

474. Consecration—Whitefield's

In the spiritual history of George Whitefield we have a striking example of such definite and whole hearted consecration. With the Wesleys in the "Holy Club" of Oxford, he had sought with prolonged prayer and self-mortification for a deeper work of the Spirit in his heart. Whole days he had spent in wrestling with God for the blessing. He found what he sought, and, at his ordination, was made ready to give himself unreservedly to God. He thus speaks of this experience:

"When the Bishop laid his hands upon my head, if my evil heart doth not deceive me, I offered up my whole spirit, soul and body, to the service of God's sanctuary. Let come what will, life or death, depth or height, I shall henceforth live like one who this day, in the presence of men and angels, took the holy sacrament upon the profession of being inwardly moved by the Holy Ghost to take upon me that ministration in the church." "I can call heaven and earth to witness that, when the Bishop laid his hand upon me, I gave myself up, to be a martyr for Him who hung upon the cross for me. Known unto Him are all future events and contingencies. I have thrown myself blindfolded, and I trust without reserve into His almighty hands." (Stevens' History of Methodism.)—A. J. Gordon.

475. Devotion—Ignorant

I remember once, in the early summer of 1884, seeing a sight in India which made a permanent impression on my mind. In the modern busy street in Calcutta, called Bow Bazaar, in which the Oxford Mission House used to stand, I saw by the side of the tram-line a man, stark naked, with chains round feet and hands. He was lying flat in the dust, measuring his length on the ground. He rose as I was looking, advanced a few paces, and, standing upright, with his feet where his nose had marked the dust, he

prostrated himself again, and proceeded to go through the same motions. He was a fakir or devotee of some sort, and I was assured that he was going to travel in this manner all the hundreds of weary miles which intervene between Calcutta and the sacred city of Benares. My first feeling was, I fear, one of disgust and contempt at the superstitious folly of the man. But I hope it was soon overtaken and checked by a consideration both worthier and with more of humility in it—the consideration, I mean, that he, in his belated ignorance of the character of God and of the way to serve Him, was taking a great deal more pains about his devotions than I was in the habit of doing with my better knowledge. (Bishop Gore's "Prayer, and the Lord's Prayer.")—James Hastings.

476. Gift—The Best

An evangelist had held a service, at the close of which a little girl presented a bouquet of flowers, the first spring had brought forth. He asked, "Why do you give me these flowers?" She answered, "Because I love you." "Do you bring the Lord Jesus such gifts of your love at times?" he inquired. "Oh," said the little one, with an angelic smile, "I give myself to him!"

That surely is the highest kind of giving, and without it, all other giving is in vain. To so give takes love and without love every sacrifice is profitless according to 1 Cor. 13:3.

477. Preaching—Sacrificial

Nothing recorded by Luke in the "Acts of the Apostles" printed in the New Testament furnishes more convincing evidence of the Divine Spiritual power resident in the inspired Scriptures to transform the hearts and lives of men than the story of the Sadhu Sundah Singh, who has attracted such wide attention recently in the western world. He is now but thirty-one years old. He was the son of a wealthy Sikh and was brought up in luxury and taught to hate Christianity, but in school became interested in the Bible and determined to search it. One night he took the New Testament to his room and read it with ever increasing interest and devotion through the night, and just at dawn in prayer and self surrender accepted the Christ of the Cross as his personal Saviour. His proud father cast him off, his family poisoned him but he escaped death and gave himself to winning men to Christ.

Dr. A. C. Millar tells the wonderful story of his ministry:

"He testified in his home village, and, persecuted and suffering from hunger and cold, he chose the most difficult and dangerous fields. For thirteen years he has maintained this sacrificial life, preaching in place and mountain, in city and village to the people of many scattered tribes. He lives the life of a devotee because his people, who despise foreigners, gladly hear him. Already multitudes who have refused to accept the Gospel from foreigners and from foreignized Indians, have accepted it from this Christian Sadhu. His poverty and hunger and bleeding feet attract men to Jesus. An educated gentleman of the Arya Somaj relates that one day he met the Christian Sadhu going up a mountain pass. Curiosity prompted him to follow the Sadhu to the next village to see what he would do there. He saw him sit down upon a log, and, after wiping the perspiration from his face, begin to sing a Christian hymn. Soon a crowd gathered and he began to speak to them of Christ. This angered some of the villagers and one man dealt the Sadhu so severe a blow that he felled him to the ground and cut his hand and cheek. Without a word the Sadhu bound up his wound

and, with blood flowing down his cheek, prayed for his enemies. This act and the message which followed not only led the gentleman of the Arya Somaj into the light, but led Kripa Ram, the villager who had dealt the blow, to confess Christ."

The old story of the Cross seems to have the same power as in the days that turned Saul the persecutor into Paul the Apostle, when accepted with the same spirit of faith.

478. Sanctification—True

"True sanctification is the result of the soul's union with the Holy Jesus, the first and immediate receptacle of the sanctifying Spirit; out of whose fullness His members do by virtue of their union with Him receive sanctifying influence. The other is the mere product of the man's own spirit, which, whatever it has or seems to have of the matter of true holiness, yet does not arise from the supernatural principles or the high aims and ends thereof, for as it comes from self so it runs into the dead sea of self again, and lies as void of true holiness as nature doth of grace. They who have this spurious holiness are like common boatmen who serve themselves with their own oars, whereas the ship bound for Immanuel's land sails by the blowings of the Spirit." (Fourfold State.)—Thomas Boston.

479. Selfishness—Folly of

One day I was wandering along a stream in eastern Kansas with my brother Tom. We came upon a mound of green leaves among the trees. Being inquisitive, as boys usually are, we investigated the strange growth. We found it was a wild grape-vine coiled on itself. It was a home for beetles and bugs and other creatures of the woods but it had no sign of fruit. Near by a sister vine of the same sort had reached a great sycamore and had climbed up over it to the top of the woods and had grown great and strong. It was full of the promise of fruit. Lives that return on themselves are haunts of all sorts of evil that infest human life and there is no fruitage. There are only leaves. But the life that reaches Christ climbs up over Him to fullness of life and fruitage.—William M. Curry.

480. Service—Sacrificial

A heathen king who was wounded in battle sent in his dying hours for his trusted servant, and said to him, "Go, tell the dead I come." The soldier-servant, without hesitating for a moment, drew his sword and stabbed himself to the heart, that he might go to the dead before his master, and prepare them for his coming. Oh that we had this spirit of service and of sacrifice for the King of kings! In His dying hour, He also said to us, "Go, tell the dead I come."—S. J. Eales.

481. Surrender—Complete

There was a dramatic moment, a great crisis in the world's history, when General Pershing placed the American Army under the command of General Foch, who had just been made commander of all the allied forces, but none of the phrases that General Pershing used were widely quoted as epigrammatic. One which might so have been selected was the words, "Infantry, artillery, aviation, all that we have are yours. Dispose of them as you will."

God wants to hear the church in America make such a consecration as that. It will then be as irresistible as "an army with banners."

482. Tongue—Unconsecrated

The most gifted men that I have known have been the least addicted to depreciate either friends or foes. Dr. Johnson, Mr. Burke, and Mr.

Fox were always more inclined to overrate them. Your shrewd, sly, evil-speaking fellow is generally a shallow personage, and frequently he is as venomous and as false when he flatters as when he reviles—he seldom praises John but to vex Thomas.—Sharpe's Conversation.

483. Unselfish Living

When the Titanic went down, W. T. Stead was on his way to New York on the fated vessel to attend the Men and Religion Forward Movement Convention. On the morning that the Carpathia was steaming into the harbor bringing the survivors of the wreck, Mr. J. M. Whitmore said to Mr. M. A. MacDonald, of Toronto, and a great friend of Mr. Stead's, "Is Mr. Stead on the Carpathia, Mr. MacDonald?"

"No, he is not on it," was the prompt answer. "What do you mean, Mr. MacDonald?" inquired Mr. Whitmore in great surprise at the sureness of the reply he had received. "I have known W. T. Stead ever since he was a young man and he was always ready to do the things he ought to do. When the Titanic went down, if there were others to get in those life boats, W. T. Stead stayed behind," replied the distinguished Canadian, paying in those brief words a most magnificent tribute to the character and memory of the great journalist.

484. World—Forsaking

"The first duty is to attach oneself; detachment comes afterwards. The chrysalis covering in which the butterfly was prisoned only breaks and falls away when the insect's wings have grown—it is by opening that these burst their melancholy integuments. We only begin to detach ourselves from the world when we have learned to know something of a better. Till then we are but capable of disappointment and weariness, which are not detachment."—Alexander Vinet.

485. Zeal—Unwearied

"And Jesus went about in all Galilee, teaching in their synagogues, and preaching the gospel of the Kingdom, and healing all manner of disease and all manner of illness among the people." Matt. 4:23.

A few years ago it was announced that General Booth, of the Salvation Army, was losing his sight, and that his days of usefulness were over. After many weeks' seclusion this Christian hero of four score years appeared having had one eye removed and possessing only imperfect vision with the other. To an audience of over 4,000 in London, he spoke for an hour and a half. "I want to do more for humanity," he said, "and I want to do a great deal more for Jesus. There are thousands of poor, wretched, suffering and sinning people crying out to us for help, and I want to do for them." Verily this is the true spirit of the soldier of Christ.—The Congregationalist.

486. Zeal—Unwearied

Diamonds, as you know, have to be cut and polished before they shine. They have to be submitted to the grinding tool. But I read somewhere about a New York jeweller who had to confess himself beaten by a diamond which had been submitted for a hundred days to a grinding wheel making twenty-eight thousand revolutions per minute. The diamond came out of this ordeal in precisely the same condition as before it was touched. And there are men and women very like that refractory diamond. For all the discipline and training to which they are submitted they do not shine. Peter was very much of that type. He was desperately slow in developing into sainthood. He fell away

again and again. Men often despaired of Peter, but the Lord held on. And at last the gem flashed out. Peter became the rock. It was the zeal of the Lord that performed it. —J. D. Jones.

CONVERSION

487. Conversion

The following poem was given by Dr. Bridgeman, of Minneapolis, when he was preaching in Toronto while a delegate to the ecumenical assembly of Methodism. At that time he was in possession of only the first three stanzas, answering the question, How, When and Where Did I Give My Heart to Christ? Subsequently he visited Tunbridge Wells, and again referred to the same poem, when at the close of the service a lady remarked her pleasure at the use made of the poem: "But," she said, "you did not use it all; you left out the best part." Whereupon she told Dr. Bridgman that there were two other stanzas which complete the beautiful story of one's conversion. Moreover, the lady told him that the author lived but three miles away from Tunbridge Wells. The last two stanzas give the positive side of conversion:

You ask me how I gave my heart to Christ?
I do not know,
There came a yearning for Him in my soul
So long ago.
I found earth's flowers would fade and die—
I wept for something that could satisfy;
And then—and then—somehow I seemed to dare
To lift my broken heart to Him in prayer.
I do not know—I cannot tell you how;
I only know He is my Saviour now.

488. Conversion and Sanctification

No man ever suddenly cleared up forty acres of land. A man begins such a work suddenly. No man ever began to do a thing without making up his mind to do it. No man ever began to be a Christian without a volition; and no volition was ever anything but a flash—an instantaneous thing. But the volition is the beginning. The evolution of Christian character is gradual.—H. W. Beecher.

489. Conversion—A Doctor's

A dark-visaged man with Hebrew features rose in a prayer meeting in Dr. Talmage's church, Brooklyn, and told the interesting story of his conversion through the influence of a Christian boy. He was a Jew, and had been a surgeon in the army during the civil war. After the Battle of Gettysburg a young soldier was put under his care, in the hospital, who refused to take chloroform or any intoxicant while his leg was amputated. He bore the pain bravely, only now and then whispering the name of "Jesus." The Jewish physician hated Jesus, but he was astonished at "Charley's" faith, and the support it seemed to give him. He took care of him till he died, and repeatedly the boy tried to talk with him about his great Saviour, but the doctor always avoided that. Charley seemed to think of nothing else but Jesus, and his mother. When the end was very near he called the doctor to him and said, "Doctor, I thank you for being so kind to me. When you were cutting off my leg I prayed to God to convert you and make you a Christian. Now, I want you to stay, and see me die." The doctor could not stay, but the scene, and the dying boy's words haunted him all through the war and when the war was over, fourteen years after-

wards he went into a Christian prayer meeting and as God would have it, while he was there the mother of that very boy related the story of his death, and his fidelity to his surgeon; and (said the doctor) "When I heard that I could not sit still. I rose and took the lady's hand in mine and said, 'God bless you, my dear sister; your boy's prayer has been answered. I am that Jewish doctor and the Lord has converted me.' "

490. Conversion—A Thief's

Last fall in Connecticut a farmer was eating dinner one day, when a man walked into his house. "Don't you know me, Mr. B?" he asked. "Why, yes," said the farmer, taking a good look at him, "the police gave up looking for you years ago." "That's right," said the man. "I've come back to pay you that two hundred dollars, police or no police," and he laid a roll of bank bills before the amazed farmer, who had given up all hope of ever seeing either the money or the man again.

Then the man told his story. As a farmer's man, nineteen years before, he had stolen the money and gone west. He had no luck, as he put it, and homeless and friendless and an outcast, he had been converted at a Salvation Army meeting, as a result of which he determined to pay back that stolen money. The officers of the Army found him a job and though it was poor pay at first, he worked hard and saved what little he could, until he got the whole amount, when he started to the farmer from whom he had run away as a thief. The farmer did not punish him, but being himself a Christian he recognized his sincerity and gladly forgave him. The restoration of the money was a clear proof of the man's conversion, as it was of that of Zaccheus.

491. Conversion—Charlotte Elliott's

Charlotte Elliott came to Caesar Milan and asked how she could become a Christian. The old man replied, "My dear, it is very simple. You have but simply to come to Jesus." And she said to him, "But I am a very great sinner. Will he take me just as I am?" "Yes, he will take you just as you are, and no other way." And then she said, "If he will take me just as I am, then I will come," and she went home to her room, and sat down at her desk and wrote the beautiful words of the hymn:

"Just as I am without one plea,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come."

This is the way that Charlotte Elliott came to Christ, and thousands of others since, in the words of her hymn.—J. Wilbur Chapman.

492. Conversions—Early

Robert Hall, the prince of Baptist preachers, was converted at twelve years of age. Matthew Henry, the commentator, who did more than any man of his century for increasing the interest in the study of the Scriptures, was converted at eleven years of age; Isabella Graham, immortal in the Christian Church, was converted at ten years of age; Dr. Watts, whose hymns will be sung all down the ages, was converted at nine years of age; Jonathan Edwards, perhaps the mightiest intellect that the American pulpit ever produced, was converted at seven years of age; and that father and mother take an awful responsibility when they tell their child at seven years of age, "You are too young to connect yourself with the church." That is a mistake as long as eternity.—Talmage.

493. Conversion—Fruit of

A young girl was dissatisfied with her home life, and was always talk-

ing of her grievances, and showing her discontent in voice, look and manner. One day a friend who met her was surprised at her quick step, bright smile and happy voice. "How are things at home?" the friend asked. "Oh, everything is just the same, but I am different," was the reply. When we are normal we find plenty of reasons for thanksgiving.

494. Conversion—Gradual

Big, hulking Bill Jones drew a dollar a day as a roustabout in a western factory and spent most of it for whisky and doggery. He started in to break up the noon shop meeting and wanted to fight. He did not want education or religion. The leader saw that he needed a bath and told him if he wanted one he might drop in at the Y. M. C. A. and they would take care of him. The next night he showed up and was put under the sanitary shower, and he came again. He braced up, got cleaner clothes and stopped in at the reading room. His wits began to work. Later he decided that he did want education and went into the classes in arithmetic and penmanship. He brought his wife and little girl to the building to attend the lectures and entertainments and liked this social life better than the saloon's. He got bigger wages, his wife got a new dress, and his tenement began to look like a house.

Then he dropped into the services. The songs touched a new chord in his life. Then he "went in for the full thing"—all the Association had to offer—and instead of a bottle in Big Bill's pocket there was a Bible, and he goes to bed sober at night after reading a Psalm and family prayers.

It was first the bath and the gymnasium with their physical benefits; then the reading room and educational classes and the mental awakening; the entertainments and friendly touch, the men's meetings and moral redemption, and the man and his life and home were different.

That was nine years ago, and Bill Jones is now Mr. William Jones, practically in charge of the entire plant where he was a roustabout. He draws a big salary, owns a fine home, is a prominent member of the church and one of the most valued citizens in the comunity, while the little girl, whom the drunken brute used to beat, graduated valedictorian at the head of her class of 150 in the high school.

495. Conversion—Hindrance to

An Indian and a white man, being at worship together, were brought under conviction by the same sermon. The Indian was shortly after led to rejoice in pardoning mercy. The white man, for a long time, was under distress of mind, and at times almost ready to despair; but at length he was also brought to a comfortable experience of forgiving love. Some time after, meeting his red brother, he thus addressed him: "How is it that I should be so long under conviction, when you found comfort so soon?" "O brother," replied the Indian, "me tell you; there come along a rich prince; he promise to give you a new coat. You look at your coat and say: 'I don't know; my coat pretty good; I believe it will do a little longer.' He then offer me a new coat. I look on my old blanket; I say, 'This good for nothing.' I fling it right away, and accept the new coat. Just so, brother, you try to keep your own righteousness for some time; you loth to give it up; but I, poor Indian, had none; therefore, I glad at once to receive the righteousness of the Lord Jesus Christ."

496. Conversion—John Wanamaker's

John Wanamaker once said:

"I was a country boy who had

come into the city. A salesman asked me if I wouldn't go to his church. It was a quiet, old-fashioned meeting. There was a handsome old man of about seventy-five years of age, who got up and in the gravest way said he was just waiting for God to take him; and he had lived his life; that God had been good to him; that religion was a good thing to die by. I sat 'way back, and I soliloquized: 'Well, old man, you can't touch me; you have lived your life; you haven't any sympathy with a big boy; it has passed over my head.'

"Soon after a younger fellow got up; he was perhaps thirty-five; and he said, 'I have just begun the Christian life. Two years ago I was converted; I had just begun business, and I had had a prejudice against religion. I am a great deal happier; I am a better business man.'

"I listened to him," continued Mr. Wannamaker, "and I said to myself, 'There you are; you want to be a business man, and he tells you how you can be a better business man. He tells you that religion is good to live by. Another man tells you it's good to die by.' 'Now, do you intend ever to be a Christian?' 'Yes.' 'Well, if it is a good thing, why don't you be it right away?' I said, 'Yes, I will.' I waited till everybody went out except the janitor and the old minister; and as the latter came down the aisle he met a country boy coming up, and I was the chap. I simply said to him, 'I have settled tonight to give my heart to God.' And he reached out his hand, and said, 'God bless you, you will never regret it.' That was the whole business."

497. Conversion—Manifest

Speaking in Bradford, England, Mr. Ferrens told how a Bradford teacher asked her scholars to name on their slates the most wonderful thing that had happened during the past month. One little girl wrote, "Father has been to Eastbrook and got converted and I've got a new daddy." "A new creature in Christ Jesus," is what we are made when the converting power of the gospel lays hold of us. This child saw it in a changed father, as the early Christians saw it in Saul of Tarsus, when he had seen Jesus on the highway. Conversion that is not seen and known by a changed life is not worth much and is discredited.

498. Conversion—Unexpected

Canon Aitken, the well-known missionary of the Church of England, recalls an incident in the history of his own father's work in Cornwall. Signs of a spiritual revival were showing themselves in the parish, but nothing decisive had happened. One evening a little group of the "village aristocracy" were sitting together in the hotel of the neighboring town, when the talk turned to the revival.

"I say, Captain Jim," said one of the company to a prominent mine-agent, perhaps the gayest of the little circle, "I tell you what it is; when I hear of your being converted I shall begin to think that there is something in it."

The hearers laughed, save Captain Jim, to whose mind the assumption of his hopeless state came with a shock. A little later in the evening the company gathered in the village schoolroom were astonished to see Captain Jim walk boldly up to the front seat.

Mr. Aiken announced that hymn of Wesley's, wherein this stanza occurs:

"Convince him now of unbelief,
His desperate state explain;
And fill his heart with sacred grief
And penitential pain."

As he heard those words, Captain Jim "fell on his knees before all the people, with a cry for mercy on his life." He, the unexpected one, was the first fruit of an extraordinary

revival: he lived thereafter a godly life, and died a few years ago, "in the full faith of a Christian."

499. Conversion of Infidel

The following incident was related by the Rev. W. J. Dawson in a recent sermon:

Stanley, the great traveller, said that when he went to Africa to find Livingstone he was the biggest atheist in London. He found Livingstone, and behind Livingstone, he found Christ. For as he stood day by day beside Livingstone in the Dark Continent, and saw the simplicity and love of the man, and how he lived unto the things he professed, he asked himself: "Is he crazy? What's the matter with him?" Until, finally, through Livingstone, something of Christ came into the heart of Stanley, and he says: "Livingstone converted me, but he never meant to." And a few months ago this man, who described himself as "the biggest atheist in London," dies, saying to his broken-hearted wife: "Do not weep; we shall meet again." That from the man who was "the biggest atheist in London!" Is not that new birth? Have you any better phrase for it?

500. Conversion of an Infidel

During a series of services held in a Pennsylvania town by evangelist Crabill, a half-witted boy gave his heart to Christ. A few days later an infidel by the name of Belcher sought to make sport for the crowd of loungers at the village store by making light of the boy's conversion.

"Billy," said the infidel, "I hear you've got religion and are on the way to heaven."

"Yes, Mr. Belcher," quietly replied the boy.

"But don't you know there isn't any heaven and that this talk about hell is all bosh?"

"I don't know about that, Mr. Belcher, but I figure it out this way; if there isn't any heaven and there isn't any hell, I'm just about where I was before, and no harm's done. But if the preacher's right and there is a heaven and there is a hell, then I'm going to heaven and you are going to hell and I've got two chances to your one. Do you take me for a fool?"

The infidel was taken unawares, and when the laughter at his expense subsided he hurriedly left the store and returned to his work. But the boy's words kept ringing in his ears, "I've got two chances to your one." At last, its truth sank into his heart and he cried out, "The boy is right and I am the fool and I have the manhood to acknowledge it." Then and there he yielded his heart to God. That night he came to the services and told the story of his conversion.

501. Convert—Dying Man's

Four years after the "Titanic" went down, a young Scotchman rose in a meeting in Hamilton, Can., and said, "I am a survivor of the Titanic. When I was drifting alone on a spar on that awful night, the tide brought Mr. John Harper, of Glasgow, also on a piece of wreck, near me. 'Man,' he said, 'are you saved?' 'No,' I said, 'I am not.' He replied, 'Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.' The waves bore him away; but, strange to say, brought him back a little later, and he said, 'Are you saved now?' 'No,' I said, 'I cannot honestly say that I am.' He said again, 'Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved,' and shortly after he went down; and there, alone in the night, and with two miles of water under me, I believed. I am John Harper's last convert."

502. Converted—Companions of the

Charles R. Ross tells of a young

Western farmer who had been converted. It had been his custom when going to the village to tie his team by the hotel and visit the bar-room. After his conversion he still continued to tie his team to the hotel main hitching post. The trained and watchful eye of a good old deacon noticed this, and after congratulating the youth upon his new start in life, said, "George, I am a good deal older than you, and I will be pardoned, I know, if I make a suggestion out of my wide Christian experience. No matter how strong you think you are, take my advice and at once change your hitching post." It was sensible advice. If he had still gone to the old place, and got in with the old friends at the bar, who can tell but he would have been tempted to turn back, and perhaps in an evil hour had fallen. "Evil communications corrupt good manners."

503. Converted in Manger

Several years ago a daily paper printed a story called "The Mightiness of the Manger." It told of a drunkard who had been the town ne'er-do-well. Once he had slept in lodging-houses; later on the floor of a saloon—until he was kicked out. One night he slept under the station platform, but the agent threw stones at him. One morning he awoke in a strange bed, warm and soft. At first he could not tell where it was. But when the cow by his side stirred, he realized that he was in a stable. He laughed grimly, then thought of breakfast. In his mind he went over the list of men who might be persuaded to help him to a meal. "No, I can't ask any of them; they'll say I've fallen too low for them," he thought. While still wondering what to do, he heard the bells ringing. After a moment of perplexity, he realized that it was Christmas Day. What was that Christmas story he had heard so long ago? Something about a baby —and shepherds—yes, and a manger! Then he was not the first one who had lain in a manger!—"He was thinking about me when he done it," he thought. "I guess the reason he slept in that manger was that he wanted to fix it so that a poor fellow like me could ask him for things when too low down to ask them from any one else." Then the outcast knelt and prayed the prayer of the publican.

504. Election—Doctrine of

When Senator Vance was running for Congress he called on an old negro, who had in early life served the Vance family. Asked after his health the negro replied, "Mighty po'ly in this worl', but it's all right over yander." "Do you believe in the doctrine of election?" asked Vance with great solemnity. "It's the doctrine of the Bible," answered the old man. "Uncle Ephraim, do you think I've been elected?" asked Vance again. "Massa Zeb, I'd a leetle ruther you wouldn't draw that question. I'm too near de grabe to tell a lie, but de fac' am, I neber yet knowed nor hear tell of no man bein' elected what wan't a candidate."

505. Enemy—Converting an

Dr. MacFarlane, a medical missionary from China, told at a recent meeting in London of a young Chinaman who came to his hospital one day with a broken leg. While the patient was in the ward he was taught what sin was, and was told about heaven. He went home a decided Christian, and his father ordered him to go and worship at the temple as usual. In China a lad could be beaten to death for disobeying his father, but this courageous lad said, "I have learned about the Saviour, and I cannot worship the idol." His father seized him by his "pigtail," and kicked him from the house with a curse. The lad

wandered from village to village telling others about Jesus. The story ended as follows: "To-day, two or three doors from that father's house, there is an unpretentious little Christian chapel, holding one hundred and twenty people, of whom forty are members of the church. Who is the pastor? The boy who had the broken leg. Who was the first deacon? The father who drove him from home with a curse!"

506. Incomplete Character

What becomes of those who reach high on the plane of morality, but do not touch the yet higher plane of spirituality? You might just as well ask me what becomes of the marksman who almost hits the mark, but does not hit it. You might just as well ask me what becomes of an anchor that is let out of a ship, and reaches almost to the bottom, but stops short without touching it. You might as well ask me what becomes of a portrait which is splendidly painted, and is almost like the man that it is designed to represent, and yet is not like him.—H. W. Beecher.

507. Righteous—Robes of

Preaching at Bloomsbury Chapel, on the contrast between the "old" and the "new" man, Dr. A. T. Pierson in the course of his remarks said: "The new man is not a merely changed man, he is a new creation, with new hopes, new affections, new desires, new speech, new convictions, new emotions. It is not reformation, it is regeneration. Did you ever ask yourselves where Christ got his resurrection garments? The Lord God furnished them; they were as miraculous as the resurrection itself. Our clothing, too, must be as miraculous as the resurrection itself. Our clothing, too, must be as miraculous as is the new man. These garments cannot be woven in any human loom. Are you wearing to-day robes belonging to the sepulchre? There is always a danger of carrying into the new life something belonging to the old, but unless you leave all behind you will have no lasting happiness or blessedness. Have you any grievance against another? If you have it is an old garment; throw it away. Is there a lie you told before you were Christ's still doing its endeavor to stop its deadly energies? If you cheated before your conversion you must seek to put the matter right. If there is anything hindering your new life get rid of it, get rid of it."

508. Promises—Claiming

Carvosso had seen all his children converted, save one, and burdened with the lost one he sought counsel of a Christian leader, who said: "Why don't you claim a promise of the Lord?" "I don't understand you," he replied. "Well, the Book is full of promises, some bearing right on your case. Seize one of these and throw all your weight upon it until God feels your confidence in heaven." "I'll do it," said the father. They parted, and he looked up, and there came sweeping into his heart the words: "Thou shalt not leave one hoof behind thee." It was enough.

For ten days he saw no change. On the tenth day he was ploughing near his house when a message came from his wife: "'Do come at once, it seems our daughter will die." He understood it, and when he reached the room he asked: "Daughter, what's the matter?" She cried in agony: "Oh, father, pray for me; I do believe I am lost." In a very little time she rested by faith upon the finished work of Christ for salvation, and he said: "Now, daughter, tell me all about it." "I don't know anything about it," said she, "save that Sunday night, ten days ago just

before you came home from the meeting something got hold of my heart that I could not shake off. I have been miserable ever since." "I know all about it," said the father; "that very night I claimed the promise made to Israel—that is what has moved you."

DEATH

509. Beauty—Temporal and Eternal

You showed me a beautiful leaf in the summer-time, its color rich, its veins exquisitely pencilled, its tints matchless in their prettiness and delicacy. But where is its beauty now? It is commingled with the dust, and is trodden under foot of men. And that beautiful flower that you gave me? I tended it with scrupulous care, I protected it from every blast; I suffered not the sun to scorch it by day, nor the frost by night; but I could not save it from decay. One morning I found it faded, and, a little later, the petals scattered upon the floor. Is it not so with all mortal beauty? The bloom on the cheek, the roseate hue, the human face divine flushed with beauteous fire. How soon that bloom fades! One night's deep grief suffices to destroy it for ever. How soon the eye loses its youthful lustre! How soon the forehead has lines cut right across it! How soon the cheeks fall back! And, when we are not thinking of it, old Father Time passes by and sprinkles on our heads a handful of snow, to tell us that the autumn has come and that winter is nigh.—E. D. Solomon.

510. Christus Consolator

"I am the Resurrection and the Life: he that believeth in Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live: and whosoever liveth and believeth in Me shall never die."—Jesus.

Beside the dead I knelt for prayer,
And felt a Presence as I prayed.
Lo! it was Jesus standing there.
He smiled: "Be not afraid!"

"Lord, Thou hast conquered death, we know;
Restore again to life," I said,
"This one who died an hour ago."
He smiled: "He is not dead!"

"Asleep, then, as Thyself didst say,
Yet Thou canst lift the lids that keep
His prisoned eyes from ours away!"
He smiled: "He doth not sleep!"

"Nay, then, tho' haply he do wake,
And look upon some fairer dawn,
Restore him to our hearts that ache!"
He smiled: "He has not gone!"

"Alas! too well we know our loss,
Nor hope again our joy to touch
Until the stream of death we cross."
He smiled: "There is no such!"

"Yet our beloved seem so far,
The while we yearn to feel them near,
Albeit with Thee we trust they are."
He smiled: "And I am here!"

"Dear Lord, how shall we know that they
Still walk unseen with us and Thee,
Nor sleep, nor wander far away?"
He smiled: "Abide in Me."

511. Death a Release

A ship is tied at the dock. The workmen have put its cargo on board, and it is ready to sail. The steam is up, black smoke rolling from a black funnel. The captain gives the order, the ropes are loosened, the ship is free; she moves, the dock recedes, and in an hour, the vessel is at sea. She was not made to lie forever at the dock. That is her place only while she is taking her cargo on board. A ship is made to sail the ocean to other

lands. So for a time the soul is tied up in the body at the dock in the world. She is taking her cargo of knowledge and experience and wisdom and character on board. Death loosens the rope, that is all; it does not destroy the ship.

512. Death a Sleep

Is sleep a thing to dread?
Yet, sleeping, you are dead,
Till you wake and rise,
Here, or beyond the skies;
Why should it be a wrench,
To leave your wooden bench?
Why not with happy shout
Run home when school is out?
This is the death of Death.
To breathe away a breath
And know the end of strife,
And taste the deathless life;
And joy without a fear,
And smile without a tear,
And work, nor care to rest,
And find the last, the best.

Maltbie D. Babcock.

513. Death—Beautiful

There is a story told by Rev. J. R. Miller of a boy whose sister was dying. He had heard that if he could secure but a single leaf from the tree of life that grew in the garden of God, the illness could be healed. He set out to find the garden, and implored the angel sentinel to let him have one leaf. The angel asked the boy if he could promise that his sister should never be sick any more if his request were granted, and that she should never be unhappy, nor do wrong, nor be cold or hungry, nor be treated harshly. The boy said he could not promise. Then the angel opened the gate a little way, bidding the child to look into the garden for a moment, to have one glimpse of its beauty. "Then, if you still wish it," said the angel, "I will myself ask the King for a leaf from the tree of life to heal your sister." The child looked in; and, after seeing all the wondrous beauty and blessedness within the gates, he said softly to the angel, "I will not ask this leaf now. There is no place in all this world so beautiful as that. There is no friend so kind as the Angel of Death. I wish he would take me too."

514. Death's Cradle

A little girl had a baby sister who died, and the little baby was put into a tiny coffin. When the little girl saw it, she said, "Mother, baby has got a new cradle!" That was a pretty name for it. Death is but being lulled to sleep in the arms of Infinite Love.

515. Death—Dark Room of

Late one stormy evening the old doctor was summoned to see a man who had been attacked with a sudden illness. The patient proved to be "Squire" Joyce, whom the doctor slightly knew. He examined him carefully, and gave him medicines. Then he arose to go, smiling cheerfully down at the anxious face of the sufferer.

"You will find yourself better in the morning, I hope," he said.

"Yes. Stay a minute, doctor, I want you to be honest with me. I have had seizures like this before. Shall I have them again?"

"It is probable."

"I want the truth—all of it."

"Yes, they will return."

"I may die in one of them—tomorrow?"

"Yes. Or, maybe, not for years. It is uncertain. Do not waste your life in anticipating them. We all must go through the same gate some day."

"The gate—yes! But beyond the gate—what is there?"

His eyes were on the doctor's face, full of doubt, almost pain.

"What is there?" Joyce repeated, harshly. "You are a member of the

church—a Christian. I have no religious belief. Tell me, for the love of God, what is there beyond? If I go to-morrow, what shall I find? I need your help more for this than for my disease. I am greatly depressed, thinking of this darkness into which I am going. For thousands of years men have gone out into it, leaving loved ones behind, and not one has sent back a word to say how it fares with him—not one."

In the silence that followed the rain beat against the windows. There came a slight whimpering cry from without.

"You are an old man, doctor," said Joyce, turning to him again, "you are not far beyond the gate yourself. Are you not afraid of what may be beyond?"

"No," said the doctor. "No, I am not afraid. Look here." He rose and opened the door. Outside, in the dark hall, lay a little fox-terrier, drenched with rain. He was crouched on the floor, his eyes fixed on the closed door.

"This is my dog. He has followed me through the storm, and has been lying outside the door, knowing that I was within this chamber. He never was here before. He did not know what was in this room. He did not care to know. I was in it, his master, whom he loves. He was not afraid."

Joyce looked at the doctor keenly a moment before he spoke.

"You mean—"

"I mean that I am like poor Punch. I am not afraid of the dark room to which I am going. I do not ask to know what is there. My Lord and Master is there. All these years he cared for me. I have been assured that in my hours of trial he has never failed me. I sincerely believe he will not fail me yonder."

"But I—I do not know him."

"He knows you. I am authorized by the declarations of the Bible to say that his hand is stretched out to you. I reverently ask you to take it. You can accept him as your Guide and Teacher if you will. That done in sincerity, you will not fear the gate nor all that lies beyond."—Youth's Companion.

516. Death—Destroyer of

In the early days of pioneer life in Kentucky, a man named Mansfield moved with his wife and little girl into that country. One day a drunken Indian came to his house and demanded "fire-water." The man refused to give it, and the Indian attempted to search the cabin. A fight followed, and the Indian was knocked down and bound till he recovered from his drunkenness. He then disappeared in the forest. Mansfield, knowing the revengeful nature of the Indian, did not venture for weeks far from the house; but one day, attracted by the barking of the dog, he went down to the river's bank. Hardly had he reached it before his wife's screams fell upon his ear. Running back to the house he saw the same Indian rushing to the forests with his little girl grasped in his arms. Falling on his knees, he aimed his rifle; but the terrible chance of killing his child so unnerved his arm that the bullet sped wide of the mark. Just then a voice said to him; "Shall I save your child?" Not waiting for an answer, the stranger lifted his long rifle. For a second swaying it, he ran his eye down the barrel. A quick report, a little cloud of smoke, and the Indian, throwing the child far from him, with a wild death-cry fell to the ground, dead. "Tell us your name," cried the parents; and with a smile of kindness passing over his serious face he answered, "Boone," and disappeared.

When death is clutching our children in his embrace, let us re-

joice that the Destroyer of death is mightier than he.

517. Death—Fear of

Too many Christians suffer from the fear of death, though we are sure they do not fear as others do. But the flesh is weak, and we shrink from death. The cure for this is to be found in fuller confidence in our heavenly Father and in the assurance of immortality.

The late "Ian Maclaren" used to be fond of relating the following beautiful little story, as serving to allay needless fears of God's people when they enter the valley of the shadow of death. There was a dear old Scotch lady who wanted badly to go to the city of Edinburgh. But for years she could not be persuaded to take the railway journey, because of her great dread of the tunnel through which she would have to pass. One day, however, circumstances arose which compelled her to take the train for Edinburgh. For a while her fears were great, and her agitation increased as the train on its journey drew near to the dreaded tunnel. But before the tunnel was actually reached, the old lady, worn out with excitement, dropped peacefully off to sleep, and when she awoke it was to gladly discover that the tunnel had been passed. The resurrection hope takes the sting out of death.—H.

518. Death—Honorable

When the brutal emperor, Claudius, commanded the death of the noble Paetus, the wife of the latter first stabbed herself, and then handed the dagger to her husband, with the immortal word: "Paetus, it does not hurt." Death does not hurt those who die for the right.

519. Death—Infidel's

The French nurse who was present at the deathbed of Voltaire, being urged to attend an Englishman whose case was critical, said: "Is he a Christian?" "Yes," was the reply, "he is, a Christian in the highest and best sense of the term—a man who lives in the fear of God: but why do you ask?" "Sir," she answered, "I was the nurse who attended Voltaire in his last illness, and for all the wealth of Europe I would never see another infidel die."

520. Death—Miserable

When the members of Company C, Twenty-third Engineers, held their reunion in Philadelphia, an old man with wistful look attended and introduced himself as James A. Wilson, a retired farmer of Cincinnatus, N. Y., and father of Harry Wilson, one of their "buddies," who died in Wilmington, July 4, 1922, a victim of drink and drugs.

"I just thought I'd like to come down here and talk to some of the boys who were with Harry in France," said the old man, shaking hands with some of the soldiers. His story was one of a lonely old man longing for the society of an only boy who was spared to come home from the European battlefields, only to die a miserable death in a rooming house.

Harry was 40 years old when he died. He was found in an unconscious condition in a third floor room at 715 Market Street in the evening of July 4 by the police. He died 15 minutes after he had been admitted to the hospital. He had been employed as a farm worker in Christiana hundred.

In addition to having fought in the World War with the American army, Wilson had also served with the Canadian forces.

521. Death—Remembrance in

A sick woman, being visited by her pastor, was asked if she knew the ten commandments: "Not any more, I am too weak," she replied.

"Do you remember any part of the catechism?" "Nothing at all," she replied sorrowfully. "Can you, perhaps, repeat a psalm or a Bible verse?" he questioned further and again received a "No" as answer. "Well, what do you know, something you must remember?" "I know that Christ is mine," she replied, and this time her face lighted up with the inner joy of this saving knowledge. Can you say that, too, friend? You need know nothing but that Jesus is your Saviour in that dark hour on Jordan's bank.

522. Death Sentence Reversed

In an article entitled "Up for Insanity," in the November Atlantic, the writer gives a dramatic illustration of James' warning of the uncertainty of life. He says, in the course of his narrative, of the way by which he regained his mental health: "Let me tell you something that occurred in connection with that trip—something odd, after the way events sometimes fall out in this world.

On my way through New York (to Africa) I called on a celebrated specialist who lived on University Heights. It was a stormy December night, and I found the great physician seated before an open fire in his library, with his wife, who was one of the most beautiful women I ever looked upon.

The great man talked to me intimately, with a fine show of friendliness, for half an hour, and as he talked, I could not help but contrast his condition with my own. There he was, a man less than forty, rich, famous, living in an elegant home amid exquisite surroundings, reposing on a stormy night in the soft and soothing atmosphere of his library, before a leaping fire. And there was I, alas! destitute of every consolation..

He told me, that doctor, that I had only six months to live, and his advice to me was to go out and hunt and roam in the world and make the best of the passing hours. "Life is sweet," said he, proclaiming a startling philosophy to a dying man, "and I am glad you are going, not I. And yet, my boy, if we were to change places to-night, it wouldn't matter a whole lot to me. The main thing is to be a man, and act like a man, and you have the opportunity."

When I returned from Africa, I learned that six months after I left the United States that great physician had died—insane!

General Grant opened his autobiography with the famous sentence: "Man proposes and God disposes." The ways of nature are inscrutable, and sometimes, indeed, the race is not to the swift.

In his own words, we did not change places in many regards. He became insane and died in six months, and I became sane and lived to marry a woman quite as beautiful as the woman whom I thought so astoundingly lovely on that stormy night.

And I have lived to say—how many times I have thought of his words—that nothing matters so very much after all, if a man only plays a man's part.—I. J. Swanson.

523. Death—Significance of

What is the significance of Death? Death in Christ is an accident in immortality. The great Unity of Life lasts on. Only, like the Sicilian rivers of Grecian poetry, Life's stream had flowed here in rugged channels and under cloudy skies, then it had disappeared for a time into the chambers of darkness, only to reappear in fairer regions and by the sunny sea. The immortal life knows no break in its continuity, only here it is a life sin-stained, sorrow-laden; there sin is gone and sorrow ended, when "in Christ" the

living spirit passes the gates of the grave.—W. J. Knox Little.

524. Death Triumphant

Dr. Simpson on his death-bed told a friend that he awaited his great change with the contented confidence of a little child. As another friend said to him that he might, as John at the last supper, lean his head on the breast of Christ, the doctor made answer, "I fear I cannot do that, but I think I have grasped hold of the hem of His garment."—Dr. Koenig's Life of Dr. Simpson.

525. Death—Triumph in

About the year 125 A. D. a Greek by the name of Aristeides was writing to one of his friends about the new religion, Christianity. He was trying to explain the reasons for its extraordinary success. Here is a sentence from one of his letters:

"If any righteous man among the Christians passes from this world, they rejoice and offer thanks to God, and they escort his body with songs and thanksgiving as if he were setting out from one place to another nearby."

What a description of Christian faith in immortality,—that a man sets out from one place to another nearby! Is it any wonder that a religion like that swept paganism? Those who are gone before are not lost, not separated from us permanently: they are only waiting in another place nearby for us to join them again.—J. G. Gilkey.

526. God's Record Book

In England there recently died a certain Mrs. Mary Ann Pemberton, leaving a comfortable estate. Somewhere in her past life there had been grim tragedy, for in her will she made these provisions:

She desired that her name shall not appear on any memorial tablet in any church. No music or singing shall be heard at her funeral, which is to be conducted like a cottager's funeral, and no leaves or flowers shall be placed in her grave or in the form of wreaths and crosses on her grave. Her tombstone, which shall not cost more than $15.00, shall bear the inscription "M. A. P." and the date of her death and her age, and the text "God be merciful to me, a sinner," "My sole wish being that my name be utterly forgotten."

527. Life Minus Afterglow

A match company advertises one brand of matche as having "no afterglow," and, therefore, not so liable to cause fire when thrown aside after lighting. That suggests, by contrast, the fact that there is no afterglow in the lives of some Christians whom the minister is called upon to bury. They were honest and decent enough as citizens, and there were some other admirable traits in their lives, but there was no warm, helpful, cheering "afterglow." Nobody ever became "hungry" to know of Jesus Christ with his comforting, thrilling companionship because of their passionate witness for him. They had missed something. They had come to Kadesh-Barnea and turned back into the drab monotony of "wilderness life." They had not gone on. Wilderness life has no "afterglow." What is admirable for matches is tragedy for character. Is there a glow in your life for him now? Then there will be an afterglow.

528. Prepared for Death

It is said of the Rev. Mr. Kidd, a Scotch minister of some prominence, that he was very eccentric, and had his own way of doing things. "Just as the year was opening," says one of his parishioners, "I was very busy in my shop, when, right in the midst of my work, in stepped the Doctor, without knock-

ing or a word of announcement. 'Did you expect me?' was his abrupt inquiry, without even waiting for a salutation. 'No, sir,' was my reply, 'I did not.' 'What if I had been Death?' he asked, in a solemn, earnest tone; and out he stepped, as suddenly as he had come, and was gone almost before I knew it!"

529. Saved From Death

A detachment of the American army had just entered a small French village from which the enemy had fled. In an ecstasy of joy the few remaining inhabitants flocked out to greet them, singing, dancing, and shedding tears of gladness as they approached. "Well, I'm glad to help save these people," exclaimed a young officer thoughtlessly, "but I don't see why they have to get so crazy over it." "Ah, M'sieur," an old lady who had overheard him replied, "that's because you don't know what you've saved us from!"—Exchange.

530. There Is No Death

There is no death! The stars go down
To rise upon some fairer shore;
And bright in Heaven's jewelled crown
They shine forever more.

There is no death! The dust we tread
Shall change beneath the summer showers
To golden grain, or mellow fruit,
Or rainbow-tinted flowers.

The granite rocks disorganize
To feed the hungry moss they bear;
The forest leaves drink daily life
From out the viewless air.

There is no death! An angel form
Walks o'er the earth with silent tread;
He bears our best loved things away,
And then we call them "dead."

He leaves our hearts all desolate,
He plucks our fairest, sweetest flowers;
Transplanted into bliss, they now
Adorn immortal bowers.

Born into that undying life,
They leave us but to come again;
With joy we welcome them—the same,
Except in sin and pain.

And ever near us, though unseen,
The dear immortal spirits tread;
For all the boundless universe
Is life—there are no dead.

—E. Bulwer-Lytton.

DECISION

531. Behold Now

In the Polar regions the summer season causes much joy and brightness. Every hour is utilised, as they well know that in a few weeks the opportunity will be gone, and the severity of a long winter will again set in. They act as those who believe that the time is short. Such is "the accepted time, the day of salvation." A brief but precious season. Yet many heed not this, their only chance of a harvest of eternal bliss before the long winter of death and eternal gloom sets in. "Arise, shine, for thy light is come" (Isa. 60:1).—James Smith.

532. Christ—Coming to

I have read of an artist who wanted to paint a picture of the Prodigal Son. He searched through the madhouses, and the poorhouses, and the prisons, to find a man wretched enough to represent the prodigal, but he could not find one. One day he was walking down the streets and met a man who he thought would do. He told the poor beggar he would pay him well if he came to his room and sat for his portrait. The beggar agreed, and

the day was appointed for him to come. The day came, and a man put in his appearance at the artist's room. "You made an appointment with me," he said, when he was shown into the studio. The artist looked at him, "I never saw you before," he said; "you cannot have an appointment with me." "Yes," he said, "I agreed to meet you today at ten o'clock." "You must be mistaken; it must have been some other artist; I was to see a beggar here at this hour." "Well," says the beggar, "I am he." "You?" "Yes." "Why, what have you been doing?" "Well, I thought I would dress myself up a bit before I got painted." "Then," said the artist, "I do not want you; I wanted you as you were; now, you are no use to me." That is the way Christ wants every poor sinner, just as he is.—Moody.

533. Crisis Hour

A small vessel was nearing the Steep Holmes, in the Bristol Channel. The captain stood on the deck, his watch in his hand, his eye fixed on it. A terrible tempest had driven them onward. No one dared to ask, "Is there hope?" Every moment they were hurried nearer to the sullen rock which knew no mercy, and on which many ill-fated vessels had foundered. Still the captain stood motionless, speechless, his watch in his hand. "We are lost!" was the conviction of many around him. Suddenly his eye glanced across the sea; he stood erect; another moment and he cried, "Thank God! we are saved—the tide has turned; in one minute more we should have been on the rocks!"

534. Crisis Times

Professor Amos R. Wells uses this telling illustration: "Sometimes a mountain avalanche is so delicately poised that the vibration of a voice will bring it down. Many an avalanche of sorrow has been brought down by a hasty word." Carelessness in word and action may result in the shipwreck not only of one but of many lives.

535. Decision—Early

My father was the senior elder in our church for many years. When I was a boy eleven years of age we had an evangelist to hold a series of meetings. One night he asked every Christian to come forward and also asked those who desired to confess Christ to come with them. My father, of course, went up, and, as I felt the call of God, I followed after him. Just as he reached the front he turned around, and, seeing me, said, "Johnnie, you go back, you are too young." I obeyed him, as I had been taught to do, and at thirty-three I came again, but I did not know what I was coming for as clearly at thirty-three as I did at eleven. And the church lost twenty-two years of service while I lost twenty-two years of growth because my own father, an officer in the church, said, "Go back."—A Ruling Elder.

536. Decision—Firm

A slender young fellow was standing with others at one of the corner drug-stores where, in bad weather, people waited for a car. They were bantering him and plying him with questions, but presently the young man's voice rang out, as he broke his determined silence and turned on the two who stood twirling cigarettes in their fingers.

"Why will I not? Because I dare not!" he said clearly and decisively. Then, with an accent of indignation, he added in a lower voice, "Because it is an outrage on my sense of right!"

The next moment he was gone, having hailed his car and boarded it; but his manly speech seemed to

echo a moment in the hush he left behind him.—The Pilgrim Teacher.

537. Decision—Instant

In a railroad wreck on the Wabash road at Missouri City, Mo., in which several people were killed, a still more appalling disaster was narrowly averted. The passenger train had broken through a trestle, and a freight train, which was following only ten minutes, must be flagged, or scores of passengers, unable to escape in time, would be crushed to death. Those who were free rushed back, and were able to flag the freight train within a few feet of the deadly gorge; but those few feet meant safety. There is an illustration that ought to quicken the energy of every Christian worker. Multitudes about us are hastening to disaster. Our only possibility of saving them is to catch their attention and arouse their consciences before it is too late. It is now or never with many a man of our acquaintance.—Anecdotes and Morals.

538. Decision—Intelligent

The largest problem before leaders of the world's life to-day is to decide what they want to do, what they would do if they had their way. A touring car was waiting at a fork in the road when a farmer came by. The travelers asked which road they should take. "Where do you want to go?" the farmer asked. They said they did not know exactly. "Well, then, it doesn't matter," and the busy man drove on. If reformers or constructors do not know what they want to get done, it does not matter what course they adopt.—The Continent.

539. Decision—Moment of

Pilate came at last to what may be strictly described as a crisis. It takes him up to the supreme moment, and leaves him nothing but inevitable action to follow. The critics of art tell us that this is precisely the conjecture which a great statue should represent. You see the man in motionless marble; and to represent him in motion would be in error. You see him poised the instant before motion, his body bent forward, his muscles set, his hand holding the discus, thrown back to the exact position it ought to occupy if the tremendous effort is not to fail of its effect; and exactly at that moment of supreme preparation, the instant before the sweeping rush of the arm is to begin, the sculptor leaves him—leaves him for so many thousands of years as the marble shall last. You see the father and the sons writhing in agony, their limbs constricted by the monsters which the sea has given to wreck the vengeance of a goddess; you see them at the moment when the father, having tried and striven as a man may in silence, has at last opened his mouth for one despairing cry, and there the moment before the cry is uttered, there he is left. In each case the imagination is driven to give the motion, to hear the cry. Just at such a moment as that of my text, Pilate washes his hands of the blood of this innocent person, the Jews take the blood on themselves and on their children. It is the supreme moment of the preparation; after it, all follows of necessity.—Canon G. F. Browne.

540. Decision—Possible

We make our great decisions and pass from darkness to light, and from life to death, in a moment. Browning in "The Ring and the Book" describes this fact in his own dramatic way. He tells us that for the main criminal of that story, Guido, he see no chance. He was a man so corrupt in heart, so coarse and callous in passion, that there seemed no possibility of mercy for his soul. But the poet describes a

night when he stood above Naples, and the heavens were covered with a pall of cloud. The hills and the sea and the city itself were hidden from his straining eyes by the inky blackness. Suddenly a broad flash of lightning illumined the heavens, and there stood out the distant hills, the white foam of the waves, and the streets and spires of the city The poet adds:

So may the truth be flashed out by one blow,
And Guido see—one instant—and be saved.

That is the truth in salvation which we forget. It is the truth which makes the story of the rich young ruler so tragical. His interview with Christ did not last five minutes. For those five minutes he was face to face with the strait gate. He came to his decision, and refused to call—in a moment. He made the plunge and disappeared, and we never hear of him again. In the same way, the penitent thief, after a life stained with crime, and while he was paying its just penalty, strained out toward Christ with the cry, "Lord, remember me when Thou comest into Thy kingdom." It was faith born in a moment, and the response to it was, "Today shalt thou be with Me in paradise."

541. Decision—Youthful

Griffith John, the celebrated missionary to China, was admitted to church-membership at the exceedingly early age of eight. His testimony is, "Had I not taken that step then, I doubt whether I should ever have been a missionary, if a member of a Christian Church at all."—J. Morley Wright.

542. Delay Dangerous

A woman, who had not been in a church in many a year, heard an evangelistic sermon and the Spirit of God gripped her heart. Suddenly she saw her sins, which were many, and cast herself down to pray. A Christian lady in the same seat prayed with her and pointed her to Christ, the Saviour. She accepted Christ's sacrifice and left the church a redeemed soul. As she was leaving, she said to her new found Christian friend: "Oh, that I had a Bible!" The lady gave her her own, which bore her name.

According to her custom, this Christian lady went the rounds of the hospitals next day. A nurse said to her: "We had a sorrowful case today. A young woman was run over by an omnibus and is now dead. The peculiar thing about it is, she had a Bible with your name in it." The lady asked: "Did she say anything before she died?" "Yes, when we told her her case was hopeless, she said: 'Thank God that this did not happen yesterday. I am now redeemed and going home to Jesus!'"

Surely, better in the twelfth hour than not at all, but why not now? Christian friends, the service of Christ gives great satisfaction work while it is day!

543. Delay Fatal

A few years ago I went over the battlefield of Waterloo with an old Walloon guide. As we stood by the doorway of the stone chateau which was the center of the battle, the guide pointed out the wall which sheltered the old Guard of Napoleon, and the ditch where Wellington's musketeers were hid, and the well which was filled with bodies of the dead and from which the cries of the wounded were heard on that fateful night. On my asking for the direction in which Blucher's troops had come to the relief of the allies, the guide pointed to a road running over the crest of a distant hill and cried, "There's where he came! At four o'clock in the afternoon!" Then turning to the opposite hills, he added, "And there's

where Jerome should have planted his great guns at half-past three!" Then, with curses on the head of Prince Jerome, he wailed, "Too late! Too late! And France was lost!" This is the requiem of lost fame, lost fortune, lost life, through all the ages. Too late! Too late.—D. J. Burrell.

544. Future—Gambling on

In Silas Marner, George Eliot pictures the old miser on the night he was robbed, leaving his house unlocked while he stepped out for a short errand to the store. He reasoned that he had never been robbed and that it was altogether unlikely that he would be now. She adds: "A man will tell you that he has worked in a mine for forty years unhurt by an accident as a reason why he should apprehend no danger, though the roof is beginning to sink."

That kind of a process goes on in a man's mind until he is often practically immune from any appeal whatever. He has never seen any danger and he guesses there is none now nor will be. That man is always the hardest to reach, and the older he gets the harder. Now is the day of salvation. And that is why so few older people are saved.

545. Lost—Almost

Years ago where for centuries the sea had pounded the beetling crags and chiseled many a chamber within their granite sides, it was the custom of the natives to hunt for birds' eggs. Two men generally went together with their baskets. They carried with them a strong rope, the upper end of which would be fastened securely to a ledge or primitive windlass. Then one would lower himself with his basket, while the other remained to help hoist him to the top. When he reached the spot selected, he swung himself in on a projecting platform and fastened the end of the rope preparatory to filling his basket. Once, as one turned to commence his task, to his horror he discovered the rope had become loose and was swinging back and forth over the sea and the pitiless rocks far below. One swing more and the rope would be beyond his reach. It took but a second for him to drop his basket and jump for the rope, which he seized, and gave the signal to be drawn up, where he arrived in a profuse perspiration and fainted in the arms of his friend—saved at the last swing of the rope.—Rod and Staff.

546. Lost—Almost but

A child who had wandered from a mountain road, in the summer 1900, lost his life among "the Brecon Beacons." Had he walked only a few yards farther from the spot where his body at last was found, he would have seen his home in the valley just below the mountain, and have been easily guided to the pathway descending to it. He paused in his weariness at a point where nothing met his eye but the bare hills around. In that pathetic incident is there not a parable of much spiritual loss? The gift that might have been cultivated, the blessing that might have been won, the grace by which weakness might have been transformed into strength, the temptation that might have been subdued, the work that might have been so useful in the Church's cause, lost at a point where only one more effort was needed to secure it. Midway between "the spirit," with its upward aspirations, and "the flesh" in our fallen state, with its downward tendencies, there lies "the soul," the scene of momentous decisions whether to fall under "the mind of the flesh," which is death, or under "the mind of the spirit," empowered by the Divine Spirit, which is "life and peace." In the years of our

conflict, the Lord's solemn charge to "watch and pray" is a summons to self-discipline and importunity in prayer, but the charge may be linked with the gracious promise by which He crowns endurance with victory: "In your patience ye shall win your souls."—A. J. Worlledge.

547. Put Off Town

"Did you ever go to Put Off Town,
Where the houses are old and tumble down
And everything tarries and everything drags
With dirty streets and people in rags?

"On the street of Slow lives old man Wait
And his two little boys, named Linger and Late,
With uncleaned hands and tousled hair,
And a naughty little sister named Don't Care.

"Grandmother Growl lives in this town,
With her two granddaughters, called Fret and Frown;
And old man Lazy lives alone
Around the corner on street Postpone.

"Did you ever go to Put Off Town
To play with the little girls, Fret and Frown?
Or go to the home of old man Wait,
And whistle for his boys to come to the gate?

"To play all day on Tarry Street,
Leaving your errands for other feet,
To stop or shirk or linger or frown
Is the nearest way to this old town."

548. Procrastination—Fatal

"A Christian man, whose name I have just now forgotten, while enroute to Houston, Texas, finding that he had 45 minutes between trains, called at the home of a friend and found him seriously ill. In a little while he was talking with the sick friend, who was not a Christian, about the needs of his soul and urging him to immediately accept Christ as his Saviour.

"I have only a few minutes to wait and then I must catch my train. Won't you decide before I go?" he pleaded.

"No," replied the sick man. "Stop and see me on your way north and I'll let you know."

"But you are a very sick man. Take my Saviour before I leave."

"Oh, I'll get well and be around in a few days," answered the procrastinator.

"No, no! Decide now. I plead with you not to delay." But he could not prevail upon his friend though he remained so long that he was compelled to go to the station on a run in order to catch his train.

On reaching Houston the Christian man received this telegram: "Five minutes after you left your friend died."

The poor, foolish soul was that near the brink, and still saying "Tomorrow."

549. Rejecting the Great Physician

What would you think if there were to be an insurrection in a hospital, and sick man should conspire with sick man, and on a certain day they should rise up and reject the doctors and nurses? There they would be—sickness and disease within, and all the help without! Yet what is a hospital compared to this fever-ridden world, which goes swinging in pain and anguish through the centuries, where men say, "We have got rid of the Atonement, and we are rid of the Bible"? Yes, and you have rid yourselves of salvation.—Beecher.

550. Self-Control

When, in the Pilgrim's Progress, Christian was passing along, and being shown the various sights which make up human experience, he came to a man who was in a cage biting his nails with remorse. He asked who he was. Who art thou, poor mortal, he said, who art thou, caged in this cage for ever? And he answered back, I am a man who in my youth threw the reins on the neck of my passions, and therefore am I in this cage. He found that so-called freedom was the way to slavery. Get upon the steed, put the bit in his mouth, hold the strong reins in strong hands of a man instead of being dragged by the reins along the ground through the mire, ride upon the horse and use him as a servant and not a master, and you stand fast in the liberty with which Christ has made you free.—A. F. Winnington Ingram.

551. Speech—Frank

The famous Scottish professor, John Stuart Blackie, was noted for his hot temper and vehement candor, as well as for his profound scholarship. "The Independent" thus recalls a familiar incident in his life:

At the opening of a college term, the boys observed that he was unusually irritable and harsh. The applicants for admission ranged themselves for examination in a line below his desk.

"Show your papers," he ordered.

One lad held his paper up awkwardly in his left hand.

"Hold it up properly, sir, in your right hand!" commanded the master.

The new pupil muttered something, but kept his left hand raised.

"The right hand, ye loon!" thundered the professor.

The boy, growing very pale, lifted his right arm. It was a burned stump; the hand was gone.

The boys burst into indignant hisses; but the professor had leaped down from the platform, and had thrown his arm about the boy's shoulder.

"Eh, laddie, forgive me!" he cried, breaking into broad Scotch, as he always did when greatly excited. "I didna ken! But," turning to the class with swimming eyes, "I thank God he has given me gentlemen to teach—who can call me to account when I go astray."

"After that day," wrote one of the boys, years afterward, "every man there was his firm friend and liegeman. He had won us all by that one frank speech."—Peter Zaleski.

552. Time—The Accepted

There trudged along a Scotch highway years ago a little, old-fashioned mother. By her side was her boy. The boy was going out into the world. At last the mother stopped. She could go no farther. "Robert," she said, "promise me something?" "What?" asked the boy. "Promise me something?" said the mother again. The boy was as Scotch as his mother, and he said: "You will have to tell me before I will promise." She said: "Robert, it is something you can easily do. Promise your mother?" He looked into her face and said: "Very well, mother, I will do anything you wish." She clasped her hands behind his head and pulled his face down close to hers, and said: "Robert, you are going out into a wicked world. Begin every day with God. Close every day with God." Then she kissed him, and Robert Moffat says that that kiss made him a missionary. And Joseph Parker says that when Robert Moffat was added to the Kingdom of God, a whole continent was added with him. There are critical times in the history of

souls. "Now is the accepted time; now is the day of salvation."—J. W. Chapman.

553. Too Late

In Dundee, Scotland, a wild and reckless boy broke his mother's heart. He went from one depth of sin and shame to another, and then fled from home. Blindly drunk, he made his way to a ship, and when he awoke in the morning, he was at sea on the way to Australia. They would not let him off. After a while he reached the gold fields. There he had common miner's luck, until one day he struck a pocket of gold. One nugget after another came up out of that pocket. In the morning he went out poor, and by high noon he stood with gold heaped about his feet. Of whom do you think he thought first, standing there with the gold at his feet? "Mother," he said, "I will go back to old Dundee and buy you the finest house in the city. I will get you the best car that runs." Soon he was on the sea, going back to Dundee. Arrived in the old town, he was soon standing in front of the little house. There was no light in the window, no smoke coming out of the chimney. When he rapped at the door, there was no answer. Then he went to a neighbor's house. They said to him: "Jack, stay with us until morning and we will tell you." When morning came they took him out to the churchyard. The place is not far from Mr. Carnegie's castle. Past this grave and that they went, until at length they came to a new grave. It was his mother's grave. On the front board he read his mother's name, and the date of her death. He got down on his knees and buried his face in his hands and sobbed as only a big man can sob. "Mother, mother," he cried, "I did love you. I did love you." The one who stood by his side later became his wife. Very gently she said to him: "Jack, you told her too late." Yes, it was too late.

Some day you expect to be saved. You want to be with your family, with your mother, in the skies. You would like to see your sweet child again who has gone on before.

"And if you still this call refuse,
And all His wondrous love abuse;
Soon will he sadly from you turn,
Your bitter cry for pardon spurn.
Too late, too late, will be the cry,
Jesus of Nazareth has passed by."

J. Wilbur Chapman.

554. Warning—Unheeded

An action for damages was decided by the Court of Appeals against the plaintiff in the following case. A man walking down Fourth Ave., New York, stopped on a temporary bridge to look at work being done in the subway. A workman told him to move on, as he was liable to be hurt. He refused to do so, claiming he had a right to be on a public street. A few moments later he was struck on the head by a piece of iron that was cut from a pipe and was severely hurt. So he sued for damages.

The decision of the final court was that he was perfectly justified in staying where he was hurt after being warned. However, the warning he had received, and had not heeded, precluded him from getting damages for his injuries. The presumption was that he accepted the risk of remaining after the danger had been pointed out to him. The contractor had no right to remove him by force, and had fully done his duty when he had told him of the peril he was in.

The same principle operates in spiritual matters. The right of free will is respected, and it is open to all to reject the warnings and invitations of the gospel. It is a man's own soul that is involved, and

if he allows it to go to destruction he alone must bear the penalty.

555. Work While It Is Day

During the period of rainy weather, a London city missionary became discouraged through inclemency of the weather and the hard-heartedness of the people. One evening he wandered through his district in a very despondent mood, and stepped into a hallway to rest and gain shelter from the rain. Through an open doorway he saw a seamstress at her work by candlelight. So busily was she working that he had trouble to follow the fast flying needle with his eye. She stopped a moment to rest, but then, casting a look at her candle, she murmured, "I must hasten, for my candle is burning low and I have no other," and busily applied herself to her work. The missionary says: "These words entered my heart as a warning from above. In a moment my despondency was gone and I said, 'I, too, must hasten and work while it is day; the night comes apace when no man can work.' "

Do YOU feel discouraged, brother or sister? Work on, your labor is not in vain in the Lord! You cannot know how long your light will shine, so do not hide it even for a moment, but let every ray count in an effort to dispel the darkness of sin! God will take notice and bless you for it.

556. Excuses—Weak

An ungodly man was once exhorted to become a Christian and his defense was that he could not understand the Bible. Said he, "I cannot learn from reading the Bible where the negro came from, that's why I have never become a Christian." He was then asked whether it was his custom to attend to the most important duties of life first, or whether he gave those of less importance first consideration. He replied, "I always put the most important things first as any intelligent man would do." He was then asked which he regarded as the most important question—where the negro came from or where he was going. After some hesitancy he said, "Well, where I'm going, of course." This poor fellow was more concerned about the origin of the color of another man's skin than the salvation of his own soul. When I see men stumbling over questions which have no bearing upon the subject of their personal salvation I am reminded of the account of a civil service examination which an old soldier was taking with the view of securing a position as clerk in the pension department. One question was, "How far is the moon from the earth?" His reply was, "I do not know how far the moon is from the earth, but I know it is not near enough to interfere with my duties as a clerk in the pension department."—O. A. Newlin.

EXAMPLES

557. Evil Influences

There are some varieties of trees which breathe out poison, and woe betide the traveler who is ignorant enough to rest beneath their shade!

London Answers, an English paper, tells of a tree on the hill slopes of Chile which the natives look upon as being possessed of an evil spirit. Many cases have occurred where innocent travelers have crept under its branches during the heat of the day, and paid for its shade with their lives. After resting under one of these trees for a short time, the hands and face of a traveler become swollen, as in a case of snake-bite, and the surface of the skin is covered with boils. Many visitors in the vicinity of Val-

paraiso have succumbed to the influence of this poisonous tree.

There are some men and women like that tree. Whoever rests in their shadow is poisoned by the baneful influence of their evil characters.

558. Example—Power of

At the height of the Boxer trouble a leading merchant came to one of the missionaries with the request to be baptised and received into the church at once. The missionary replied: "Would you not better wait a little until this storm of persecution has blown over? A public profession just now might endanger you." "No," said he, "I don't want to wait. It is this very thing that leads me to desire to be a Christian. I have seen your Christians go down into the darkness of horrible death triumphantly and it is the fact that their religion sustains them that leads me to desire to be a Christian now." It is not surprising to learn that a man with such convictions and courage as that became an intensely earnest and faithful Christian.

559. Example—Reproducing

When Peter speaks of Jesus having left us an "example," he chose for "example" the Greek word signifying "the headline of a copy-book." Jesus is for our imitation; he is our "copy." And a test of discipleship is the progress we make in the reproduction of the copy he has set.

560. Example—Saving

In 1540 a decree was issued by the parliament of Aix, France, against the Vaudois. They were to be punished by fire and sword unless they became Roman Catholics. The ordeal was delayed for a time by an appeal to the king, that the bishops of Provence might try milder means. Three learned theologians visited the peasants and argued with them. They were actually converted to the pure faith of the gospel instead. To the indignation of the papal authorities, they renounced their dignity and comfort to share the poverty and suffering of the Vaudois.

561. Handicaps—Overcome

One of the most famous travelers of modern times was Isabella Bird Bishop, who, as a young girl, suffered from tumors which weakened her and would have made her life miserable if she had permitted this. When she was a little thing her constant cry was, "I very tired." But she would not give way to the pain, but began the athletic life she continued to the end. "Had her courage not risen above her malady," her biographer wrote, "she might have delivered herself over to confirmed ill-health and adorned a sofa all her days." When she was twenty-six she was a constant sufferer from spinal prostration, and could seldom rise before noon, yet all her voluminous correspondence was done in the morning, as well as many of her numerous articles for the papers and magazines. "She wrote propped up by pillows, a flat writing-board upon her knees and letters or sheets of manuscript scattered around her," her biographer said. In the afternoon and evening, she would make calls, attend committee meetings and be active otherwise, and "wherever she went she became without effort the most absorbing person present, and an hour spent with her was worth many dinner parties. She was so popular because she had the power of forgetting herself entirely in the person she was seeking to help. When she was thirty-six the spinal trouble had progressed to such an extent tha

her head had to be supported by a steel net. Yet her biographers told how, just at that time, she was taking pleasure in life and giving pleasure to others.

562. Light—A Trail of

Harry Lauder, the famous comedian and entertainer, in a speech before the members of the Indianapolis Commercial Club, recently, related this experience: "Some years ago I was siting at dusk at the window of a house in Scotland so situated that it commanded the view of an entire street of the city. Suddenly there came out from the alleyway near the house a man with a lighted torch on the end of a stick. Going to a lamp-post nearby he thrust the torch to the nozzle of the gas-jet which immediately burst into light. He then went to the next post, about the middle of the square where the flame from the little torch awakened another blaze of light. I sat there watching that lamp-lighter as he pursued his task, and long after his form became indistinguishable, I could trace his movements by the lamps he lighted and the long trail of light that he left behind him.

"Your business and mine, my friends, is to so live that after our personalities have become lost in the shadows, we shall leave behind us a trail of light that will guide the steps of those who otherwise may walk in darkness."

563. Speech—Guarded

"A perverse tongue falleth into mischief." Professor Amos R. Wells says: "Sometimes a mountain avalanche is so delicately poised that the vibration of a voice will bring it down. Many an avalanche of sorrow has been brought down by a hasty word." Carelessness in word and action may result in the shipwreck not only of one but of many lives.

564. True Greatness

At the close of the Civil War, stockholders of the infamous octopus of the devil, the Louisiana Lottery, approached General Robert E. Lee and tendered him the presidency of the company. Lee was without position, property, or income, but regarded this offer as the gain of oppression, and on the ground that he did not understand the business and did not care to learn it, he modestly declined the proposition. They then said, "No experience is needed. We know how to run the business. We want you as president for the influence of your name. Remember the salary is twenty-five thousand dollars a year." Lee arose and buttoned his old gray coat over his manly breast and replied, "Gentlemen, my home at Arlington Heights is gone, I am a poor man and my people are in need. My name and influence are all I have left and they are not for sale at any price." Rather than receive the gain of oppression, he taught the young men of the south the principles of right living at a salary of one thousand dollars a year.—O. A. Newlin.

565. Well-Doing—Steadfast

Professor James quotes the carpenter who was working upon his house, and one day made this remark, "There is very little difference between one man and another, but that little is important." We look for great differences between one life and another, and because we do not observe them, we conclude that there is no difference worth bothering about. But there is; and very often it is just this slight distinction between the one who prays his prayer and then is done with it, and the one who just wants that little bit of supplementary prayer. The Duke of Wellington, once asked why he considered the British soldiers better than any others, re-

plied that it was because they could hold out five minutes longer than those of other armies. The difference was not great, but it was very important. Men go looking for the key to success; they study the historic examples of it; they would have expected probably to find the superiority of the British soldier in something he ate, or some knack in his drilling, or some little trick he had caught about his marching gait; but they would not have suspected that it all lay in something so commonplace as a mere five minutes longer than anybody else. It is not the skill and inventiveness to do something utterly different from anybody else that makes the victorious life, but that fine little element of doing what everybody else does, but doing it a little longer and loving it just a little more.

566. Fickle Feeling

A man in a large city desiring to visit the zoological park, boarded a crowded car marked "Zoo." He paid his fare and began reading his paper, feeling like he was going to the Zoo. Presently the passengers began leaving the car, and when there were but two others besides himself in the car he began wondering if the Zoo was not open. Finally the car stopped and seeing the conductor turning the trolley pole, he looked about but saw nothing that resembled a park. "Conductor," said he, "doesn't this car go to the Zoo?" "Yes, sir, it certainly does," replied the obliging conductor, "but it is just nine miles from here." He was six miles farther from the park than when he boarded the car. All the while he had been feeling like he was going to the Zoo, but was going directly from it. He arose, turned his seat, again paid his fare, and then knew he was going to the Zoo. Brother, you cannot feel your way to heaven. Do not trust your fickle feeling, trust Jesus.—O. A. Newlin.

FAITH

567. Believing—What Is

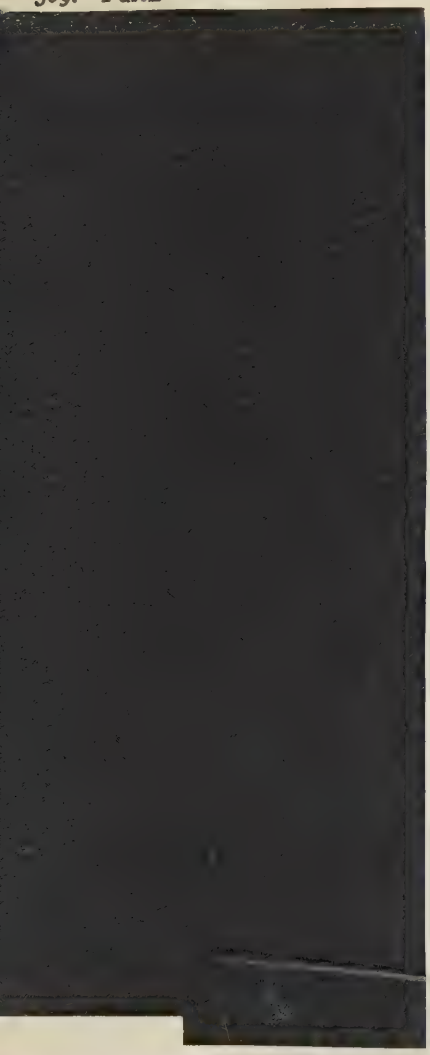
"Mark, you," said a pious sailor, when explaining to a shipmate at the wheel, "mark you, it isn't breaking off swearing and the like; it isn't reading the Bible, nor praying, nor being good; it is none of these; for even if they would answer for the time to come, there's still the old score; and how are you to get over that? It isn't anything that you have done or can do; it's taking hold of what Jesus did for you; it's forsaking your sins, and expecting the pardon and salvation of your soul, because Christ let the waves and billows go over Him on Calvary. This is believing, and believing is nothing else."—New Cyclopædia of Anecdotes.

568. Christ—Trust in

I remember the first time I came down the St. Lawrence; as the Long Sault Rapids hove in sight, all the passengers were intently looking at the rushing, foaming waters in the distance. Soon the boat was brought to stand and a man taken on board. He was an Indian, a man about fifty-five, stalwart and strong, and, I believe, the only pilot that had ever attempted to steer a vessel through those raging waters. I watched him with peculiar interest, as he put his hands upon the wheel and pointed the boat towards the rapids. With hands busily plying the wheel at times, and his eyes riveted, as it were, upon some object before him, he held that great vessel steady to its course; and as we were flying, with almost the rapidity of thought, I beheld, little more than an arm's length from the vessel, huge rocks protruding out of the water. I thought: "So He bringeth us." My dear friends, I beseech you to halt this morning, and put out the rope of faith, that Jesus, the great Pilot, may come on board.

You may be nearing agitated waters and dangerous rapids, which will wreck you for ever without His guidance.—Thos. Kelly.

569. Faith



570. Faith and Freedom

When that awful storm of hot stones, molten lava and death dealing pumice buried the city of Pompeii, four prisoners, with their feet fastened in stocks, were overtaken by the flood. Sitting in their dungeon they could hear the dreadful roar, telling of the coming of something, they knew not what, and they could feel the stifling breath of the gases which were carrying down to death the people of that doomed city, a merciful means of stupefaction, shutting out the more terrible effects of the hail of death which came in its train.

Nearer and more near the wave of death came, until now it spread even to the door of the prisoners' cell. Frightened by the mysterious shadow falling like a pall over everything, the jailer fled for life, deaf to the agonized cries of the men he had been set to keep.

There stood the door of escape, now wide open as their keeper had left it. And, oh, more fearful thought, there just on the very threshold of the doorway lay the key which the jailer had dropped in his flight, the key which would unlock the iron stocks which held their feet so fast! If only they might reach it there might be a chance for them to escape, as others were trying to do. But beyond their utmost reach lay the thing which could free them, a mockery to their hopes, a jeer flaunting itself in the very face of destiny. And so they fought and shrieked and tore their very flesh in madness until the fumes from the distant volcano filled the cell, and put an end to it all. And there lay the key just beyond their reach!

How like to that old prison cell of Pompeii is sin. Fast in the stocks of evil, men are still bound hand and foot. Death, darker than that which descended over that ancient city, casts its pall over us all. We see its fateful approach, and look about us in our moments of thoughtfulness for some means of release.

Are we, too, prisoners condemned without relief to sure death?

Thanks be to Him that has loved us with an everlasting love, there is a way of escape for us all. The key is here, and it is not beyond our reach. Nay, into our hands he has thrust the master-key which will open every door the devil may shut against us. It is the key of faith in Jesus Christ.—E. L. Vincent.

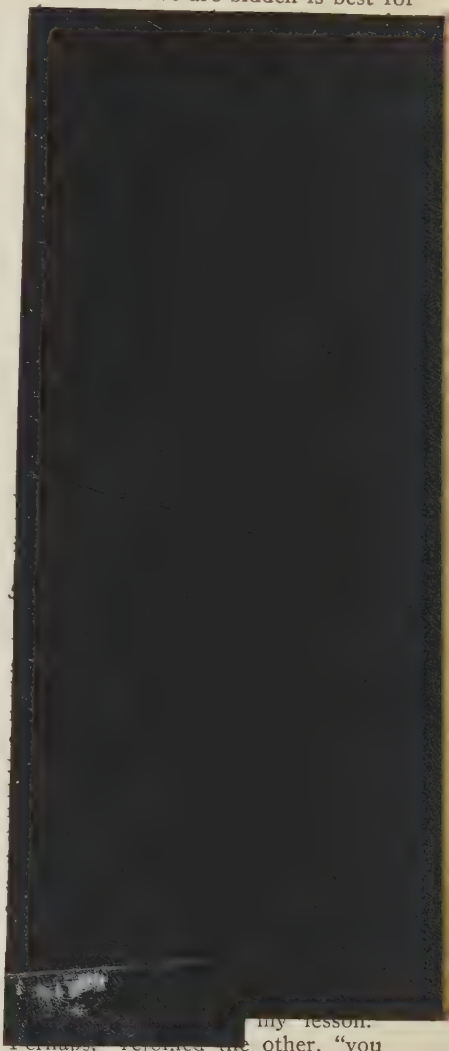
571. *Faith and Hope*

What is faith? What is hope? Many definitions have been given in answer to these questions, but few more to the point than those given by natives of King William's land. Missionary Hoffmann had related the story of Jesus, and one of his listeners had asked, "whether he had ever seen Jesus." "No," said he, "but I know postively that he lives." The man went away thinking deeply. After some time he returned and said: "Am I not right, missionary, you have not seen Jesus with your eyes, but you have seen him with your heart?" This is the vision of Faith!

This same missionary had to send his children to Germany for education and a short time afterward his wife died. One of the heathen said: "How can you bear all that?" Mr. Hoffmann answered: "I know that I shall see my loved ones again, even if they have died." The native was astonished at the reply, but then he said: "You Christians are to be envied; you can see through the horizon." What a fine definition of Christian hope!

572. *Faith and Obedience*

"Hello, captain, whither are you bound this trip?" "I can't say, for I'm sailing under sealed orders from the government. I may be bound for Greenland or the Cape of Good Hope; for Alaska or the bay of Naples. Like the grand old man of faith, Abraham, I go out, not knowing whither I go. But I am happy to obey orders. We men who are under authority are not to ask questions, but to obey, believing that to do what we are bidden is best for



my lesson.
other, "you took no pains to learn it!" "Learn it! learn it!" answerwed the first; "I did not learn it at all. I though I had no occasion to learn it when

I prayed that I might say it."—New Cyclopaedia of Anecdotes.

574. *Faith—Childlike*

A friend tells of overhearing two little girls, playmates, who were counting over their pennies together. One said, "I have five cents." The other said, "I have ten cents." "No," said the first little girl, "you have just five cents, the same that I have;" but the second child quickly replied, "My papa said that when he came home to-night he would give me five cents, and so I have ten cents." The child's faith gave her proof of that which she did not as yet see, and she counted it as being already hers because it had been promised by her father. So are we to trust the promises of our Heavenly Father, and we, too, can count among our possessions the thing which he has promised to give us.

575. *Faith—Daring*

"Faith saves us; but how?—by making us aware of Christ, who saves. Faith does not make things what they are but shows us them as they are in Christ. Certain systems lay a pressure upon the subjective side greater than the spirit of man is at all times able to bear; working out all things from the depths of individual consciousness as if truths were not there at all until they are manifestly there for us. Happy for us if Christ can look there and find his own image reflected, however faintly, but we must look at him, at the sun in the heavens, not at the sun in the brook, its broken and ever varying reflection."—Dora Greenwell.

576. *Faith—Daring*

"During the French and Indian war a family of Friends seemed to have no fear of the savages. They never had any locks or bolts to their doors, but to please their neighbors they took precaution that seemed to them needless—of pulling in at night the string that lifted the latch to the door. One night the Quaker could not sleep, so he lay thinking. He had always trusted in God, yet he pulled in his latch string; he talked the matter over with his wife; she was of the same opinion. He got up and put the latch-string out. That same night, the Indians came. They pulled the string and went into the house, talked a little among themselves and went out and shut the door softly. The next day the Quakers found that their neighbors' homes had all been forcibly entered and the occupants killed. Years after, a chief who had been the leader in the attack on the white settlement, said that when he saw the latch-string out, the sign of confidence made him change his mind, and he said to those with him, 'These people are not our enemies. They are not afraid of us. They are protected by the Great Spirit.' "—Youth's Companion.

577. *Faith—Definition of*

When John Paton, the pioneer missionary to the New Hebrides, was translating the Scriptures into the language of the people of the Southern seas, he had great difficulty in securing a word for faith; there seemed to be no equivalent in their language. He made it a special matter of prayer, and one day one of his workers came in from a hard day's work, and leaning back on a lounge chair, said, "Oh, I'm so tired, I feel I must lean my whole weight on this chair." "Praise God," said Paton, "I've got my word, 'God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever leaneth his whole weight on Him shall not perish, but have everlasting life.' "—Selected.

578. *Faith—Failure of*

Following the retreat of the Brit-

ish forces from the unsuccessful campaign at the Dardanelles, comes the news from Vienna that at one time, after the great bombardment of March 19th, last year, the English would have won a most notable and decisive victory had the attack been renewed on the following day as the enemy expected. It is said that the principal battery that was capable of doing serious injury to the attacking forces was practically out of ammunition. Owing to the fear of further loss, the English, ignorant of the enemy's condition, did not follow up their advantage and so the opportunity for a great victory was lost.

Many a Christian has missed the victory in his life in the same way. After years of struggle against terrific odds, faith has flagged in ignorance of, or unbelief in, the unfailing Word of God. To "be not weary in well doing" is a constantly needed exhortation.

579. *Faith—Foundation of*

The most costly little stretch of roadbed for a railroad in any country is said to be on the Carbondale division of the Erie Railroad, at Ararat Summit. It is only a quarter of a mile long, but it cost nearly $300,000 to get the track ready for the rails. The road was completed in 1875, and trains had passed over it; but one night a quarter of a mile of the track and roadbed disappeared entirely and a great quagmire occupied the place where apparently solid ground had been before. Into this pit ten thousand carloads of gravel and five hundred large hemlock trees were thrown without any perceptible effect. They finally found solid rock one hundred and sixty feet below the surface, and made a foundation by driving four piles, each 40 feet long one on top of each other. It took 1500 trees and a whole hill of gravel to make a solid bed. Multitudes of souls are making the fearful blunder of building their hopes of happiness on the sand or on the quagmire. Only the Rock of Ages can give permanent foundation. Those who build on Christ shall never be put to confusion.—Anecdotes and Morals.

580. *Faithful to the End*

It would seem from the human point of view that failure is always possible. The Scriptures, speaking from this standpoint, continually warns that we may fail. So the Apostle bids us work out our salvation with fear and trembling, and Christ commands to hold fast what we have, ere it slip from us and is gone. The following, from a recent issue of Harper's Weekly, is an effective illustration of the fact:

At one time the late W. C. Prime, while traveling in the East, had accumulated a fine assortment of Oriental porcelain and pottery, including a great many bowls of wonderful workmanship. These, packed in straw, journeyed perilously on the backs of camels from Damascus to Beirut, where they were taken on a sailing vessel to Marseilles, thence to Havre by wagon, and finally over the sea to the United States. Arrived at the custom house, Mr. Prime was summoned to pay the duty. The collection was unpacked and found to be in perfect condition. Mr. Prime himself superintended their repacking and had them sent to his house. An hour after delivery he unpacked his treasures, to find nothing but a mass of broken pieces. The pottery had made the perilous journey from Damascus to New York only to be broken in getting from the custom house to his home in Twenty-third Street.

581. *Faith in God*

Dr. Schauffler, of New York, says: A boy in my Sunday School,

about fifteen years of age, a son of a liquor dealer, came to me and said, "Father says that I have got to serve the bar now on Sundays. What will I do?" I said, "My boy, what do you think you ought to do?" He said, "I ought not to serve." "Well," I said, "I have nothing to say to you." Then he said, "But father says if I don't serve on the bar on Sundays I can pack and get out. What do you think I ought to do?" I said, "What do you think you ought to do?" He said, "I ought to pack and get out." "Very well," I said, "I have nothing to say to you excepting, when your father asks you to serve his bar you answer respectfully and say, 'Father, I will do anything for you that is not contrary to the laws of God and man, but that is contrary to both.'" I never told the boy I would care for him; I simply threw him back on his own sense of duty. The next Sunday the command came to serve the bar, and the suggested reply came. The boy's father angrily said, "Then march!" So my boy put up all that he had in a red handkerchief, and marched out into the streets of New York, with no place to sleep and nothing to eat. Now I say that was grander faith in God than the faith of Abraham when God told him to go out into a land that he knew not; for Abraham went with his flocks and herds, and my boy had not a single mutton chop or a single place to sleep in.

582. Faith in Leader

A story is told of two English soldiers in the South African War of 1899-1902. They were toiling, through the night, over the trackless veld, on one of Lord Roberts' great strategic marches. "What is the use of it?" said one of the two, wellnigh worn out, stumbling on in the twilight over the rough and endless plain. "Never mind," said the other; "come along; Roberts knows." This was precisely Faith. Its foothold was firmly set on the man's experience of his chief's capacity and power. From that foothold it reached boldly out into the unknown, and trusted the chief's hidden plan without a murmur.—H. C. G. Moule.

583. Faith—Justification by

Some think that to be "justified" is simply to be forgiven. But the word represents something greater still. The justified man, and he is every man who has come to God in Christ, is not only forgiven, but regarded in God's sight as though he had never sinned. He is a man against whom God has no charge to lay forever.

I have seen this illustrated by the case of the French military officer, Captain Dreyfus. You remember that he was charged with selling French military secrets to the German army and court-martialed for it. And because he was a Jew his hearing was utterly unfair, and in the face of evidence he was accounted guilty, and banished to Devil's Island. But there were friends who kept agitating for a second trial, and when this was had, again in the face of evidence, he was found guilty. Now however, the President of France, to save the face of the nation, pardoned him. Captain Dreyfus is free. He may go where he pleases and do what he likes.

But he is not satisfied with pardon; nor his friends, nor a large portion of France satisfied with it. The whole world, indeed, has awakened to the unfairness of the judgment, and cried out for another trial that the pardoned man might be justified. The third trial is granted and at last Captain Dreyfus is justified of the crime. He is not pardoned now, but something different and something better. He is now regarded in the eyes of France

and of the world as one who never committed the crime.

There are only two ways in which a man can be justified of a crime. One is on the ground of innocence, the other on the ground of paying the penalty for it. Captain Dreyfus was justified on the ground of innocence, for he was innocent. You and I cannot be justified of sin on the ground of innocence, for we are not innocent, but guilty. But we who have accepted Jesus Christ are justified on the other ground that we have paid the penalty of our sin, every particle of it,—not in and of ourselves, but in the person of our substitute, Who died, "the just for the unjust, that he might bring us to God." Glory to God for a salvation that not only pardons, but justifies!—James M. Gray.

584. Faith—No Fear in

A little girl was running along, and she was asked if she was not afraid to go through the cemetery at night. "Oh, no," she said, "I am not afraid, for my home is just beyond." This little story Bishop Quayle told at the funeral of his colleague, Bishop Smith.

585. Faith—Nothing Impossible With

In a part of the battle of Neuve Chapelle where things were more than usually muddled, a British subaltern received the order to lead his men out against the trenches opposite. The barbed wire in front of them was obviously intact, and to do anything of the sort seemed to be merely useless suicide. The men, realizing the situation, refused, and were in fact justified by a counter-order a few minutes later. But their officer could not understand their refusal. Again and again he implored them to follow him, and at last, with tears in his eyes, sprang up himself, saying, "If you will not follow me, I'm going alone." He was hardly over the parapet before he fell back, severely wounded. As they carried him off on a stretcher, he was weeping bitterly—not for his own failure or the pain of his wound, but because his men had disgraced themselves by refusing the impossible. That is the only right spirit. For the Christian to-day the alternative is more unbearable still. But, if the faith of a Christian is not a delusion the whole way through, then for him the impossible does not exist. The Commander he serves under never blunders, and there is no such thing as going forward alone. On the contrary, the faith which is willing to face the impossible is itself the appointed mean of achieving it. "This is the victory which has overcome the world, ever our faith." "Nothing shall be impossible unto you."—E. A. Burroughs.

586. Faith or Presumption

When means to an end are available and we dispense with them, relying upon God to do that which he has put it within our power to do for ourselves, we tempt God and are guilty of fanaticism. Dr. Buckley says: "When Bishop Taylor went to Africa, he took with him a young man who obstinately refused to take medicine, claiming that God would keep him safe without the use of such means. When he took the fever he still refused to take the medicine. The doctor who attended him gives the last conversation as follows: 'Charlie, your temperature is 105 and pulse 130; normal is 98, and the dividing line between life and death is 103. You are now dying. It is only a question of time; and if you do not take something to break up this fever, it will surely kill you.' The reply of the misguided youth was: 'Well, then, I'll die, for I won't take any medicine.' He died, while almost all the party had the African

fever and recovered by the aid of medical skill."

That was not faith but presumption.—S. S. Magazine.

587. Faith—Reward of

During the recent war, after a German attack, an American boy who came back to our lines discovered that his "pal," with whom he had fought side by side, was missing; immediately he asked permission to go back over the field and get him. His officer advised him not to go, and said: "If you do it will not be worth while. Go at your risk, but it will cost you your life." The boy went out, found his friend badly hurt, and brought him back near our line, but at that point the wounded soldier died. The rescuer himself was then shot. Dying, he crawled back within the line. The officer, leaning over him just before he died, said: "I told you you would lose your life. Was it worth while?" "Yes, sir," replied the dying soldier. "He said he knew I would come." The Master said he would rise again, and he kept his word. The Master says he will come again, and he will surely keep that word, too.

"He is risen even as he said." He will come again, too.

588. Faith—Simple

A man once said to a servant of the Lord, "I am such a helpless, miserable sinner, there is no hope for me. I have prayed, and resolved, and tried, and vowed until I am sick of my unavailing efforts." "Do you believe that Christ died for our sins, and rose again?" was the reply. "Of course I do." "If he were here on earth in bodily and visible form, what would you do?" "I would go to him at once." "What would you say to him?" "I would tell him that I am a lost sinner." "What would you ask him?" "I would ask him to forgive and save me." "What would he answer?" The man was silent. "What would he answer?" The man was silent. "What would he answer?" At last the light came into his eyes, and a smile of peace stole over his face as he whispered, "He would answer, 'I will.'" And the man went away believing, rejoicing with joy unspeakable and full of glory; and since that time has been working faithfully for the Christ who saved him for nothing. —Sunday School Times.

589. Faith—Smouldering

"The fault is in the chimney," said the expert who had come to see what was wrong with the kitchen range. "A stove has, of course, no draught in itself; it is only its connection with the flue that makes the fire burn and the smoke ascend, and the higher the chimney the stronger the draught. At shops and foundries, where the fierce fires are needed, they run their stacks up to a great height. Your stove clogs, chokes and smokes because your chimney is too low. You must build higher."

His words reminded us of other fires that burn low and choke too easily: of love and aspiration so often clogged by life's daily worry and fret; of faith that only smoulders instead of flaming bright and bearing away the petty troubles and worries which seek to smother it; of hearts and lives that grow cold and dull because their upreach is not high enough. The upward drawing is not strong enough to give vigor to the flame and to whirl away the refuse. We must build higher.

590. Faith—Triumph of

In the Life of Robert and Mary Moffat, edited by their son, we are reminded that for ten years the early mission in Bechuanaland was

carried on without one ray of encouragement for the faithful workers. No convert was made. The directors at home, to the great grief of the devoted missionaries, began to question the wisdom of continuing the mission. A year or two longer the darkness reigned. A friend from England sent word to Mrs. Moffat asking what gift she should send out to her. And the brave woman wrote back, "Send a communion service; it will be sure to be needed." At last the breath of the Lord moved on the hearts of the Bechuanas. A little group of six were united into the first Christian church, and that communion service from England, singularly delayed, reached Kuruman just one day before the appointed time for the first administration of the Lord's Supper.—Chronicle of L. M. Society.

591. *Faith—Unwavering*

We always need to strengthen each other in our faith and trust in God. Every man has his moments of darkness and sorrow, when it is a comfort to know how others have found peace and joy in believing in God. This is what Ella Wheeler Wilcox does for us in the following song:

I will not doubt, though all my ships at sea
Come drifting home with broken masts and sails:
I shall believe the hand that never fails,
From seeming evil worketh good for me:
And though I weep because those sails are battered,
Still will I cry, while my best hopes be shattered,
I trust in thee.

I will not doubt, though all my prayers return
Unanswered from the still, white realm above;
I shall believe it is an all-wise love
Which has refused those things for which I yearn;
And though at times I cannot keep from grieving,
Yet the pure ardor of my fixed believing,
Undimmed shall burn.

I will not doubt, though sorrows fall like rain,
And troubles swarm like bees about a hive;
I shall believe the heights for which I strive
Are only reached by anguish and by pain;
And though I groan and tremble with my crosses,
I yet shall see, through my severest losses,
The greater gain.

I will not doubt, well anchored in the faith,
Like some staunch ship, my soul braves every gale;
So strong its courage that it will not fail,
To breast the mighty, unknown sea of death;
Oh, may I cry, when body parts with spirit,
I do not doubt; so listening worlds may hear it.

592. *Faith—Unwearied*

"I have been waiting for you for ten years!" was the greeting of the old man of Mesopotamia to the stranded missionary in the mountains. "Why, how did you know I was here?" said the missionary. Then the old man told his story. "Ten years ago," he said, "I went to a pilgrimage in Arabia; there, in the marketplace, I bought this little Book from a stranger. As I traveled home I read how God sent his Son into the world, and how he died and rose again. The journey did not seem long to me. Then I prayed: 'Oh, God, send me a teacher, that I may understand these things.'

And for ten years I waited. Now the teacher has come . . . teach me." Do you think the little Book had been a good missionary?—S. S. Chronicle.

593. Faith—Weak

I was down in Washington some time ago, riding on an electric street car. I observed that the motorman could easily make that car go slow or fast; by a touch of the handle in his hand the car would go slower, almost stop, and yet not quite stop, but just go creeping along like a snail. And then he would touch that thing again, and the car would go almost at the rate of a mile a minute. I got curious to know how the thing was done. I said to myself, "I can't see how it is that if he touches that wire at all, he does not get all the power that there is in the power house," so I ventured to go out on the front platform and ask him. "Would you mind a stranger asking you a question about this machine?" I asked. "No, certainly not," he answered; "what is it?" "How is it that you can go slow or fast just by touching this instrument you hold in your hand?" "Why," he said, "I squeeze this handle, and when I want to go slow, I open the mouth that grips the trolley, and it just touches it. When I want to go fast, it turns and grips the trolley and gets all the power in the power house. We fellows call it 'skinning the wire.'" I said, "Yes, good morning." I have two thousand people, members of my church, that are just "skinning the wire;" never have done anything but just "skin the wire." And you know that just about nine-tenths of our churches—I say this with intense sadness in my heart—are just "skinning the wire." But there is the power house; all the power of heaven is there at our disposal if we will only just grip the wire with the trolley of faith. The trouble is that our faith is so weak that it just "skins the wire." God help us to have faith enough to lay hold of the handle of his power and let come down all the old-time power, the power our fathers had, the power the apostle had, that once again we may show to the world the power of God!

594. Faith—Little

A church of which I was at one time pastor was heavily in debt, and I made it a subject of much prayer. One day a stranger called on me in my study, and said, "Mr. McNeill, I understand you have a debt on your church that you are anxious to pay off. I have heard a great deal about your work, and I want to help." Then, laying a blank check on my desk, he said, "Fill in the amount you require, and I will return later and sign it," and he was gone. I sat there looking at that blank check. Surely, said I, he doesn't realize that our debt runs into thousands of pounds. He would never give that much. But he told me to make it out for the full amount. No, I'll just put down half. I am afraid he will not sign even that much. After a little the stranger returned, asked for the check, and with scarcely a glance signed it, and left without another word. I looked at the signature. It was that of a well-known philanthropist. When I realized that he meant what he said, and I could easily have paid the whole debt, I exclaimed, "O man of little faith, I will never doubt again."—John McNeill.

595. Faith Without Feeling

The difficulty with the average adult is that he cannot be satisfied without what he calls feeling, something different from faith. But a very simple illustration may serve at once to show how unnecessary such feeling is, and how really dishonoring to God it is, to say nothing

even of its harmfulness to our own peace.

General McClellan wrote his wife that he had been commissioned as Major-General of the army. "But," said he, "I do not feel any different than I did yesterday. Indeed, I have not yet donned my new uniform. I am sure that I am in command of the army, however, for the President's order to that effect is now before me." Would the General have suffered disobedience to his command or dishonor to his position for the lack of this feeling? Were not the President's orders sufficient for him to act the part? How foolish it would have been for him to wait for anything further, and how disrespectful to his superior! This is not to say that the conviction, or the feeling, of his being the commanding officer may not have grown upon him as he did act the part from day to day, but was not the fact as true on the first day of office as the last?

It is just so with the man who is justified by faith. He is at peace with God in that moment, and the peace of God follows in due time. The first represents his state or position before God, the second the experience or realization of it. Whether the second ever becomes his or whether it does not, the truth of the first-named fact is not affected. Let us praise God for this, and not dishonor His Word by doubting it.—James M. Gray.

596. *Faith—Working by*

In modern warfare practically all the firing is done at invisible targets. The gunners receive the range from the proper officer and fire their pieces, the hits being recorded by a lieutenant who may be stationed a mile or so distant. The gunner believes he is doing a task that is worth while though he cannot witness, for the time being, at least, the results. He is compelled to place complete faith in the ability of his superior officers. One of the gunners in Europe thus expressed himself, "Yes, it's mighty difficult for us chaps down here in the pits to keep on firing and never see the enemy, but then we're content when we hear we've got their range, and the chaps who are firing at us are 'doing business in another world.'" God, in his Word, has assured the Christian that his message should not fail. Let us keep up the "firing" until we see our unsaved friends "doing business in another world"—the world of the Spirit-filled life.

597. *Justification and Sanctification*

A prisoner may be dismissed from the bar, acquitted of the charge, or he may be convicted but pardoned; but he may go with all the principles of wickedness as strong as ever within him. His condition is changed, but not his character. But it is never so in God's dealings with men. In every case where there is justification, sanctification accompanies it.—Wardlaw.

598. *Patience—Perfect Work of*

Some years ago, in a manufacturing town in England, a young lady applied to the superintendent of a Sunday-school for a class. He told her he had no vacant classes, but that if she liked to go out and hunt up a class of boys for herself, he would be glad to have her help. She did so, and gathered a class of poor ragged boys. Among these, the worst and most unpromising boy was one named Bob. The superintendent told these boys to come to his house during the week, and he would get them each a new suit of clothes. They came and got their clothes. After two or three Sundays Bob was missing. The teacher went after him. She found that his new

clothes were torn and dirty. She invited him back to school. He came. The superintendent gave him a second new suit. After attending once or twice Bob's place was empty again. Once more the teacher sought him out. She found that the second suit of clothes had gone the same way as the first. She reported the case to the superintendent, saying she was utterly discouraged about Bob, and must give him up. "Please don't do that," said the superintendent; "I can't but hope that there is something good in Bob. Try him once more. I'll give him a third suit of clothes if he'll promise to attend regularly." Bob did promise. He received his third suit of clothes. He did attend regularly after that. He got interested in the school. He became an earnest and persevering seeker after Jesus. He found Him. He joined the Church. He was made a teacher. He studied for the ministry, and the end of the story is, that that discouraging boy —that dirty, ragged, runaway Bob —became the Rev. Dr. Robert Morrison, the great missionary to China, who translated the Bible into the Chinese language.—Richard Newton.

599. Through Faith

Dr. H. Clay Trumbull used to tell with keen pleasure of the glimpse he once had of the secret of Napoleon's power over his soldiers. Happening to meet a French veteran who had served under the great commander, Dr. Trumbull asked him: "Did Napoleon's soldiers like him?" "Like him!" exclaimed the old French man, straightening up, his eyes snapping excitedly. "Like him! We believed in him. Napoleon say: 'Go to the Moon.' Every soldier start. Napoleon find the way." And we have a commander who is greater than Napoleon. Start out in the Christian life, friends, and Christ will find the way. "Kept." "Kept by the power of God." "Through faith." "Unto Salvation."

600. Trust—Necessity of

I have known a timid traveller whose route lay across the Higher Alps, along a path, no broader than a mule's foothold, that skirted a dreadful precipice, whence could be discerned the river far down below, diminished to a silver thread; and on that dizzy precipice I have known a timid traveller, who fancied it safest to shut her eyes and not attempt to guide the course nor touch the bridle—a fatal touch that would throw steed and rider over, till, bounding from shelf to shelf, they lay a mangled mass in the valley below. And there are times and circumstances in the believer's life when, if he would keep himself from sinful doubts, if he would keep himself from falling into despair, he must, as it were, shut his eyes, lay the bridle on the neck of Providence, commit his way to God, and, however things may look, make this his comfort, "He will never leave me, nor forsake me." In such circumstances the only thing is to trust in God; "Walk by faith, not by sight."—Guthrie.

601. Truth—Perfect

At various times a lofty scaffolding and platform have been erected in the Palace grounds, from which a rope has been stretched to the building itself; and along this narrow and perilous pathway an American named Blondin has walked, or run, or crept in presence of tens of thousands of spectators. Sometimes a poor Italian has allowed himself, for hire, to be carried by Blondin on his back across the fearful chasm, to the great terror of many of the multitude below.

While visiting some time ago a poor district in London, a city missionary came upon this poor Italian, lying upon his deathbed, and much

concerned about the salvation of his soul. At the missionary's request, a Christian gentleman also visited him, and sought to lead him to trust in Jesus, and in Him alone. He says:

"I well remember asking him whether he ever had any fear when he was being carried by Blondin on the tight-rope.

"'No', he said, 'he was a very able man.'

"'Then you trusted him with your life because you believed he would not let you fall?'

"'Oh, yes,' he said, 'he would not let me fall.'"

And then the missionary tried to show the poor dying man that he must trust Jesus just with the same perfect confidence, and He would carry him safely to heaven.—R. Brewin.

602. Unbelief—Reason of

I once heard of two men who, under the influence of liquor, came down one night to where their boat was tied. They wanted to return home, so they got in and began to row. They pulled away hard all night, wondering why they never got to the other side of the bay. When the grey dawn of morning broke, behold, they had never loosed the mooring-line or raised the anchor! And that's just the way with many who are striving to enter the kingdom of heaven. They cannot believe, because they are tied to this world. Cut the cord! cut the cord! Set yourself free from the clogging weight of earthly things, and you will soon go on towards heaven.—Moody.

603. Unknown—Perils of the

The old discoverers who sailed into unknown seas must have felt a peculiar pleasure in their daring undertakings. Spreading the canvas to the wind, they ventured out to the mysterious ocean in search of new countries. But their delight was mingled with anxiety and fear; for, possessing no charts, they knew not what perils awaited them in their bold endeavour—what rocks and sandbanks might be in their way, or what monsters they might meet with in the lands they hoped to discover. The search for new truth also has its delights. It is pleasant to leave the tame, unromantic shores of common belief, and to start on a voyage of discovery over the boundless ocean of intellectual speculation. But there is danger also in this enterprise. The dreary land of scepticism, and chaos of No-faith, and the black regions of despair, are somewhere out in those seas; and many have ventured there who never returned.—Thomas Jones.

604. Truth—Awaking to

The Holy Spirit comes like a rushing wind upon the disciples, and in an hour they are new men. The jailer hears and believes in a night. Luther, while toiling up the holy stairs of the Lateran, holding to salvation by works, drops that scheme on the way, and lays hold of the higher one of salvation by faith. Ignatius Loyola, in a dream, has sight of the Mother of Christ and awakes as a soldier of Jesus. It is often so. We do not so much grow into the possession of new spiritual truths as we awake to them. Their coming is not like the sunrise, that slowly discloses the shapes and relations of things, but is like the lightning, that illuminates earth and sky in one quick flash, and so imprints them for ever on the vision.—T. T. Munger.

TEMPTATION

605. Evil—Deliverance From

The young man came to the big city in which he found employment. He gave up church and Sabbath School. Yet he formed the habit

of stepping into the vestibule of a prominent church Sabbath evening in time to hear the closing hymn. One evening it was "The Celestial Country." Four lines he afterward found himself humming as he worked:

"For thee, O dear, dear country,
Mine eyes their vigils keep;
For very love beholding
Thy precious name, they weep."

One day he met a great temptation. He paced the floor intensely agitated. Should he do this wrong? There was little chance of his being detected. It was a high stake. What if he should be discovered after all? It would not only mean his dismissal, but his ruin. As he wrestled with the temptation he found himself unconsciously humming:

"For thee, O dear, dear country,
Mine eyes their vigils keep;"

Suddenly it dawned upon him he was singing, and again and again he sang the verse:

"For thee, O dear, dear country,
Mine eyes their vigils keep;
For very love, beholding
Thy precious name, they weep."

It was enough. He came to himself. He went to his bedside and stood a moment. "I can not lose God and that heavenly country," he thought. Then he fell upon his knees and prayed, "Deliver me from evil." The shadows lifted. He had won. He felt for the first time he was a citizen of that better country, and that thought made him a true citizen of his country and a faithful employee in a great concern.—Exchange.

606. *Never Give Up*

At the close of the first day of the battle of Shiloh, a day of severe Union reverses, General Grant was met by his much discouraged chief of staff, McPherson, who said: "Things look bad, General. We have lost half our artillery and a third of the infantry. Our line is broken, and we are pushed back nearly to the river."

Grant made no reply, and McPherson asked impatiently what he intended to do.

"Do? Why, reform the lines and attack at daybreak. Won't they be surprised?"

Surprised they were—and routed before nine o'clock.

Every man that succeeds meets just such crises, and must avert disaster with a prompt reforming of lines and early attack.

607. *Temptation—Escaped From*

In the days of chivalry in France, a citadel was besieged by the enemy and the outworks destroyed. The next was fixed for the assault. In order that none might escape under cover of the night, the besiegers guarded every foot of the wall. They had the garrison in a net and only waited for the morrow to slaughter them.

No sound came from the beleaguered city. Those brave but unfortunate defenders seemed to wait their doom in silence.

When the morning came, the enemy with swords drawn rushed in to find the citadel empty!

Their astonishment was great. "Where are our foes?" they demanded.

And then an opening was found leading down into the sub-cellars, and from these a long subterranean passage led them out a long way from the citadel among quiet green fields and the light of day. It was plain that by this passage, the doors of which stood open, their prey had escaped at night. It was a refuge of besieged provided for such a crisis.

What an encouragement to us in the hour of temptation to remember

that there is always a way of escape that is provided for just such times of peril.—New Century Teacher.

608. Temptation—Yielding to

Harry Phillips tells of being in a hospital where an old man was dying from an injury. He was evidently a man of culture, had been reared a gentleman; but in his delirium, with a look of unutterable anguish on his face, he would cry out:

"I am going down to hell, and I can't find the brake," his right foot moving restlessly under the bedclothes, trying to find the pedal of a brake.

"Has it been drink? Mostly that. What an awful waste my life has been! Well-born, public school boy, Rugby-Oxford-honors. Magnificent fortune at twenty-one—all gone—dying alone, uncared for, in a London Hospital at sixty. Do you know what ruined me? Driving four-in-hand. I tried to drive drink, gambling, extravagance, and idleness. Costs a lot to keep up that team; and then they bolted one day, and the brake broke, and I couldn't hold them. You have seen at the top of some hills: 'Cyclists, beware! This hill is dangerous.' That notice should be placed over every gin-palace and every gambling club. Over strong drink altogether."

Then the delirium returned, and the look of agony in the eyes, and the restless moving of the right, and the cry: "I can't find the brake! Some one hold the leaders!"

609. Temptations—Removing

A stooped, grizzled man, employed by an automobile factory in Toledo, Ohio, does not look like a very important part of this big factory. But the president of the company says that "Magnet Bill" saves his salary a dozen times over every day he works. Rain or shine, summer or winter, "Magnet Bill" may be seen walking slowly about the plant, his eyes almost constantly cast on the ground. He gets his nickname from the fact that his tools consist solely of one tin bucket and a big steel magnet strapped to the end of a shovel handle. It is his duty to save automobile tires by removing from the roadway every nail and bit of iron, brass or steel that might cause a puncture. Thousands of cars are run over the roadway to the testing place, and it is figured that without the precaution taken by "Magnet Bill" the cost for cut and punctured tires would be $20,000.

If it pays in business to remove the cause of trouble and danger, how much more is that true in the moral life! How many lives have been wrecked because we did not take the time to remove temptations or go out of our way to save people! Life's road would be smoother and safer for thousands if only we removed the many stumbling blocks lying in the way, and which will cause them to stumble and fall.

610. Watchfulness—Duty of

A believer's watchfulness is like that of a soldier. A sentinel posted on the walls, when he discerns a hostile party advancing, does not attempt to make head against them himself, but informs his commanding officer of the enemy's approach, and leaves him to take the proper measure against the foe. So the Christian does not attempt to fight temptation in his own strength; his watchfulness lies in observing its approach, and in telling God of it by prayer.—W. Mason.

VISION

611. Attention—Concentrated

In my boyhood I was taken to see a famous quarry. Over what appeared to me a great gulf had been

made a pathway one plank broad for wheel-barrows, and over that perilous path quarrymen were wheeling loads of earth. I asked how the thing was possible, and a quarryman explained that he was able to wheel the barrow without stumbling by fixing his eye on the farther goal. He did not ignore the gulf and the danger, certainly did not deny their existence; he was aware of them. It was because of their presence that he kept his eye fixed on the goal. But it was his concentrated attention on that that kept him safe. (George Steven's "The Psychology of the Christian Soul."—James Hastings.

612. Cross—Light of

In winter there are periods when a thick mantle of fog covers the city of Geneva. When on such a dismal day one mounts the side of Mont Saleve, one comes after a time to a cross erected alongside a precipitous slope and overlooking the entire valley of the Rhone. One comes at the same time to the fog limit. A farmer recently gave a tourist, who wondered at not being able to see the sun, this information: "Sir, you must climb to the cross, there you will find the sunshine." And indeed it is so. The city, the lake and a good part of the valley are hidden from view, but the cross is bathed in unclouded light.

It may be a weary climb to the Cross, but it pays, the sun seems so much brighter there because of the fog below. Are you still on the way? Can you see no light on ahead? Keep on, don't get discouraged. Soon you will be bathed in Heaven's own Light!

613. Education—Marks of

A professor in the University of Chicago told his pupils that he should consider them educated in the best sense of the word when they could say "Yes," to every one of the following questions:

Has education given you sympathy with all good causes and made you espouse them? Has it made you public-spirited? Has it made you a brother to the weak?

Have you learned how to make friends and keep them? Do you know what it is to be a friend yourself?

Can you look an honest man or a pure woman straight in the eye?

Can you see anything to love in a little child? Will a lonely dog follow you in the street?

Can you be high-minded and happy in the meaner drudgeries of life? Do you think washing dishes and hoeing corn just as compatible with high thinking as piano-playing or golf?

Are you good for anything to yourself? Can you be happy alone?

Can you look out on the world and see anything except dollars and cents?

Can you look into the sky at night and see beyond the stars?

Can your soul claim relationship with the Creator? — Presbyterian Witness.

614. Jesus—Looking to

An artist once drew a picture. It represented a night-scene. A solitary man is rowing a little skiff across a lake; the wind is high and stormy, the billows, white and crested, rage around his frail bark; and not a star, save one, shines through the dark and angry sky above. But upon that lone star the voyager fixes his eye, and keeps rowing away—on, on, on through the mid-night storm. Written beneath the picture were these words, "If I lose that I'm lost!"—Denton.

615. Jesus—Vision of

I do not now remember the name of the place, but it was the church and pulpit of an orthodox clergyman. He found one Sunday a slip of

paper placed on his Bible by some of the members of his congregation, and written thereon were these words, "We would see Jesus." The pastor felt distressed, but being honestly desirous of being a shepherd, not a hireling, he was not offended; he set to examine himself and his work humbly and sincerely. The result was, that he made the sad and yet happy discovery that those people were justified in making the above demand. He thereupon "went into a desert place," and within a short time he found in his pulpit another slip of paper with the following words written on it:—"Then were the disciples glad, when they saw the Lord."—Pastor Funcke.

616. God—Seeing

Somewhere years back I heard of a boy who asked his father earnestly if anybody could see God. He had heard some men at the store talking about Him. "No," said the father. The answer was rough and the boy was timid, very timid. He wandered in the woods and pondered. He sat on the bank and fished and thought it over. He watched the birds build their nests, he saw them train their young and looked up through the branches longing to see God. One day the minister came to dinner and he watched for a chance for a private talk. It came, but he was told that none could see God and live. He went out to the barn and cried. The next summer he met an old fisherman and a lovely chumship began. The father heard of the new found friend and talked to the boy about him. "Is he a good man?" asked the father.

"I like him," was the boy's reply.

"What does he talk about?" the father wanted to know.

"Well," replied the boy, "he don't talk much, but I'll tell you how he acts. For instance, last night when we had quit fishing and were drifting down the river and the sun was going down through the trees and it was pretty and red, I saw tears in his eyes, and—"

"That will be all right," said the father. "I guess you are safe." The next evening the same two were drifting down the river the same way and again the tears were in the old fisherman's eyes. The boy reached over timidly and touched the old man's arm. The old man did not turn his head. "I was never going to ever ask any body else this question I am going to ask you," said the boy with trembling lip. Still the old man did not move; his eyes were fixed on the setting sun. "Can you see God?" the boy ventured. No answer. Tenderly the boy pulled at the man's sleeve. "Please tell me. Please tell me, won't you? Can anybody see God?" The boy waited, breathless. Finally the old man turned a lovely tear stained face to the boy and said very tenderly: "Son, it's gettin' so I don't see anything else."—Selected.

617. Holy Life—Blessing of

The west coast of Norway is indented with innumerable fiords. There are so many sudden turns in them that it is with great difficulty that even an expert pilot can take a steamer very far into them. It is impossible to put a light-house or even a buoy at each turn. Generally, there will be one light-house inland on a high peak to show the general direction of the fiord and then, to mark out the little and sudden turns, the pilot looks for the lights from the windows of the little homes of the fishermen that nestle along the shore. So the light of Jesus shines high and far in life, but the busy traveller often neglects to look so high, or, failing to find it, looks about him toward us to see if the lower lights are burning along the shore.

618. Light in Dark World

"The light shineth in the darkness." John 1:5.

An artist once drew a picture of a wintry twilight, the trees heavily laden with snow, and a dreary dark house, lonely and desolate, in the midst of the storm. It was a sad picture indeed. Then, with a quick stroke of yellow crayon, he put a light in one window. The effect was magical. The entire scene was transformed into a vision of comfort and good cheer. The birth of Christ was just a light in a dark world!

619. Looking Up

At a recent Free Church Conference at Cheltenham, Dr. Horton told the story of the professor who invariably prefaced his lectures by remarking: "When I was walking in my garden, I thought—" and proceeding with some beautiful teaching, till his students began to imagine what a grand garden their master must have to be the inspiration of such grand thoughts, until one went to see it, and found it to be a little narrow backyard. "Your garden!" he exclaimed, "how small it is, how narrow, how secluded, how poor!" "Ah!" answered the professor, "but look how high it is. It reaches to the heavens." So look up; look to the eternal hills, to God on his throne, and in his might face and conquer all these problems, doubts, and difficulties.

620. Seeing Darkly

I don't often put on glasses to examine Katy's work; but one morning not long since, I did so upon entering a room she had been sweeping.

"Did you forget to open the windows when you swept, Katy?" I inquired. "This room is very dusty."

"I think there is dust on your eye-glasses, ma'am," she said, modestly. And sure enough, the eye-glasses were at fault and not Katy. I rubbed them off, and everything looked bright and clean, the carpet like new, and Katy's face said—I'm glad it was the glasses and not me, this time. This has taught me a good lesson, I said to myself upon leaving the room, and one I shall remember through life.

In the evening Katy came to me with some kitchen trouble. The cook had done so and so, and she had said so and so. When her story was finished I said, smiling: "There is dust on your glasses, Katy. Rub them off; you will see better." She understood me and left the room.

I told the incident to the children, and it is quite common to hear them say to each other: "Oh, there's dust on your glasses." Sometimes I am referred to. "Mamma, Harry has dust on his glasses; can't he rub them off?"

When I hear a person criticising another, condemning perhaps a course of action he knows nothing about, drawing inferences prejudicial to the person or persons, I think immediately: "There's dust on your glasses; rub it off." The truth is, everybody wears these very same glasses, only the dust is a little thicker on some than on others, and needs harder rubbing to get it off.

621. Sight—Divine

A weary missionary fell asleep and had a dream. A message had arrived that the Master was coming, and to her was appointed the task of getting all the little children ready for Him. So she arranged them on benches in tiers, putting the little white children first, nearest to where the Master would stand, then the little yellow, red and brown children, and far back sat the black children. When all were arranged, she looked, and it did not seem quite right to her. Why should

the black children be so far away? They ought perhaps to be on the front benches. She started to rearrange them, but just as all was in confusion footsteps were heard; it was the Master's tread. He was coming before the children were ready. To think that the task entrusted to her had not been accomplished in time! The footsteps drew near, and she was obliged to look up. Lo, as her eyes rested on the children all shades of color and difference had vanished; the little children in the Master's presence were all alike. Man makes the mistake of looking upon the outward appearance, forgetting that God looketh on the heart.—Record of Christian Work.

622. Overcoming

One September day in 1858, Henry Fawcett accompanied his father on a hunting expedition, wearing tinted glasses to protect his eyes. Not seeing Henry in the way, his father fired at a partridge. The shot entered the eyes of the young man, blinding him instantly. But for the resistance of the glass he would have been killed.

Six weeks later he was able to perceive light for three days. Then the light failed completely.

The father said it would be easier to bear the calamity if "the boy would only complain." But he was never known to complain of the loss of sight; he used to say that "blindness was not a tragedy, but an inconvenience." From the first he reminded his friends of the phrase put in the mouth of Henry V at the battle of Agincourt:

"There is some soul of goodness
in things evil,
Would men observingly distill it
out."

Sympathetic friends counselled him to bow to the will of Providence. But Fawcett asked what was the will of Providence. Why, without trying, should he suppose that inaction would be the nobler part for him to play? . . . It is not strange that a man with a spirit like that was able to win his appointment to the Chair of Political Economy at Cambridge, when he was thirty years old. After a brilliant record in college, he sought election to Parliament. Several times he was defeated; the voters found it difficult to realize that a blind man could represent them adequately. But in 1865 he was elected a member of the House of Commons. . . . In Parliament he became the champion of the oppressed. . . . Gladstone made him Postmaster General. During his term of office he insisted on looking on the Post Office "as an instrument which could be made of service, especially to the poor." The establishment of the Parcel Post and the Postal Savings Bank were two of his achievements. . . . For four years he labored in the Department. The hard work hastened his death. On November 6, 1884, his eyes were opened to see the light of another world. "Fawcett's life," says his biographer, "awakens us to the possibilities of happiness and usefulness without the aid of money or position and even despite one of the gravest impediments under which a man can labor. He completely forgot himself and his personal interests and in so doing found happiness and success."

Punch, the famous English paper, paid him the following tribute:

Darkness enwrapped him, yet with
steadfast heart
He sought, unfaltering, the highest
light,
His keen-eyed spirit failed not in
the sight
Which sees, and seeing, loves the
better part.

—From the Book of Joy, by Faris.

623. Vision—Hindered

When a gentleman was inspecting a house in Newcastle with a view of hiring it as a residence, the landlord took him to the upper window, expatiated on the extensive prospect, and added, "You can see Durham Cathedral from this window on a Sunday." "Why on a Sunday above every other day?" inquired our friend with some degree of surprise. The reply was conclusive enough. "Because on that day there is no smoke from those tall chimneys." Often it is the smoke of worldliness and sin that beclouds our view, and keeps us from seeing God.—S. S. Chronicle.

624. Vision of the Kingdom

A generation ago, visitors from America in Florence were visiting the studio of Hiram Powers, that gifted son of the Green Mountains, who in his fine work produced busts and statues and medallions which rivalled the Greek masters. In his rooms might be found the idealization of some of America's most famous statesmen and soldiers. There was the model of Liberty for the summit of the Capitol at Washington, of the California pioneer and the Massachusetts Puritan.

One day a visitor from America said to Mr. Powers: "When were you in America last?" Smiling, he replied: "Some thirty years ago." "Then how is it that you manage to keep so well in touch with American life?" he was asked; and he answered: "I have never been out of touch with America itself. For thirty years I have eaten and slept in Italy, but I have never lived anywhere but in the United States."

And so the Christian eats and sleeps in this age of strife and turmoil and conflict, but he is living in the kingdom. The motives of the kingdom drive his life; and some day, under the spell and service of the men and women who have caught a vision, the kingdom will be here.—James I. Vance.

WITNESSES

625. Cannibal Tongues

Cannibals are called "man-eaters" because they kill and devour one another. There may be different ways of killing and devouring one another. You may do it with the tongue as successfully as with the teeth. Does not the apostle speak of those who bite and devour one another? (Gal. 5:15). It is quite possible to kill and devour a man's influence by backbiting and evil speaking. Such an unchristian spirit is but a remnant of the cannibal age. Pray for them that despitefully use you.—James Smith.

626. Church-Members—Ideal

Henry Ward Beecher was a great lover of a fine horse. A good story is told that once when about to take a ride behind a horse hired at a livery stable, Mr. Beecher regarded the horse admiringly, and remarked: "That is a fine looking animal. Is he as good as he looks?" The owner replied: "Mr. Beecher, that horse will work in any place you put him, and do all that any horse can do." The preacher eyed the horse still more admiringly, and then humorously remarked: "I wish to goodness that he was a member of our church."

627. Ruinous Refuges

The flying fish, when terrified and pressed by their enemy, will fly out of the water and sometimes take refuge on a passing ship, where the sailors find great delight in catching them, and where the poor breathless things find their doom. At the sight of sin as an enemy, and through fear of coming judgment, terrified

souls will often fly out of their old surroundings, but instead of fleeing to Christ, the only saving One, they take refuge on the ship of mere outward reformation, and fall an easy prey to pride and self-sufficiency, which work death as surely as any other sin. "God is our Refuge" (Psa. 46:1).—James Smith.

628. Scars of Honor

Here is an account, told by Henry J. Erskine of Philadelphia, of the only instance in which Benjamin H. Brewster, Attorney-General of the United States during Gen. Arthur's administration, was ever taunted in court of the disfigurement of his face. It occurred during the trial of an important suit involving certain franchise rights of the Pennsylvania railroad in Philadelphia. Mr. Brewster was then the chief counsel of the Pennsylvania company. The trial was a bitterly contested affair, and Brewster at every point got so much the best of the opposing counsel that by the time arguments commenced his leading adversary was in a white heat. In denouncing the railroad company this lawyer with his voice tremulous with anger, exclaimed: "This grasping corporation is as dark, devious, and scarified in its methods as is the face of its chief attorney and henchman, Benjamin Brewster!" This violent outburst of rage and cruel invective was followed by a breathless stillness in the crowded court-room that was painful. Hundreds of pitying eyes were riveted on the poor, scarred face of Brewster, expecting to see him spring from his chair and catch his heartless adversary by the throat. Never before had anyone referred to Mr. Brewster's misfortune in such a way, or even in any terms, in his presence. Instead of springing at the man and killing him like a dog, as the audience thought was his desert, Mr. Brewster slowly arose and spoke something like this to the court: "Your Honor, in all my career as a lawyer I have never dealt in personalities, nor did I ever before feel called upon to explain the cause of my physical misfortune, but I will do so now. When a boy—and my mother, God bless her, said I was a pretty boy—when a little boy, while playing around an open fire one day with a little sister, just beginning to toddle, she fell into the roaring flames. I rushed to her rescue, pulled her out before she was seriously hurt, and fell into the fire myself. When they took me out of the coals my face was as black as that man's heart." The last sentence was spoken in a voice whose rage was that of a lion. It had an electrical effect, and the applause that greeted it was superb, but in an instant turned to the most contemptuous hisses, directed at the lawyer who had so cruelly wronged the great and lovable Brewster. That lawyer's practice in Philadelphia afterward dwindled to such insignificance that he had to leave the city for a new field.—Peter Zaleski.

629. Silence—Criminal

In a recent number of the Musical Courier, Fritz Kreisler, the violinist, tells how he secured his beautiful "Heart Guarnerius." He heard it in the shop of a dealer and was so impressed by its pure, liquid, penetrating tone, that he offered all he had for it. But the dealer had already sold it to an Englishman who had a passion for collecting violins. "That this divine voice should be doomed to silence under the glass case of a collector," exclaims Mr. Kreisler, "was to me a tragedy that rent my heart; more than ever was I determined that I would endow it with life and the power to interpret the great messages of our music gods. From that day, I laid siege to the fortress which held the imprisoned

Guarnerius. I gave no rest to its owner and jailer, who was a gentleman of rare culture and attainments. For weeks and months I assailed him with my pleadings. Finally, he took it from its case saying, 'Play.' I played as one condemned to death would have played to obtain his ransom. When I had finished he said: 'I have no right to it; keep it; it belongs to you. Go out into the world, and let it be heard!'"

So it seems to me of the music that lies imprisoned in such great religious ideas as God's Fatherhood, Man's Moral Victory, the final Triumph of Good over Evil in every soul and throughout the Universe. It is the very music of angels, the song of heaven, the rapture of the redeemed! Those who are themselves thrilled by these strains divine, have no right to condemn those strains to silence. They belong to other hearts. They belong to the sinful, the suffering, the despairing, the bereaved. They belong to the young upon the threshold, to the old beneath the sunset. As said the owner of the violin to the earnest musician, "Take it: take the message; go out into the world, and let it be heard!"—Marion D. Shutter.

630. Simplicity Wins

I was much pleased with the advertisement of automobile tires I saw the other day. I had been passing many enormous board-notices, gaudy in hue, striking in design, and each claiming superlative merit for their tires. "Buy Liveforever Tires! They last like steel!" "Use Rockaway Tires! No other rides so smoothly!" "You'll come to Ne Plus Ultra Tires! Don't wait!" "The Bestofall Tire! Nothing like it!" So the shrieking advertisements vibrated through the landscape.

Then I saw the quiet announcement: "Smith tires are good tires." Just that.

You can't imagine how restful it was. Immediately a sense of solid satisfaction came over me. "Good tires." No need to bluster and howl. No need to ransack the dictionary for superlatives. No need to run down competitors. "Smith tires are good tires." I wanted to buy some at once. Those are the tires for me henceforth. "Good tires." That is the acme of advertising.

Ah, when will people learn the delicious value of quiet, self-respecting simplicity?

631. Speech—Slow of

There was a king of Lydia in olden times who had a son who had the misfortune to be totally dumb. The prince dwelt in the splendid court of his father, unable to utter a word. Then came dreadful misfortunes. The Persians fought the Lydians, and Croesus was overthrown. A soldier was about to kill the unhappy monarch, of whose rank he was not aware, before the eyes of his son, when, in that moment of horror, fear and love did what human skill had not done. "Spare him! He is the king!" cried the prince. The string which tied his tongue had burst, from his effort to save his father. If we were as anxious to snatch others from eternal death as this poor prince was to save his father, we should find that we too could speak; we should no longer be silent and dumb on the subject of heaven and hell.

632. Testimony—Best

If you have built any truth or ideal into your theory of life, the best way to defend that truth against criticism or assault is just to live it. "Don't label it, but uncork it and let it speak for itself." "Whacher got?" a street gamin demanded of another with a bottle in his hand. "'Fumery," said the other; "jess you read." "C-o-l-o-g-n-e," spelled

the first. "Rats! Whacher givin' us? That's only printin'! Pull out yer cork an' give us a whiff of the stuff."

633. Testimony—Effective

"One rainy day," said a lawyer in Chicago, "I met a member of the city council. 'Say,' he said, 'are you a candidate for anything this campaign?'

"I really didn't intend to say it, but the words popped out of my mouth: 'Me? I am a candidate for heaven.'

"The man gripped my arm and pulled me into a doorway out of the rain. 'Look here,' he said, tersely, 'what made you say that to me?'

"'I don't know, I'm sure,' I answered, 'It flashed into my mind all of a sudden. I wasn't planning it. I mean it, though.'

" 'Well, you've knocked me all in a heap,' he said huskily. 'I'm a candidate for heaven, too, but I've come pretty near forgetting it. I haven't done anything very shameful yet, but I have been losing sight of my religion and getting awfully careless. This council business hasn't been good for me. I've been kept out late nights, and the boys are a hilarious crowd. I've neglected my family and neglected my church, and this thing you've said brings it all back over me. I'm going to do better. I don't have to let this political business lead me off. I'm glad that thing was put into your head to say to me. I needed it.'

"One day," continued the attorney, "I had been working with another lawyer over a case, and when he was ready to leave, the words slipped out of my mouth sort of musingly, 'Well, it's all so; "The wages of sin is death!"'

"He whirled around and stared at me fiercely. 'What do you mean by that?' You trying to preach to me?'

"'Not a bit of it,' I answered. 'What are you getting excited about? That's in the Bible. Don't you think it's true?'

"He paused and studied several seconds. 'Yes, it is true,' he answered, slowly. 'I know it's true. And I haven't been living like I ought to; I know that. There are a lot of things I have been doing that I wouldn't dare have my wife know. I'm going to try to cut them out. I don't want the wages.'"—Brotherhood Star.

634. Testimony—Fearless

Von Zealand, Frederick the Great's greatest general, was a Christian and the king was a scoffer. One day the king was making his coarse jokes about the Saviour and the whole place was ringing with guffaws of laughter. It was too much for Von Zealand, the general that had won numerous and great battles for Prussia and had really put the crown on the king's brow.

With German militariness he stood up and said. amid the hush of flatterers, shaking his gray head solemnly: "Sire, you know I have not feared death, you know I have fought for you in thirty-eight battles, and thirty-eight battles I have won. Sire, my hairs are gray; I am an old man; I shall soon have to go into the presence of a greater than thou, the mighty God who saved me for my sin, the Lord Jesus Christ, whom you are blaspheming against. Sire, I cannot stand to hear my Saviour spoken against. I salute thee, Sire, as an old man who loves the Saviour, on the edge of eternity."

Frederick the Great, with a trembling voice said: "General Von Zealand, I beg your pardon; I beg your pardon." The company dispersed in silence, and the king reflected as never before on that Greater One, whom his general reverenced, even above himself.

635. Testimony—Lost

A man who had a sweet singing canary felt that it was a great pity, when spring came, to keep the poor bird in the house, so he decided to hang the cage under a large tree in the yard, for the summer. The tree was the home of many English sparrows, and before he realized what was taking place the little canary had lost all of its sweet notes. It had spent the summer in bad company, and its sweet song never came back. When it was taken in the house in the fall he heard only its monotonous twitter, twitter, twitter. There are some professing Christians who had a beautiful testimony several years ago, but who have lost their witness, and now when they would "speak with the tongues of men and of angels," they "become as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal." They have broken step with God and lost their experience. My prayer is that we may all learn to walk with Him in the path of Christian felowship.—O. A. Newlin.

636. Testimony—Plain

Bishop Whipple of Minnesota sat by the sick bed of a cultured old judge in the Southland, talking in a learned way of vital themes, when the dying man politely said: "Pardon me; but you know I'm facing the real things. Won't you talk to me like you'd talk to my black boy, Jim?" The bishop said quietly, "You're a sinner, like me. Jesus died for our sins. Trust him as a little child." And the judge replied: "Thank you, bishop. I can get hold of that. That gives me peace."

637. Testimony—Repeated

Up in the Adirondacks, away down in the bed of a stream that comes rushing down when the water is high in spring time or autumn, there is a round hole seven or eight feet deep, as round as a churn and as smooth as glass could scrape it.

What dug that hole?

Look down at the bottom and you will see a little round pebble no larger than a good-sized marble. That bit of rock has been sweeping round the narrow circle of the hole till now it has chiseled the deep, churn-like place. Only a stone, carried around by the pressure of water as it comes flying down the ravine; and yet it has worn its way down into the very heart of the solid rock.

Telling men the story of Jesus Christ sometimes gets to be just the same thing over and over again. What good can it do to repeat it? The hearts of men are so hard! They seem all seared over so that nothing you can say will affect them. Might you not as well go out and stand on the banks of the river and shout your story to the empty air?

Take a lesson from the pebble at the bottom of the hole in the Adirondack rock. Keep whirling! Tell the story again and again, as God gives you the opportunity. It will wear its way into the hearts of men. The only thing is, never stand still and let the water go by and leave you just where you were before the storm came. Some day word will come to you that your little pebble did what God wanted it to do, and that will be enough for you.—Edgar L. Vincent.

638. Testimony—Value of

It does my soul good to hear (at a church prayer-meeting) such cheerful testimony to the value of Christ's presence and blessing in affliction. At night, when a railroad train, having stopped at a station, is about to start again, in order that the conductor may know that everything is as it should be, the brakeman on the last car calls out through the darkness, "All right here!" and the next

man takes up the word, "All right here!" and so it passes along the line, and the train moves on.—Beecher.

639. Voice—A Saving

A beautiful story is told of Jenny Lind. She was once singing in the opera in London in 1849. A young musician who had been led away from the path of right by strong drink, and had gone down and down until, poverty-stricken and ragged, he was a wanderer on the face of the earth, saw the sign at the door. Now it happened that the young man, Max Bronzden, had been a schoolmate of Jenny Lind in her girlhood, and in his boyhood had had as high ambitions and dreams as she, but his sin had dragged him down into the gutter, while she in her purity had mounted up "with wings as eagles." As Max Bronzden stood there at the door, he heard a ringing trill from the voice he knew so well. It deeply stirred him, and, though he was penniless, he determined to enter and hear that voice once more. He watched his chance. A crowd of richly dressed men and women were passing in. He rushed into the throng, evaded the ticket-agent, and gained entrance. In a shadowed recess he crouched and listened. Like a poor starved flower this man with his sensitive musical temperament drank in the showers of glorious music which filled the great auditorium. And at last, when the climax came, and the tempest of applause which made the house tremble, he forgot all—forgot that he was a wandering vagabond, forgot the throng and the lights, and all save that he saw the little barefoot girl of his boyhood's worship, a queen among men. He rushed forward and cried, "Jenny, my little Jenny! I told you so. I said that you would rule the world with that voice. Speak to me, and tell me that you remember."

"Put him out! Put him out!" shouted the multitude. "He is mad! Away with him!"

A strong arm seized him, and he would have been hurled out in the darkness, but a sweet voice cried: "Spare him, and let me hear him. What is it, poor man?"

Max Bronzden looked up, and like an angel of light she stood above him. "Forgive me, madam," he cried. "I was passing and heard your voice. I stole my way in; it seemed like I had a right to listen. Once the birds and I were your only auditors; and yet when I told you, one day, you would be great, you seemed glad of my praise, though I was only Max, the blacksmith's son."

Bending over him, Jenny Lind cried: "Max Bronzden, my first and truest friend, stand; let this vast throng look upon you. It was he," said she, "who first created in my heart ambition to become great. My stage was a lichen-covered forest log, and he showered upon me wild flowers which I prized more than I now prize the jewels and rare gifts which are emblems of my triumph this night. Rise, my friend," she said to him, "and be worthy of the trust and confidence I will ever give you in all the future years. I have struggled and conquered all difficulties. It is not too late. Be no longer a vagabond, as you say you are, but be a man worthy of my friendship."

The astonished man could scarcely speak, but at last, with hoarse earnestness, he uttered the words, "With God's help I will."

Years afterwards Max Bronzden, describing that wondrous scene, said: "The house had been silent as death; then it suddenly burst into tumultuous applause, and the curtain fell. I left that place a new man, with new aspirations and courage, and in all the years since that night I have been, by God's help, a conqueror

of sin. I have lived true to my words."

If Jenny Lind, by her graciousness and mercy, given her of God, could inspire that poor dissipated man to cast away the rags of sin and try again for a noble manhood; could encourage him to take his harp down from the willows, where he had hung it in despair, and set it again to music and gladness, what cannot Jesus Christ do with your heart and life, if you will but yield them to his fingers!—Louis Albert Banks.

640. Witness—A Good

J. D. Brash came to Manchester. His mother came to live with him, and while attending the church in which he was minister, gave her heart to God. Her son asked her to attend his society class, but her Scotch reserve made her insist upon a promise being given by him that he would never call upon her to speak. To this he assented, but said that he would tell the story of her conversion. At the first class-meeting he began to tell the story, but he had not travelled far before his mother very excitedly said, "You are not telling it right, Jack," and forthwith speedily poured forth the story of her new-found love. He often told this to prove that when the most timid soul is aglow with love, there is something which makes it claim a share in the spiritual conversation of the class-meeting. ("Love and Life: The Story of J. Denholm Brash.")—James Hastings.

641. Witnesses

When the French infidel said to the Vendean peasant: "We will pull down your churches, and destroy everything that reminds you of God and Christ," the peasant replied, "But you will leave us the stars, and as long as the stars revolve and shine, so long the heavens will be a sign unto us of the glory of God."

642. Witnesses—Faithful

The disaster on the Atlantic coast line at Norfolk, Va., is now accounted for by a remarkable discovery. Two cars of an excursion train from Kingston, N. C., plunged into an open draw on the Elizabeth River. Through the promptitude of a farm-hand, thirty-five passengers were saved, but eighteen were drowned or killed. The mystery of the accident was increased by the positive assertion of the signal-man that he had displayed his red flag in time for the engineer to stop the train before entering the open draw. Other employees corroborated his assertion. The engineer, who was severely hurt, contended that it was a white flag that was shown, and he took it as a signal that the road was clear. A demand was made that the flag be produced. Then the mystery was solved. The flag had been in use so long that it had faded, and might easily, in the distance, have been mistaken for a white flag. It is sad that the need of a new flag should have led to such a sacrifice of life.

The "blood-red" banner of Jesus Christ will never fade and become a signal for death instead of a sign of life to the people who are watching us. But we need our strength renewed from day to day so that we may hold the banner high enough for all travelers to see and be saved.—Peter Zaleski.

643. Witnesses—Standing

At an open-air meeting in Liverpool, a skeptic gave a strong address against Christianity to a large audience and at the close said, "If any man here can say a single word in favor of Jesus Christ, let him come out and say it." Not a man moved. The silence became oppressive. Then

two young girls arose, walked hand in hand, as if moved by the Holy Spirit, up to the speaker and said, "We can't speak, but we will sing for Christ," and they sang with great power, "Stand up, stand up for Jesus." When the song ceased, every head was uncovered, all were deeply moved, some were sobbing, and the crowd quietly went away, apparently with no thought of the skeptic's words. Can you stand with God against the blasphemies, against sneers, against temptations to dishonesty, against bribery in subtle form, against flattery, against persecution?

644. Witnesses—Unlettered

Mrs. Hugh Price Hughes of the West London Mission at the recent Wesleyan Conference said a striking thing about Christian testimony: "Testimony of the right sort goes right to the heart of the people who sit unmoved throughout any amount of Christian apologetics. I myself realized personal religion through the personal testimony of a little girl-friend—the daughter of Benjamin Hellier—who told me of what Jesus had done for her. One girl I know, in London, rescued from the depths of infamy, has gone about among other girls of the same sort, and has built up a whole class-meeting of such cases. What I want to plead for is that the work of personal witnesses for Jesus should not be left to the unlettered and unlearned."

645. Witnessing, for Christ

It became the most sacred duty of a new convert (among the early Christians) to diffuse among his friends and relations the inestimable blessing which he ha' received, and to warn them against a refusal that would be severely punished as a criminal disobedience to the will of a benevolent but all-powerful Deity. —Gibbon.

HYPOCRISY

646. Backsliding—Difficulty of

Disheartened by the extraordinary dangers and difficulties of their enterprise, a Roman army lost courage, and resolved on a retreat. The general reasoned with his soldiers. Expostulating with them, he appealed to their love of country, to their honor, and to their oaths. By all that could revive a fainting heart he sought to animate their courage and shake their resolution. Much they trusted, they admired, they loved him, but his appeals were all in vain. They were not to be moved; and carried away, as by panic, they faced round to retreat. At this juncture they were forcing a mountain pass, and had just cleared a gorge where the road, between two stupendous rocks on one side and the foaming river on the other, was but a footpath, broad enough for the step of a single man. As a last resort he laid himself down there, saying, "If you will retreat, it is over this body you go, trampling me to death beneath your feet." No foot advanced. The flight was arrested. His soldiers could face the foe, but could not mangle beneath their feet one who loved them, and had often led their ranks to victory —sharing like a common soldier all the hardships of the campaign, and ever foremost in the fight. The sight was one to inspire them with decision. Hesitating no longer to advance, they wheeled round to resume their march, deeming it better to meet sufferings, and endure even death itself, than trample under foot their devoted and patriot leader. Their hearts recoiled from such an outrage. . . . A more touching spectacle bars our return. Jesus, as it were, lays Himself down on our path; nor can any become backsliders, and return to the practice and pleasure of sin, without trampling Him under their feet. These,

Paul's very words, call up a spectacle from which every lover of Christ should recoil with horror: "He," says that apostle, "who despised Moses' law died without mercy; . . . of how much sorer punishment, suppose ye, shall he be thought worthy who hath trodden under foot the Son of God?"—Guthrie.

647. Backslider Reclaimed

A pastor related in our hearing how he once had under his care a church blessed with many innocent women. One of the best of these, who had overworked herself, suddenly became, as she supposed, "a castaway." She sent for her pastor, and confided to him her deplorable condition. She could not pray. To read the Bible was a hated task; she must be a castaway. The pastor considered for a while; then he said, "Have you confidence enough in me to do exactly what I tell you?" "Certainly," she replied; she had full confidence in her pastor's judgment. "Put your hand in mine," he said. She obeyed. "Now give me your solemn promise never to open a Bible or attempt to pray until I give you leave." After a moment's hesitation she made the required promise, and the minister took his leave. I think it was that very day —perhaps the day after—that a messenger came in hot haste for the minister to hurry to the good sister's house. With a quiet smile the pastor turned to that errand. As he showed his face at the door the sister rushed to him, crying, "Release me! release me quick, or I shall pray! I must pray, I will pray! —you shall not hinder me!" "Do pray," said her pastor; and that was the last of her being "a castaway." —Christian Age.

648. Counterfeit Christians

The great Bank of England has been the victim of many forgeries and counterfeiters during its history. It has lost $4,000,000 as the result of three such conspiracies that everyone knows about, while its losses in smaller transactions of that character which were never made public have been doubtless enormous.

But has anyone ever refused to accept Bank of England notes because, perchance, some have circulated hypocrite (counterfeit) ones? I wonder if the man who "can't believe because there are so many hypocrites in the church" can answer?

649. Disciple's Treason

In the long line of the Doges, in the grand palace in Venice, one space is empty, and the black curtain which covers it atracts more attention than any one of the fine portraits of the merchant kings. From the panel, now so unsightly, once smiled the sallow face of Marino Falieri, afterwards found guilty of treason against the state, and blotted out, so far as might be, from remembrance. In the portrait gallery, which we find in the epistles of Paul, there is something which is very like what is said of Falieri. Demas was one who was honored in sending friendly salutation with the apostle Paul to the church at Colosse and to Philemon, Col. iv:14; Philemon, 24, and yet of him the apostle had to say sadly, in the after days, in writing to Timothy: "Demas hath forsaken me having loved this present world." No sadder statement could be made of any one.—Pittsburgh Christian Advocate.

650. Double-Minded Men

Of all the people to be pitied those who try to keep step with God on Sunday and flirt with the devil the remaining six days of the week come first. They remind me of an old apple tree near my boyhood home which stood at the fence line by the roadside. Its branches spread

both into the field and out over the highway. There was always a contention as to whether the fruit of this tree belonged to the farmer or to the public. An unwritten law said it belonged to the one first to club it down. Every boy, big and little, watched to see when the apples were beginning to turn red and then the battle was on. I do not remember ever getting a ripe apple from that old tree and I was careful to see that everybody else was treated likewise. I never passed but what I saw lodged in its branches a lot of broom handles, gambrel sticks, and old wagon spokes. That tree got more clubbing than a whole orchard. There are many professing Christians who hang out on both sides of the fence, and they receive clubs from every direction. The world doesn't believe in their religion and the Gospel is a goad to the conscience every time they hear a sermon.—O. A. Newlin.

651. Hypocrisy

You cannot tell by the way a tree looks, whence its roots are sucking sap. There is many a man that wears clean linen, and has good associates, and appears regularly at the house of God, and seems to be a Christian man, who, if you follow down his roots, you will find to be drawing his nourishment from the common sewers.—H. W. Beecher.

652. Hypocrites—Cannot Prevent

We cannot prevent hypocrites arising; it is only a proof that true religion is worth having. You took a bad half-sovereign the other night, did you? Did you say, "All half-sovereigns are worthless, I will never take another"? Not so, you became more careful; but you were quite sure there were good half-sovereigns in currency, or else people would not make counterfeit ones. It would not pay anybody to be a hypocrite, unless there were enough genuine Christians to make the hypocrites pass current. (C. H. Spurgeon, "Barbed Arrows")—James Hastings.

653. Hypocrites—Deception of

There are likely to be many familiar faces missing at the next meeting of the Descendants of the Signers of the Declaration of Independence, which takes place annually in Philadelphia, Pa. It is alleged that many persons have joined the organization under false pretense. The Board of Governors for a year has been conducting a quiet inquiry and has issued a call to all members requiring each one to submit a chronological map of his ancestral tree, showing the exact string by which he is tied to an original signer of the document. Obviously such a step is eminently just.

There are thousands of so-called Christians who claim relationship to Christ, whose daily lives plainly disprove that claim. They may deceive for a while, but at the final judgment Christ will say to them, "Depart from me, I never knew you."

654. Infidel—Untruthful

Dr. Torrey asked a man if he was willing to become a Christian. He replied, "I am an infidel." "Why are you an infidel?" "Because the Bible is full of contradictions." "If the Bible is full of contradictions please show me one." "Well, there is one in the book of Psalms." A Bible was handed to him and he began looking for the Psalms in the back part of the New Testament, and Dr. Torrey had to find the Psalms for him. He fumbled with the leaves for a while and then said, "If I had my Bible here I could show it to you." "Will you bring your Bible to-night and meet me here at the close of the meeting?" The infidel promised but did not put

in an appearance. Months afterward, in another city, one of the workers in the meeting introduced Mr. Torrey to a man who says the Bible is full of contradictions. Mr. Torrey looked square into his eyes and said, "You are the man who lied to me." He winced and said with downcast face, "Yes."

655. Religion—Counterfeit

"Look well to the money you receive, for many counterfeits are being circulated." This warning often appears in our newspapers and we do well to heed it. Counterfeiters reap their largest illegimate harvests from the manufacture of gold coins containing a large amount of gold, but not as much as genuine coins contain. Sometimes alloy is added, while others work on genuine coins. They saw them through, remove the interior, fill up the space with base metal and unite the doctored coin by bracing. The outside in every case is real gold, the alloy hidden.

Something similar is being done today in deceiving the church. False teachers are removing the gold of the atonement from the gospel and substituting the alloy of reformation. Some are denying the divinity of Christ and proclaiming the divinity of man. "Look well to your religion," and do as we are so often told by manufacturers: "Accept no substitutes!"

656. Religious Slacker

A member of the Illinois legislature was introduced to an audience as being a churchman, a member of the M. E. Church of . . . As an introduction to his speech he laughingly informed the crowd that he was a member of the church "but not a very good one." There was no regret or shame connected with the confession and the crowd seemed to take it as a joke. If, however, some one had said, Hon. M. . . . is a member of such and such a party, and he had informed the audience that he was "not a very good one," his appeal for votes would have been addressed to dull ears, for they would have dubbed him a Political Slacker, and rightly so. As it is he is a Religious Slacker and deserves the contempt that a slacker should receive.

657. Veneer

A certain soap-maker having run out of superlatives to define the perfection of his product, hit upon a statement that said in a novel and compelling way the last word that could be said concerning it: "As we couldn't improve our product, we improved the box." We can't improve the content of religion, but we can improve the container—ourselves . . .—Men and Missions.

Much has been said lately as to the kind of religion needed at the present day. There is but one sufficient religion and that is Christianity. It needs not to be changed or improved, though some methods of advocating it may be bettered. And the Christians who display it to the world may be improved. The "box" is what people see, make the box more attractive.

INGRATITUDE

658. Ingratitude—Base

In 1568, while Alva was still at the height of his power in the Netherlands, and blood was flowing like water, a Calvinist preacher, hotly pursued by a Spaniard, fled across a lake, on ice weakening under the sun of March. As they ran, pursuer and pursued, the ice cracked and bent and swayed under them. But the lighter preacher reached the shore in safety and looking back saw his foe struggling for life, and cries for help reached him. Without delay he started back and dragged the sleuth of the in-

quisition from his peril. What reward? The one rescued cast him into prison and lighted the faggots for the consuming of his saviour on the next day.

The Son of God saw the result if he were to go back to Jerusalem. Had they not sought to stone Him? But He went back, back to Calvary and the tomb for us. Shall we crucify the Son of God afresh? We are not Spaniards, or living in the sixteenth century. We love our Saviour.

659. Ingratitude—Greatest

It is a sin to close the heart against God. Suppose there is a man in this city who is good to everybody, with one exception. He is generous and will help anybody in trouble except his own mother, whom he treats with contempt. His mother is one of the best of women, but he drives her from his door and lets the neighbors furnish her food and clothing. Does the fact that he is good to his wife and children and gives his money generously, atone for treating his old mother like a brute? You call no man a good man who turns down his mother. Who would turn a mother from his door? but a greater than mother has been knocking at your heart's door and you keep Him without. Don't talk to me about being a good man when you with contempt turn Jesus away, treating Him worse than you would a tramp. —O. A. Newlin.

660. Ingratitude of the World

Socrates, one of the wisest and noblest men of his time, after a long career of service in denouncing the wrongs of his age, and trying to improve the morals of the people, was condemned to death and obliged to drink poison. Dante, when Italy was torn by political factions, each ambitious of power, and all entirely unscrupulous as to the means employed to attain it, labored with untiring zeal to bring about Italian unity, and yet his patriotism met no other reward than exile. "Florence for Italy, and Italy for the world," were his words when he heard his sentence of banishment. Columbus was sent home in irons from the country he had discovered. The last two years of his life present a picture of black ingratitude on the part of the Crown to this distinguished benefactor of the kingdom, which it is truly painful to contemplate. He died, perhaps, the poorest man in the whole kingdom he had spent his lifetime to enrich. Bruno, of Nola, for his advocacy of the Copernican system, was seized by the Inquisition and burned alive at Rome in 1600, in the presence of an immense concourse. Scioppus, the Latinist, who was present at the execution, with a sarcastic allusion to one of Bruno's heresies, the infinity of worlds, wrote, "The flames carried him to those worlds."—M. Denton.

INVITATION

661. Invitation—Personal

Rev. Ford C. Ottman tells that once he was holding a series of meetings, and noticed that up in the gallery at his right, night after night, sat a gray-haired old man. He was evidently under deep conviction, but he would never rise when the invitation was given. One night he pointed him out to a Christian woman and said to her, "To-morrow night I want you to sit near him, and when the invitation is given, ask him to rise." She protested, and declared that she could never do it; but he insisted, and the next night she took her seat just behind the old man. When the invitation was given he sat still as before. Presently Mr. Ottman saw the lady move forward and say something to him;

in a moment more the old man rose to his feet.

Not a night passes in this present campaign for souls in this church, but that people who are convicted by God's Spirit stifle their convictions, and remain inactive, who would come to the altar and make a public confession of Christ if the Christian man or woman in the pew next to them would only say the sympathetic or persuasive word.—Louis Albert Banks.

662. Invitation—Winsome

One of his sermons Dr. Chapman closed as follows:

"I do not know what I can say more to you. For the last two weeks and more I have pleaded with every particle of strength that God has given me. I would to God I could charm you with the sweetness of my Jesus. You must come. One of my friends, a great preacher, tells the story of a woman who wanted to go into a city hospital. She came from the country, carrying a large old-fashioned market basket on her arm, full of great sprays of honeysuckle. She passed up and down the hospital wards, tossing out a spray of honeysuckle here and there until she had one left. Then she came to a cot with screen around it. She did not know what that meant, but you know. Without waiting, she pushed the curtain aside, and there was a girl, lying with her arms folded. Her eyes were shut, her lips closed. The woman put her basket down and tossed the last spray of honeysuckle upon the cot. The fregrance climbed up and up until it reached the girl's nostrils. Then her whole expression changed, and she began to whisper. Curiosity prompted the woman to listen.

"'Mother, mother,' whispered the girl, 'I catch the fragrance of the honeysuckle outside my window.' The woman waited only a second. My friend said she gave one spring, took the girl in her arms, pulled her up against her heart and cried: 'Margaret! My daughter!' She had wandered away in sin. They had lost her. The honeysuckle united them.

"Ah! but I speak of the Rose of Sharon; the Lily of the Valley—Jesus, Jesus. He is in this building this evening. More than one night since we have been together I have been sensible of his presence. He is here. I plead with you to take him now."

663. Sinners Called

In John Bunyan, God calls the bold leader of village reprobates to preach the gospel—a blaspheming tinker to be one of England's famous confessors. . . . From the deck of a slave-ship He summons John Newton to the pulpit; and by hands defiled with Mammon's foulest and most nefarious traffic, brings them that are bound out of darkness, and smites adamantine fetters from the slaves of sin. In Paul, the apostle of the Gentiles, He converts Christ's bitterest enemy into His warmest friend; to the man whom a trembling church held most in dread she comes to owe, under God, the weightiest obligations. . . . How much better for these three stars to be shining in heaven than quenched in the blackness of darkness!—better for the good of mankind, better for the glory of God.—Guthrie.

664. Word, in Season

One day, as Felix Neff was walking in a street in the city of Lausanne, he saw, at a distance, a man whom he took for one of his friends. He ran up behind him, tapped him on the shoulder before looking in his face, and asked him, "What is the state of your soul, my friend?" The stranger turned. Neff perceived his error, apologized, and went his way. About three or four years after-

wards a person came to Neff, and accosted him, saying he was indebted to him for his inestimable kindness. Neff did not recognize the man, and begged he would explain. The stranger replied, "Have you forgotten an unknown person whose shoulder you touched in a street in Lausanne, asking him, 'How do you find your soul?' It was I; your question led me to serious reflection, and now I find it is well with my soul." This proves what apparently small means may be blessed of God for the conversion of sinners, and how many opportunities for doing good we are continually letting slip, and which thus pass irrecoverably beyond our reach. One of the questions which every Christian should propose to himself on setting out upon a journey is, "What opportunities shall I have to do good?" And one of the points on which he should examine himself on his return is, "What opportunities have I lost?" "Have I done all the good that I could?" —J. A. James.

JUDGMENT

665. Bankrupt Lives

Not many days ago in the State of Pennsylvania, an old man eighty years of age visited a city to withdraw $50.00 from a bank in which some years previously he had deposited $3,000. He was dumfounded on learning that the bank had failed eleven years before and thus the savings of a lifetime swept away. It is related that the old man broke down and wept like a child. Such tragedies are saddening, but they are by no means the most deplorable, for what shall we say when we see our fellows casting their hearts' treasure into plans and fancies and false philosophies that we know will surely fail them when the day of need shall come?

666. Escape—Narrow

On the night of the Passover in a Jewish family there lay ill in bed a little daughter. She knew of the instructions given by Moses for their safety; she understood their urgency and the importance of obedience. As night drew on she asked her father whether the blood had been sprinkled as commanded. "Hush, child," he replied; "I ordered it to be done." Waiting a while and not being satisfied, the child again asked the same question; and again the father answered as before. But as midnight drew near, and her anxiety could not be restrained, she raised herself and said, "Father, take me in your arms and carry me outside, that I may see whether the blood is sprinkled on the doorposts and lintel." He did so, but only to find that his order had not been executed. Then the story relates, at the last moment he rushed into the house, seized the hyssop-brush, and with a swish dashed the blood on the posts and lintel, and thus made the household secure. It was all but too late. How narrow the escape! Those that neglect suffer equally with the despisers in the Day of Judgment.—S. J. Eales.

667. Eyes—Blinded

A man said to Mr. Dawson, "I like your sermons very much, but the after-meetings I despise. When the prayer-meeting begins I always go up into the gallery and look down, and I am disgusted." "Well," said Mr. Dawson, "the reason is, you go on the top of your neighbor's house, and look down his chimney to examine his fire, and, of course, you get only smoke in your eyes."—Talmage.

668. Future Retribution

The loving, the gentle, the sympathetic, the sacrificial Saviour, who loved sinning men so that he came

to die for them—he, calmly, deliberately, over and over again, did teach his disciples in such a way that they at that time, and since then the great body of the church, have believed that he meant us to understand that there is a future state of punishment, and that it is so great and dreadful a thing that all men should with terrible earnestness flee from it.—H. W. Beecher.

669. Heart-Breaking Justice

Two sons of an officer of the Atlanta police force were convicted of burglary on their father's evidence and sentenced to two years in the penitentiary. The two boys were arrested by their father in the act of burglarizing a store, and he appeared in court as prosecutor.

The father, in giving evidence, said: "I tried to raise my boys right, and it nearly killed me when I found them trying to rob the store, but I fee' it my duty under my oath as an officer to arrest them and prosecute. I told them they were guilty and they must take their punishment."

"There is indeed a real man," said the Judge when the father had finished speaking, "and an officer who has the highest possible regard for his oath. He deserves to rank with the old Roman judge who condemned his own son."

Our heavenly Father is not only compassionate, but just. Love must yield where disobedience calls for justice.

670. Infidel—Chastising an

In Swabia there lived a blacksmith who was very strong, Hushwadel by name. When he was young, he once was in a village in Thuringia and saw posted the following notice: "At 8 P. M., Dr. Veilchenfeld of Berlin will give an address in the large room of the hotel and will prove beyond question that there is no God." "Ah," said Hushwadel, "I must hear that."

For more than an hour and a half, the atheist from Berlin spoke in blasphemous fashion against God, the Bible and religion and closed by saying: "I have now proven in the clearest kind of way, that there is no God; but if I am wrong it would now be God's moral duty to send down an angel to box my ears before you all for the insults I've uttered against him."

As he looked about triumphantly, Hushwadel went forward to the speaker's desk and said: "God greets you, but for such scamps as you, he sends no angels. Hushwadel can take care of that." So saying, he boxed the doctor's ears, who fell flat on the floor. A perfect torrent of applause was Hushwadel's reward.

671. Judging—Danger in

There is in the minds of many people a misconception as to the relative heights of the Spinx and the Great Pyramid. This is no doubt due to the photographs of the two commonly seen in which the Sphinx has been near to the camera and the Pyramid far away. Their relative heights are about one to seven—a pigmy one foot high to a seven-foot giant. This is accentuated by the fact that the general slope of the quarter of a mile distance between the two is decidedly towards the Sphinx, which is in a depression in the sand 50 or 60 feet deep.

Travelers are advised to visit the great stone face first. As you stand in the depths and gaze up into that inscrutable countenance, its very size is oppressive and threatening. You turn away from it and climb the ragged edge of the Great Pyramid to the very top—where now is the mighty Sphinx? They point out an insignificant object whose head is about on a level with the sands. You have changed your viewpoint.

Today, you may be in some deep

depression. You gaze hopelessly into some inscrutable countenance. It may be the monster sin, or sorrow, or death. Its presence is oppressive. Courage, friend. Time will lighten your burden. It will appear different to you when you change your point of view. Climb the heights, which as a child of God you are privileged to reach, yes, climb to the very top, then, looking back upon the source of your unhappiness, you will smile as you say, "How foolish to have worried so over that trivial thing."

672. Judgment and Mercy

Look on the catastrophe of the Deluge. The waters rise till rivers swell into lakes, and the sea stretches out her arms along fertile plains to seize their flying population. Still the waters rise; and now, mingled with beasts that terror has tamed, men climb to the mountain-tops, the flood roaring at their heels. Still the waters rise; and now each summit stands above them, a separate and sea-girt isle. Still the waters rise, and crowding close on the narrow spaces of lessening hill-tops, men and beasts fight fiercely for standing room. Still the thunders roar and lightnings flash, and rain descends, and the waters rise, till the last survivor of the shrieking crowd is washed off, and the head of the highest Alp goes down beneath the wave. Now the waters rise no more. . . . Death for once has nothing to do, but ride in triumph on the top of some giant billow, which, meeting no coast, no continent, no Alp, no Andes, against which to break, sweeps round and round the world. We stand aghast at the scene; and as the corpses of gentle children and sweet infants float by we exclaim, "Hath God forgotten to be gracious? Hath He in anger shut up His tender mercies?" No; assuredly not. Where, then, is His mercy? Look here. Behold the ark, as, steered by an invisible hand, she comes dimly through the awful gloom. Lonely ship on a lonely ocean, she carries mercy on board, and holds the costliest freight that ever sailed the sea.—Guthrie.

673. Judgment by General Aim

I can understand how a man may go to burn down a house or a city wickedly, and yet, on the march, help up a companion if he falls down, give him food if he is hungry, and do a thousand kind acts. But the wrong thing for which he is marching is not modified by these incidental kindnesses on the road. You may have a great many moralities, a great many excellent traits; and yet, if the great end of your life is not divine, is not tending towards immortality, you are under condemnation.—H. W. Beecher.

674. Judgment Coming

An African chief had done something for which the English government wished to punish him and sent a gunboat for this purpose. A runner brought him word that the boat had entered the river. He had the courier killed. The next day a second runner arrived to tell him how far the boat had come up the river. This poor fellow also lost his head. And the same fate was met with by the other couriers who arrived the following days. This did not, however, keep the English boat away nor delay the day of judgment. Suddenly the jungle echoed with thunder of cannon and the huts of his kraal collapsed as if made of cardboard.

How do we treat the messengers of God who come to tell us of approaching judgment? We may have silenced them, but the judgment day is coming. You may have silenced your conscience, grieved the Holy Spirit of God, left unopened the Holy Bible, and turned your

back to your Christian friends.—but the judgment day is coming.

675. Judgment Day

It was my sad lot to be in the Chicago fire. As the flames rolled down our streets, destroying everything in their onward march, I saw the great and the honorable, the learned and the wise, fleeing before the fire with the beggar and the thief and the harlot. All were alike. As the flames swept through the city it was like the judgment day. The Mayor, nor the mighty men, nor the wise men could stop these flames. They were all on a level then, and many who were worth hundreds of thousands were left paupers that night. When the day of judgment comes there will be no difference. When the Deluge came there was no difference; Noah's ark was worth more than all the world. The day before it was the world's laughing-stock, and if it had been put up to auction you could not have got anybody to buy it except for fire-wood. But the Deluge came, and then it was worth more than all the world together. And when the day of judgment comes Christ will be worth more than all this world—more than ten thousand worlds.—Moody.

676. Judgment—God's

General Howard, the Christian soldier, told a friend a very touching incident of General Grant when he visited him on his death bed. The great general was nearing the end, the hand of death was on him, his throat was muffled, and he could not speak clearly. General Howard reminded him of his great service. He told him that the country would hold him always in grateful remembrance; then the muffled voice interrupted him, and with eagerness he turned to one of whose piety he was as certain as of his courage—"Howard, tell me about God."—In His Name.

677. Judgment—Infallible

The following story is told of Judge Gray, now in the United States Supreme Court:—A man was brought before him who was justly charged with being an offender of the meanest sort. Through some technicality the Judge was obliged honorably to discharge him, but as he did so he chose the time to say what he thought of the matter. "I believe you guilty," he said, "and would wish to condemn you severely, but through a petty technicality I am obliged to discharge you. I know you are guilty, and so do you; and I wish you to remember that you will some day pass before a better and a wiser Judge, when you will be dealt with according to justice, and not according to law."—S. S. Chronicle.

678. Judgment Seat

It is said an Hungarian king, finding himself on a certain day depressed and unhappy, sent for his brother, a good-natured but rather indifferent prince. To him the king said, "I am a great sinner and fear to meet God." Here was a king facing Job's question, "What shall I do when God riseth up? And when He visiteth, what shall I answer Him?" But the prince only laughed at him and treated the matter as a joke, just as some of you are doing now. This did not serve to relieve the royal unhappiness. When you get a vision of your guilt before God, you want help and your friends may laugh at your seriousness, but that will never answer the question. It was a custom in Hungary at that time that if the executioner at any hour sounded a trumpet before a man's door, it was a signal that he was to be led forth to execution. The

king sent the executioner in the dead of night to sound the fateful blast before his brother's door. The prince, awaking from sleep, realized its awful import. Quickly dressing, he stepped to the door and was seized by the executioner, and dragged pale and trembling into the king's presence. In an agony of terror he fell upon his knees before his brother and begged to know in what way he had offended him. "My brother," answered the king, "if the sight of a human executioner is so terrible to you, shall not I, having grievously offended God, fear to be brought before the judgment seat of Christ?" The sense of sin makes us all fear to face God. We are reminded in the Bible that "It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God."—O. A. Newlin.

679. Justice and Friendship

Themistocles, when he was told that he would govern the Athenians extremely well if he would do it without respect of persons, said, "May I never sit on a tribunal where my friends shall not find more favor from me than strangers."—Plutarch.

680. Justice—Wings of

Not many months ago, when it became known that Dr. Crippen, the American physician who murdered his wife, had taken passage across the ocean, aerial messages swifter than lighning, conveying a minute description of the man, were sent to every ship on which he might have sailed. As a result, Dr. Crippen, ignorant of the fact that his identity had been disclosed, walked into the arms of detectives when his steamer landed.

While the alleged criminal felt secure from observation, and confident of retaining his liberty, the mysterious forces of nature were working against him. He was hunted down by the unseen, silent currents and the very ether proclaimed him to the world. Instead of landing inconspicuous and unknown, he stepped ashore as if in the focus of a vast searchlight.

Truly the way of the transgressor is hard, but it is doubly hard now that the miracles of science have been applied to the detective art. Under the complex and highly developed system of modern detection the fugitive from law finds his chances for escape growing slimmer day by day.

681. Physical Retribution

In that salvation propounded by Christ Jesus, there is amnesty for the past, in so far as it is related to the mind and will of God. The pardon of sin never extends to those transgressions that take hold of natural law. If a man, in drunken fury, has hewn off his hand, the penalty is not averted. If a man in a quarrel has had his face scarred, there is no pardon that restores the comeliness of his countenance. The violation of natural law is inevitably followed by a corresponding penalty. —H. W. Beecher.

682. Refuge—Insufficient

Some parts of the coast of the Isle of Wight abound in caves. In one of these was found the body of a poor Frenchman. He had been a prisoner, and had escaped from prison, and for a long time concealed himself there, probably in the hope of escaping by some vessel which might pass. Many a weary day passed, however, and he still remained a prisoner, till at last, not venturing to leave his retreat, he perished from want. So it is with those who seek refuge in insufficient places. "They make lies their refuge, and under falsehood hide themselves." They find out their mis-

take when it is too late.—C. S. Bowes.

683. Responsibility—Evading.

Some years ago there was a bridge at Bath in so crazy a condition that cautious persons chose rather to make a long circuit than run the risk of crossing it. One day, however, a very nervous lady, hurrying home to dress for the evening, came suddenly upon the spot without, till that moment, remembering the danger. The sight of the bridge reminded her of its ruinous state, just as she was about to set her foot upon it. But what was she to do? If she went on the frail arch might give way under her; to go round would be fatiguing and attended with much loss of time. She stood for some minutes trembling in anxious hesitation; but at last a lucky thought occurred to her. She called for a sedan-chair, and was carried over in that conveyance! You may laugh, perhaps, at this good lady's odd expedient for escaping danger by shutting out the view of it. But is not something of the same kind happening around you every day? Those people who are alarmed and perplexed at the danger of having to judge for themselves in religious matters think to escape that danger by choosing to take some guide as an infallible one, and believe or disbelieve as he bids them. What is this but crossing the crazy bridge in a sedan-chair?— Excelsior.

684. Reward—The Master's

One winter's day I was at the railway station at New York. There was a large crowd of persons desiring to go from New York to Boston, and we all had to pass through a narrow way by the gatekeeper. Everybody had to show his ticket, and, as usual, there were many who could not conveniently find them. They said they had them, but the gatekeeper was inexorable. "You must show your ticket," he said, "if you please." There was both grumbling and swearing on the part of the passengers. After most of them had passed through, a gentleman said to the ticket-collector, "You don't seem to be very popular with this crowd." He just cast his eyes upwards to the ceiling on the floor above, where the superintendent's office was, and said, "I don't care anything about being popular with this crowd; all I care for is to be popular with the man up there."—Pentecost.

685. Self-Judgment

If all other men were but four feet high, a man of five feet would be considered a giant. If he puts his standard low enough, a man always can judge favorably about himself.—H. W. Beecher.

686. Sowing and Reaping

A young man came to a man of ninety years of age and said to him, "How have you made out to live so long and be so well?" The old man took the youngster to an orchard, and, pointing to some large trees full of apples, said, "I planted these trees when I was a boy, and do you wonder that now I am permitted to gather the fruit of them?" We gather in old age what we plant in our youth. Sow to the wind and we reap the whirlwind. Plant in early life the right kind of a Christian character, and you will eat luscious fruit in old age, and gather these harvest apples in eternity.—Talmage.

687. Unheeded Warnings

A man would not go into a plague hospital and inoculate himself with the plague when he knew that ninety-nine of every hundred that took it

would die; but you do! No man seeing twenty or thirty men attempting to walk along the face of a cliff, and all falling over and perishing, would follow them; but you do! No man seeing the flame and the furnace heat of the building, and one fireman falling through, and another, and hearing the word, "Stand off!" would go in; but you rush in, even though the others perished before you. Here are men that think they can go down into the house of death, amid the lures of corruption there, and come out unscathed; you are rotten already! Men think they can play the part of a rascal and be prosperous in life; the halter is around their neck! They think that they can drink, and cast off the danger; they are on the broad road, and not far from infamy!

O, slow of heart to believe the testimony of mankind, the testimony of your own experience, and the solemn word of God!—H. W. Beecher.

LOVE

688. Brethren—Love of

Who are your most intimate friends and associates? A member of my church once boasted to me that she did not have many friends in the church. Somehow she seemed to imagine that this fact argued her social superiority. Alas, it was only too true that her affections were upon this world, and her friendship for worldly people. As thousands of others in our churches, she was probably a stranger to grace. All who are beneficiaries of a blood-bought brotherhood have the same Father, and are therefore brethren, and hence should love one another. How can we say we love God, whom we have not seen, and yet not love our brother whom we have seen? Of the early Christians, it was often remarked, "Behold how they love one another."—J. W. Porter.

689. Love Adds to

J. M. Barrie has said, "The praise that comes of love does not make us vain, but humble rather." In a magazine recently I saw a distinction drawn between what were called "plus" and "minus" people. Did you ever think that there are people whose most fitting symbol is a "minus" sign? They never add to your happiness or your hopes or your faith either in yourself or anybody else. Rather they take away from these. When they leave your company, you feel that you are somehow poorer than you were in your own esteem, and in your belief in others. These are the "minus" people. But there are others, thank God, of a different sort. They never come to us but they add to our store of all the best things far beyond their thought or intention. They believe in us, and so help us to do better. They draw out the best side of us, and sometimes that side surprises even ourselves. They radiate courage and hope and faith. Their praise humbles us, yet leaves us tingling with desire to be more worthy of it. I ask you, Is it not better to be "plus" than "minus"? (A. Alexander, "The Glory in the Gray.")—James Hastings.

690. Love—Arms of

Rev. Thomas Collins, in visiting one of his parishioners, found her in a very depressed condition. She had her baby in her arms. Mr. Collins said, "Drop that little one upon the floor." With an air of wonder at the request, she refused. "Well," said he, "for what price would you do it?" "Not for as many dollars as there are stars." "You would not?" "No, I would not." "And do you really think that you love your feeble children more than the Lord does his?" Her face

brightened, and, aided by that lesson from her maternal love, faith grew strong.—Foster.

691. Love—Chastening

In the city of Pottsville, Pa., the broken end of a high voltage wire was lying upon the pavement, along which the engineer, Mr. Hildebrand, was walking, unmindful of the fact. Mr. Schlitzer saw the danger and yelled to warn him, but his voice was drowned by the noise around. Picking up a stone he threw it, and hit Hildebrand on the chest. He looked up and avoided the wire just as he was about to step upon it. With tears streaming down his face he thanked Schlitzer for saving his life. How often the Lord in the use of the chastening rod saves us from some terrible calamity.—C. F. Reitzel.

692. Love—Conquest of

I remember to have heard a story of a bad boy who had run away from home. He had given his father no end of trouble. He had refused all the invitations his father had sent him to come home and be forgiven, and help to comfort his old heart. He had even gone so far as to scoff at his father and mother. But one day a letter came, telling him his father was dead, and they wanted him to come home and attend the funeral. At first he determined he would not go, but then he thought it would be a shame not to pay some little respect to the memory of so good a man; and so, just as a matter of form, he took the train and went to the old home, sat through all the funeral services, saw his father buried, and came back with the rest of the friends to the house, with his heart as cold and stony as ever. But when the old man's will was brought out to be read the ungrateful son found that his father had remembered him along with all the rest of the family, and left him an inheritance with the others, who had not gone astray. This broke his heart in penitence. It was too much for him, that his old father, during all those years in which he had been so wicked and rebellious, had never ceased to love him.—Moody.

693. Love—Intelligent

You may any day see for yourselves an expenditure of love and sacrifice, which yet is absolutely useless for the purposes of rescuing or saving a man in some terrible catastrophe. A man may be drowning in the river, and those who love him may be standing on the bank in an agony of fear and horror, they may even jump into the water in the extremity of self-sacrifice; but, after all, it is only the expert swimmer, or one who can apply an apparatus for saving life, who is of any avail to rescue him. A man may fall down in a fit in the street, and those who love him best may, by their well-meant endeavors to relieve him, only contribute to his malady. It is again the expert, the doctor or the nurse, who can save him. So with our blessed Lord. It is not love that does it all—love by itself—but the love of God, that is, love which has the knowledge of the man's deep-seated malady, not of its more prominent symptoms only, and so, with the knowledge of the malady, has the knowledge of the only possible remedy, to which He must certainly claim a monopoly, inasmuch as He alone knows the conditions which make it effectual, or the deep-seated nature of the disease which it is meant to reach.—Canon Newbolt.

694. Love—Measuring

In the engine-room it is impossible to look into the great boiler and see how much water it contains. But running up beside it is a tiny glass tube which serves as a gauge. As

the water stands in the little tube, so it stands in the great boiler. When the tube is empty, the boiler is empty. Do you ask: "How do I know I love God? I believe I love him, but I want to know." Look at the gauge. Your love for your brother is the measure of your love for God.

695. Love Never Faileth

In Brooklyn one day I met a young man passing down the streets. At the time the war broke out the young man was engaged to be married to a young lady in New England, but the marriage was postponed. He was very fortunate in battle after battle, until the Battle of the Wilderness took place, just before the war was over. The young lady was counting the days at the end of which he would return. She waited for letters, but no letters came. At last she received one addressed in a strange handwriting, and it read something like this:—"There has been another terrible battle. I have been unfortunate this time; I have lost both my arms. I cannot write myself, but a comrade is writing this letter for me. I write to tell you you are as dear to me as ever; but I shall now be dependent upon other people for the rest of my days, and I have this letter written to release you from your engagement." This letter was never answered. By the next train she went clear down to the scene of the late conflict, and sent word to the captain what her errand was, and got the number of the soldier's cot. She went along the line, and the moment her eyes fell upon that number she went to that cot and threw her arms round that young man's neck and kissed him. "I will never give you up," she said. "These hands will never give you up; I am able to support you; I will take care of you." My friends, you are not able to take care of yourselves. The law says you are ruined, but Christ says, "I will take care of you."—Moody.

696. Love—Protecting

Dr. David Smith has given us a beautiful incident which he calls "a parable of life."

He writes: "A few seasons ago a little yacht was cruising among the Western Islands of Scotland, and one sullen evening a gale set in from the broad Atlantic. It came moaning over the long, rolling swell, and caught the frail craft off a perilous lee shore. There was no shelter at hand; but the old skipper had known that treacherous coast from boyhood, and he said that there was a harbor some distance away, and he thought he could make it. And so, through the darkness, lit only by the gleam of phosphorescence in her wake, the little ship went plunging on her course amid the wild welter of wind and wave. At length she swung into smooth water, and they let go the anchor, and, turning into their berths, went peacefully to sleep.

In the morning the owner came on deck and surveyed the scene—a little loch, girt about by dark, purple mountains. It was a quiet haven; but, looking toward the entrance, he beheld a narrow channel, with sharp rocks jutting here and there, and all awash with boiling surf. To think of passing that way! The least swerving of the tiller, and those jagged teeth would catch the frail timbers, and grind them to splinters, and every life would perish. He gazed awhile; then he shuddered, and, turning to the old skipper, he exclaimed, 'Did we—pass there in the darkness?'"

We regard the call of the new year, and we are astonished at the wisdom and the goodness of God which have led us so patiently and successfully through the perilous places of the past year. "And we shall never realize what a debt we

owe to the unseen love which has attended us until we get home to the city of God, and from its shining battlements survey the long road which we have traveled over the wide wilderness." God has been our Guide, our Pilot.

"He leads us on
By paths we do not know.
Upwards he leads us, though our steps are slow,
Though oft we faint and falter on the way,
Though storms and darkness oft obscure the day:
Yet, when the clouds are gone,
We know he leads us on."

697. *Love—Sacrificial*

A little boy had a canary bird which he loved very much. His mother was taken ill, and the singing of the bird gave her great annoyance. The boy was told by the mother that the bird gave her great pain by its singing. He went at once and gave the bird away to his cousin, and then came home and told his mother that the bird would not disturb her any more, for he had given it away. "But did you not love it very much?" she asked him. "How could you part with it?" "Yes," he replied, "but I love you a great deal more. I could not really love anything that gave you pain." We must love God as this boy loved his mother, more than we love anything else, and also everything that grieves Him we must give up, however much we may like it.—Selected.

698. *Love—Showing Christ's*

A beautiful legend of the second century tells how a missionary told the story of the Christ on the banks of the Arno. A Roman prince returned to his castle of stone to feast. He heard a tap at the window and through it he saw the beautiful face of a child. In sweetest music he heard the words, "The Christ-child is hungry." He did not wish to be disturbed in his selfish pleasure, so he sent a soldier to drive away the child intruder. But the delicacies of his table became as ashes. Again he heard the tap at the window, and he saw a face, like the cherub of Raphael, out in the storm. Amid the confused revelry he heard the still, small voice saying, "The Christ-child is cold." He ordered the child driven away and the curtains drawn close. Instantly the very fire grew cold, and a chill almost congealed the heart of the prince. Then the ice began to melt, and the prince came to himself. He flung open the door and rushed out, calling after the retreating child. He followed until he came to a poor house, where the widow was dead and the orphans were crying in the dark. The Christ-child told him to take these children to his castle and be a father to them. The servants brought them and gathered in other children. After that his house was their home and his shield their protection. Thus the Christ-child declared the Father all-merciful, and we can declare him. The love and generosity of Christmastide help man to understand the love of God. As the star led the wise men from the East to Jesus, so the kind words and acts of Christmas lead honest souls to Christ, and to God.—A. W. Lewis.

699. *Love—Telegram of*

"And thou shalt call his name Jesus; for it is he that shall save his people from their sin." Matt. 1:21.

A father in Watford, two years ago, was greatly troubled about his son. The lad had gone wrong, and, ill and despondent, he wrote home, fearfully, as if to ask if there was any hope. The father sent a telegram to him consisting of one word, "Home," and it was signed "Father."

Now the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ is God's telegram to the sinful world, summed up in one word, "Home," and signed by one name, "Father."

700. Love—Test of

You remember how the artist Romney left his wife in the provinces and went to London to make himself fame; how for thirty years he lived amid London's applause, neglecting the wife of his youth because she might have been an incumbrance on his advancement, until at length, broken and diseased, he left the great city and returned to the wife he had treated so shamefully. His life had been artistic! Yes, but ugly, repulsive, morally weak. And how did his wife receive him? Oh! she was no artist and no great lady. She could not, like Lady Hamilton, sit for pictures of physical beauty. She was provincial and plain and of no great intellectual power. But she shone with all the strength and beauty of God's sanctuary, for she freely forgave her husband and nursed him tenderly, until his wretched life went out amid the care of her love. Well might Edward FitzGerald say that this quiet act of hers is worth all the pictures Romney ever painted.—Christian World Pulpit.

701. Love—Transforming

Victor Hugo once tried to show the influence of a man of magnanimity, overflowing kindness and a heart that loved without regard to exterior conditions. He tells us about his ideal Christian. His man is a bishop. He moved out of the bishop's palace into the gardener's cottage, and brought the patients from the hospital into his palace. His salary was 15,000 francs per year. Ten thousand of this he gave to ten different organizations for the poor and 4,000 for the assistance of prisoners, the liberation of debtors and the payment of poor schoolmasters. This left him 1,000 francs for his sister, his servant, and himself. He knew how to be silent, and could go to a poor man's house and hold his tongue for hours, sitting beside a man who had lost the wife he loved, or a mother bereaved of her child. He saw the richest man in his diocese every Sunday give one sou to an old beggar, and he quietly remarked to his sister, "Look at our millionaire, buying heaven for a sou!" One day his village was robbed by a group of bandits who had descended from the caverns in the mountains. The leader was a bold scoundrel, and the police in trying to capture the chief desisted because of the loss of their fellows through skillful marksmen. One day the good bishop decided to spend a week up in the gorge infested by these bandits. His sister said, "They will plunder you." "Ah, I have nothing." "They will kill you." "What? An old, old priest?" So, despite all warnings, he went up into the mountains and remained for a fortnight, preaching and giving the sacraments. When he anounced that he would sing the Te Deum, pontifically, there were no vessels in the sacristy. That night a large chest was brought to the bishop's tent. It contained a cope of gold cloth, a miter set with jewels, a magnificent crozier, and a letter from the chief of the bandits, giving to the poor bishop the treasure stolen from the great cathedral. Always he left the string of the door hanging on the outside so that anyone could enter who desired.

One night he took into his little house an escaped convict. At daybreak it was found that the convict had stolen two silver candlesticks and fled. Taken by the police, the convict was brought back, and with him the candlesticks and the gold plate. But the good bishop made

the soldiers release Jean Valjean, saying. "These candlesticks belong to this man." Then he bade the gendarmes retire. When the room was empty, the bishop laid his hands on the shoulders of Jean Valjean, who was broken utterly, and said afterward, "In that moment I told the bishop everything that I ever did." To whom he answered, "Jean Valjean, my brother, you no longer belong unto evil, but to good. I have bought your soul from you. I withdraw it from black thoughts and the spirit of sedition, and I give you unto God." And in that hour he turned this convict away from evil and sent him forth to become a transformer of men, of evil women, selfish worldlings, and to turn them unto God. Such power for transformation belongs unto love. Oh, the most beautiful object there is on earth is not the Parthenon or the Louvre! The grandest spectacle we see is not the march of summer's storm, nor the might of some Niagara, nor the stateliness of some abbey or cathedral! The most beautiful things on our earth are not wrought in colors nor carved in stone. These great deep, rich, just, loving natures —these carry the power of transformation.—Newell Dwight Hillis.

702. Love—Unbounded

When Frank Higgins, the lumberjack "Sky-Pilot," was taken sick and plans were made to take him to the city hospital, the big fellows he had led to Christ held a consultation and decided to send one of their number along with him to be of any service possible, for they loved the man who had taught them to love the Lord. The man chosen was a big, oversized fellow, decidedly out of place in the hospital, as he stood around in the corridors waiting to be of some use to Frank. When the time for the operation came he said: "Frank, you know we love you and want to help you; now while the doctors are operating I will be at your door; and, Frank, if the doctors find that they need a quart of blood, or a piece of bone or skin, they can call on me. Frank, you can have every drop of blood or every bone in this body; now don't forget, I will be at the door." Have we said as much as that to Him who saved us by the death on the cross?—Friend of Russia.

703. Love—Voice of

Workmen were blasting the castle rock (Stirling), near where it abuts upon a walk that lies open to the street. The train was laid and lit, and an explosion was momentarily expected. Suddenly trotting round the great wall of the cliff came a little child going straight to where the match burned. The men shouted, and by their very terror in shouting alarmed and bewildered the poor little thing. By this time the mother also had come around, in a moment saw the danger, opened wide her arms, and cried from her very heart, "Come to me, my darling!" and instantly, with eager pattering feet and little arms opened to her arms, the little thing ran back and away, and stopped not until she was clasped in her mother's bosom.—Alexander B. Grosart.

704. Love—Winning

Some people are unkind because they are selfish, some because they are ignorant, and others because they are thoughtless and lack imagination. Jesus was always interested in people. Little children, the beggar, the sick man, the woman at the well, all found a friend in him. It is always refreshing to meet one who has caught the kindly spirit of Jesus.

Recently died a man known as "The Sky Pilot of the Lumber Jacks." Thousands all over the country heard him speak, saw his

genial smile and felt his cordial hand-clasp. He gave his life to preaching the Gospel to the men in the lumber camps and to organizing work for their welfare. Frank Higgins loved men, no matter how rough or uncouth their exterior might be. So big and ruddy looking was Mr. Higgins that few realized how literally he was laying down his life for others. The dread disease which carried him away was working at the very place where the strap of his pack basket, loaded with reading matter for the men, had burned itself into his body.

On what proved to be Higgins' last speaking trip he had become so weakened that it was necessary to call the assistance of a porter.

"I'll have to lean on you, brother," said Higgins as the colored man took his grip, "for I'm nearly all in," and he placed his arms across the porter's shoulders.

At the train Higgins took out his pocketbook and offered a coin.

"I couldn't take your money, mister," said the porter; "no, sir, I just couldn't."

"Why not?" asked Higgins.

"Why, mister, you called me brother, an' you asked 'bout my wife an' children an' mother. I just couldn't take your money."

It was this kind of love for men because they were men that won Higgins' way to the hearts of those among whom he worked.

One lumber jack whom Higgins had helped to a better life said: "I would lay down my life for Frank Higgins. I love that man."

705. *Love—Winning Power of*

A little fellow, four years old, was brought from the slums to a Chicago orphan home. This is how the Life-Boat tells the story:

When he was brought up to be put in bed, had his bath, and the matron opened up the sweet little cot to put him between clean white sheets, he looked on in amazement. He said, "Do you want me to get in there?" "Yes," "What for?" "Why, you are going to sleep there." He was amazed beyond description. The idea of going to sleep in such a place as that—he did not know what to make of it. He had never slept in a bed in his life before, never.

He was put to bed, and the matron kissed him good night—a little bit of a chap, only four years old, and he put up his hand rubbed off the kiss. He said, "What did you do that for?" But the next morning he said, "Would you mind doing that again?—What you did to me last night?" He never had been kissed before and did not know anything about it.

It was only about a week later, the matron said, that the little fellow would come around three or four times a day and look up with a soft look in his face and say, "Would you love a fellow a little?"

After a few weeks a lady came to get a child, and was looking for a boy, so the matron brought along this little chap, and the lady looked at him. She said, "Tommy, wouldn't you like to go home with me?" He looked right down at the floor. She said, "I will give you a hobby-horse and lots of playthings, and you will have a real nice time, and I will give you lots of nice things to do." He looked right straight at the floor,—did not pay any attenion to it at all. She kept talking, persuading him, and bye and bye the little fellow looked up into her face and said, "Would you love a fellow?" I want to tell you, my friends, there is a tremendous pathos in that.

706. *Love—Wonderful*

A repulsive looking old woman who after a life of unbelief had been converted, became the subject of persecution at the hands of her godless neighbors. In every way they sought to anger or otherwise

disturb the spirit of patience and loving kindness that now possessed her. Finally an old persecutor having exhausted all her resources in the attempt, venomously exclaimed "I think you're the ugliest old woman that I ever saw." To which the old woman, her face beaming with a light that made her beautiful, replied in tears, "Wasn't it wonderful that He could have loved an ugly old woman like me?"

707. Love's Quest

An American bishop related the following story. A youth belonging to a Bible class thought fit to discontinue his attendance. The class assembled, but his place was empty, and the leader looked for the familiar face in vain. He could not be content to conduct the Bible reading as usual, ignorant as to the condition and whereabouts of the missing one. "Friends," said he, "read, sing, and pray; my work is to seek and find a stray sheep," and he started off on the quest. "The stray sheep is before you," said the bishop to his hearer; "my teacher found me, and I could not resist his pleading. I could not continue to wander and stray while I was sought so tenderly."

708. Love's Service

Bishop William A. Quayle, in a devotional address at the Methodist General Conference in Des Moines, an address of rare spiritual beauty and power, uttered these illuminating sentences: "What is celestial service? Loving. A woman was sitting beside her sick husband. She was looking at him as he lay upon his bed, and he said in his feeble voice, 'What are you doing?' She said, 'Just loving you.' When God looks at us and says, 'What are you doing, folks?' please God, our answer shall be, 'Just loving you.' That is service." In these materialistic days, so full of bustle and hustle and push, let us never forget the priceless value of cultivating the habit of 'just loving' our Heavenly Father."

709. Service of Love

Several influential citizens of Long Island declared yesterday that they would commend Patrolman Barney Kearney of the Hunters Point Police Station to Commissioner Enright, after they had seen the patrolman save the life of a shaggy little dog on the Diagonal Street viaduct over the tracks of the Long Island Railroad in Long Island City yesterday afternoon.

The little dog became bewildered from the heavy traffic coming from the Queensboro bridge and was first struck by a truck and hurled to one side and then run over by a passenger automobile. This latter automobile passed over his front legs making them useless.

The dog lay on the floor of the viaduct pawing helplessly with his hind feet when Patrolman Kearney passed on a motorcycle, stopped and bandaged the dog's injuries with his handkerchief, while the dog licked his hands in gratitude. He carried the little dog to a watchman's shanty, laid him on a blanket and telephoned for the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

"Why don't you shoot him?" said one gruff onlooker.

"Would I shoot you if you were run over?" asked Kearney.

The approval of the crowd for this reply caused the man immediately to disappear.—The New York Times.

MONEY

710. Character—Sterling

President Rufus C. Burleson, of Baylor University, once said, "How often I have heard my father paint in glowing words the honesty of his

old friend Col. Ben Sherrod. When he was threatened with Bankruptcy and penury in old age—and was staggering under a debt of $850,000, a contemptible lawyer said, 'Col. Sherrod, you are hopelessly ruined, but if you will furnish me $5,000 as witness fees, I can pick a technical flaw in the whole thing, and get you out of it.' The grand old Alabamian said, 'Your proposition is insulting. I signed the notes in good faith, and the last dollar shall be paid if charity digs my grave and buys my shroud.' He carried me and my brother Richard, once especially to see that incorruptible old man, and his face and words are portrayed upon my heart and brain."

711. Character—Faulty

A gentleman at the head of a metropolitan wholesale establishment was taking a train in the New York subway not long since. Just ahead of him he noticed a man, a merchant in a small city up the State, who was one of the regular customers of his house. He was about to call to the man, when he saw the latter push himself into the midst of the crowd and deliberately slip past the gateman without paying.

When the wholesale merchant reached his place of business, he immediately called the credit man of the house into his private office.

"Mr. Dean." he said, "how much does Blank & Blank of Bayton owe the house?"

"I do not know just the amount," was the answer, "but it is quite a bill."

"Collect it, and do not extend more credit," said the merchant.

"But I've always thought them gilt-edged," suggested the credit man.

"So have I," replied the employer. "But I've changed my mind." He then recounted the incident he had witnessed in the subway, and added: "A man who is building that kind of character is not building to last."

And the merchant was right. One year later the firm of Blank & Blank went down with a crash, carrying a score of trusting creditors with them to ruin.

712. Charity—Christian

There had been a dispute about a line fence. The dispute had grown into a quarrel and a lawsuit. Then Farmer Brown sold his farm to a lawyer from the city. He had heard about the quarrel and soon he walked out to see the fence. Farmer Smith came out to interview the newcomer. After greetings, he began on the topic of the fence and his claims.

"Where do you think the fence ought to be?" asked the new owner. "That fence is a full foot over on my side," said Farmer Smith. In reply the lawyer indicated a line two feet from the fence on his side.

"Now, said he, "you put that fence along that line."

"But," said the farmer, "that is more than I claim?"

"Yes," replied the lawyer, "but I would rather have peace with my neighbors than two feet of earth."

"Well, well," stammered the surprised farmer, "that won't do! That fence won't be moved at all, squire!"

And the lawsuit was withdrawn and the neighbors lived in peace.

713. Charity—Display of

It is related of Father Taylor, the sailor missionary of Boston, that on one occasion, when a minister was urging that the names of the subscribers to an institution (it was the missionary cause) should be published, in order to increase the funds, and quoted the account of the poor widow and her two mites, to justify this trumpet-sounding, he settled the question by rising from his seat, and asking in his clear, shrill voice, "Will the speaker please give us the

name of that poor widow?"—Christian Age.

714. Christians—Hoarding

"The other day I was at a beautiful little place called Rhosilly, down on the Gower Peninsula," said the Rev. Harrington C. Lees, "and I was looking about, as I always do in an old church, to see what interesting things I could find. In the belfry vestry I found a ship's bell hanging, and I looked at it, I tapped it, and it was dead and dull, and I looked and the whole bottom of the bell was plugged with a disk of wood right up; and then in the side of the bell they had cut a door, and there was a hinge and a padlock. They were using that old ship's bell for a strong-box. Very useful, but it was not what the bell was made for. Christians are made by the Lord to be bells, to sound out the notes of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, and tell what they are. But many such are just strong-boxes, and you cannot get any sound out of them. They take all in and they give nothing out, and they pride themselves on being saints."—Christian Herald.

715. Collection—Fear of

The following is one of Roosevelt's favorite stories. When he was police commissioner of New York he was examining an Irish applicant for the police force, and asked, "Well, if a mob were together and you were ordered to disperse it, what would you do?" "Begorra," replied Pat, promptly, "I'd pass around the hat for a collection, sir."

716. Conversion and Restitution

An incident is told by Rev. A. S. Burrows, of two infidel neighbors who lived among the hills of New England. One of them heard the gospel, and was converted. Soon after he went to his infidel neighbor and said, "I have come to talk to you, and want to tell you I have been converted." "Yes," sneered the other, "I heard you had been down to the meeting and had gone forward for prayers. I was surprised, for I thought you were as sensible a man as any in town." "Well," said the first, "I have a duty to do to you. I haven't slept much for two nights for thinking of it. I have four sheep in my flock that belong to you. They came two years ago with your marks on them. I took them and put my own mark on them. They are in my field now, with their increase, and I want to settle with you if you are willing, or you can settle with me by the law if you like." The neighbor was amazed, and told him he could keep the sheep, only to please go away. He felt something had got hold of his friend which he did not understand. "You may keep the sheep if only you will go away." "No," said the Christian, "I must settle this matter; I cannot rest until I do. You must tell me how much." "Well," he replied, "pay me the worth of the sheep when they went to you, and add six per cent interest and please go away and let me alone." It was paid. No one can tell the entire result of that act of confession and restitution. But the other infidel is now going to the house of God.

717. Gift—Costly

Said a chaplain to a wounded English soldier boy who was about to leave the hospital, "Well, you have been hurt." "Yes, sir; but thank God, I am alive. I am going home without my right hand, but my mother will be glad to have what is left of me." "Yes, I'm sure of that," answered the chaplain. "Shall I write to her for you, as you have lost your right hand?" He looked up at the chaplain quickly and said, "I did not lose it, sir; I gave it."

718. Gift—Doubling

Mr. Thornton, of Clapham, England, was a noble hearted Christian merchant. One morning when he received news of a failure that involved him in a loss of no less than one hundred thousand dollars, a minister from the country called at his place of business to collect a subscription for a very important religious object. Learning of the failure, and of Mr. Thornton's loss, he apologized for calling, but the Christian merchant took him kindly by the hand and said:

"My dear sir, the wealth I have is not mine, but the Lord's, and maybe he is going to take it out of my hands and give it to someone else, and if this is true, this is a very good reason why I should make good use of all that is left."

He then astonished the minister by doubling the subscription he had previously made.

719. Gift—The Best

Mr. Bowman, in an article in the "Missionary Review of the World." tells the story of a Hindu woman who was walking along the banks of the Ganges; and as she walked along, she had by her side a little boy some three or four years of age, and in her arms she had. a little baby girl, wailing little thing. An English officer passed that way and spoke to her, because there was agony written in that woman's face. He said, "What is wrong?" She replied, "The gods are angry with me; they have given me this little baby girl." He passed on, but he came back, drawn, I suppose, by the agony in that woman's face. The woman was there; the baby girl was there; but the boy was not there—the sturdy, strong little fellow of three or four years. And this officer knew what had happened. The boy had been thrown into the river, and he said to her, "Why did you throw the boy in?" She answered, "Could I give less than my best to my god?" Friends, that was a heathen woman. The story shows us the possible power in that woman's life if she really knew God. She thought a god was something cruel, one who was tyrannical, who demanded for no reason the sacrifice of her best loved one. And we who know God to be so true, so loving, so careful, so tender—can we withhold our very best from him, be it the life of some loved one, or our own life? All that we have or hope to be, let us give in absolute abandonment to the service of the Lord Jesus Christ. Surely, surely, the restless millions await that light, whose dawning maketh all things new, and Christ also waits. Have we done what we could?

720. Gifts—Royal

A Christmas treat was to be given to some poor children at a mission hall in Edinburgh, and hundreds of little ones were assembled at the doors in advance of the hour of admittance. Among them was a little girl, thinly clad, and barefoot, on the cold, hard stones. She danced from foot to foot, but strove in vain to keep the biting, stinging chill out of her limbs. A boy who stood by watched her pityingly for a few minutes, and then snatched off his cap and dropped it on the stones. "There, lassie, "he cried; "ye may stand on that."

It was the Christ spirit in that poor boy's heart that prompted the loving deed and word. In all the city of Edinburgh there was no more royal gift made that Christmas day—measuring the gift by the good will of which it sprang—than that benefaction of the street boy to his little sister in want.

What a long sweet day of Love's sunshine Christmas would be if every heart in this world would give out of its native abundance

good will, cheerfulness, gentleness, courtesy, sympathy, little deeds of loving service, smiles of kindness, and words of comfort!—J. R. Miller.

721. Gifts—Withholding

"For so hath the Lord commanded us, saying I have set thee for a light of the Gentiles, That thou shouldest be for salvation unto the uttermost part of the earth." Acts 12: 47.

Whose fault is it that there are any "poor heathen"? If your father left in his will an inheritance for you and your brother, and your brother being at a distance could only receive his inheritance if you sent it to him, would you feel free to decide whether to send it to him or not? And if you did send it to him, would you take considerable credit to yourself for doing so? That's foreign missions. People talk complacently about the "poor heathen." Why "poor"? Because the heathen have not received their share of the inheritance which the Father left us to give them. What shall we do about it?

722. Giver—The True

At the feet of a medical missionary a grateful father and mother knelt to worship her as a god, for she had restored their child to health. Hastily the missionary cried out to them, "We are not gods. Worship the true God." "You must be a god," they said. "No one but a god could have saved our beloved child from death." "Suppose," said the missionary, "that I wished to bestow a valuable gift upon you and sent it by the hand of one of my coolies, whom would you thank, the coolie or myself?" "We should thank you, of course; the coolie is your servant." "And so am I God's coolie, by whose hand God has been pleased to send you this gift of healing; and it is to him you must bow and give thanks."

723. Givers—Three Kinds

There are three kinds of givers—the flint, the sponge and the honeycomb. It takes a blow of steel to get anything out of a flint, and then it is often a vicious snap. The sponge must be squeezed, and even then will not yield all it has obsorbed. The honeycomb is but the frail cover for a store of sweetness, and for the smallest puncture, it yields its sweetness.

724. Giving

It has been said that "many littles makes a muckle." A single bee does not collect more than one teaspoonful of honey in a season. Yet in a single hive there is often found as much as eighty pounds. We should not refuse to give for the cause of Christ because we cannot give large sums. The teaching of the bee is that every one should give. The united littles of God's poor ones will be enough to please Him. But don't forget that the bee gives its very life to do that little. "The Lord loveth a cheerful giver." (2 Cor. 9. 7).—James Smith.

725. Giving to Christ

A pastor was taking a missionary collection recently when he said, "I want each of you to give to-day as though you were putting your money right into the pierced hand of Jesus Christ." A lady came up afterward, and said, "I was going to give a half-dollar, but I did not do so."

"Why did you not do it?" the preacher asked. "Do you think I would put a half-dollar into his pierced hand? I have ten dollars at home, and I am going to give that." If we were putting our money into the pierced hand of our Lord our contributions would amount to millions, and the world would be evangelized in ten years.

726. Giving—Constant

The Bishop of Nelson (New Zealand), at a recent meeting, told of two men who met recently, and one asked the other for a subscription for his church. The reply was that the Church was always wanting money. The other friend said, "When my lad was a boy, he was costly; he always wanted boots and shoes, stockings and clothes, and wore them out fast, and the older and stronger he grew the more money had to be spent on him, but he died, and does not now cost me a shilling." "Yes," said the bishop, "a live Church always wants money."

727. Giving—Forced

Church officers who are beginning to consider budget plans for the ecclesiastical year, will appreciate the story recently heard of a farmer and his cow: "Does your cow voluntarily give milk?" asked a summer boarder. "Well," replied the farmer, "I just can't say how voluntary it is. If we can get her headed into a corner, and tie her there while an active, able bodied man gets hold of her, she'll yield up considerable."

728. Giving—God's

Years ago, an English judge in India became interested in the native Christians.

By and by he heard that a certain rich native, the owner of an indigo farm, had confessed Christ, and was cast out of his home and deprived of all of his possessions.

"Let him come to me," said the judge, "and if he is a true Christian he will not mind working. He shall be attendant-bearer of my little son."

So Norbudur came and humbly took his place as a servant in the household.

Every evening after dinner, the judge had the whole household assembled to prayers, and he would read to them in their own language, from the New Testament. One evening he came to the verse: "Every one that hath forsaken houses or brethren—or wife, or children, or lands, for my name's sake, shall receive an hundredfold."

The judge paused and said:

"Now, none of us have left houses and lands and wife and children for Christ's sake—except one. Norburdur," and he looked at the bearer, "will you tell us? Is it true what this verse says?"

Quietly Norbudur rose, took up the Mahratti Testament, and read the verse through.

Then he raised his head and spoke:

"He says he gives a hundredfold I know he gives a thousandfold." —Unknown.

729. Giving—God's Plan

A Des Moines man who was converted in one of Billy Sunday's meetings was assessed for current expenses by the church with which he united the sum of $12.50 for the year. When informed of the matter he protested at the smallness of the sum. "For," said he, "I used to spend more than that for a single night's pleasure." He and his wife began to read the Bible to ascertain what it taught about giving and the result was that during the first six months of the year he had given 27 times $12.50, or $337.50, and has never since given less than that. The book of Malachi settled the basis of his giving.

730. Giving—Incense of

There is a woman who has been over the washtub hour after hour, day after day. At the end of the week, when the blessed Sabbath comes, she enters the House of God. It may be only ten dollars, it may be less, that she has been able to win out of the soiled world that

way, but if it has been in her heart every day and every hour that the next Sunday morning in the house of worship, with its quiet, with its beauty, with its sweet music, with its hush of the Divine presence, she is to lay ten cents of every dollar on God's altar for humanity, her work —every bit of it—is made divine. Even the ill-smelling, hot suds offer up incense.—Dr. L. C. Barnes.

731. Giving—Joy in

People are interested in the things to which they give their money, strength or time. Frequently interest is aroused when a gift of some sort, however, small, is made. The gift may be made as a matter of duty, but the interest aroused will lead us to make another gift as a matter of joy.

With much work and sacrifice, a little church had been built on a mission field, but when a bell was needed, one woman, whose aid had been sought in vain, declared her belief that bells were a nuisance. Finally she was persuaded to contribute five dollars, and when the bell had been purchased and swung, she was greatly pleased.

"That's the sweetest toned bell I ever heard!" she said.

732. Giving—Lukewarm

Spurgeon once related the following incident. A negro had become convinced through hearing an address by a missionary, that it was his duty to give the tenth of his increase to the Lord. So he divided his fields into ten parts and planted corn, potatoes, etc., in one tenth for the Lord, but he took no care of it further on. When people passed by they usually expressed surprise, that nine-tenths of the field was in perfect condition and one tenth entirely neglected. Then Zachariah was wont to explain: "That is the Lord's part."

So, said Spurgeon, many do. Their own affairs are attended to with scrupulous care, their whole being is forced into action therein, but in their work for the Lord they are lukewarm and do as Zachariah did with his field.

733. Giving—Open Handed

In the charge which Paul would have Timothy give to his rich parishioners, he advises that "they be ready to distribute," evidently goods or coins to their poorer neighbors. Moffatt and Weymouth translate it "open handed." But one commentator says that the Greek word implies "glad to see the collector."

734. Giving—Reward of

Walking on a hot day along a country road, I met a man and asked him if he knew where I could get a drink of water. He took me down a little path by the roadway and showed me a beautiful spring under overhanging foliage. Down at the bottom you could see white sand boiling up just as if the water were hot instead of icy cold. After I drank the man said: "We were settled on this land for some years before we discovered the spring, and the great need here was for good water. One day, passing through this wood, I noticed that the leaves were damp. Stooping down I scraped them aside with my hands, and there was just a little pool of very cold water. Then I took away more leaves and sand, and I had a little basin of beautiful water. We first made up our minds to keep it to ourselves and say nothing about it, because we thought if the neighbors found it, there would not be enough for us and for them. But after a while the neighbors did find it out, and they too came to draw water from the spring. We were a little afraid, but we did not say anything. And then we found out

that the more the neighbors came there to draw water from the spring, the more water there was for us." There is that scattereth and increaseth yet the more.—Record of Christian Work.

735. Giving—Royal

The story is told of a poor blind woman in Paris who put twenty-seven francs into the plate at a missionary meeting. A friend remonstrated: "You cannot afford so much out of your small earnings." "Oh, yes, I can," she answered: "I've figured it out and know just what I can afford to give." When asked to explain, she said: "I am blind, and I said to my fellow straw-workers, 'How much money do you spend in a year for oil in your lamps when it is too dark to work at nights?' They replied, 'Twenty-seven francs.' So," said the poor woman, "I found that I saved so much in the year because I am blind and do not need a lamp; and I give it to send light to the dark heathen lands."

736. Giving—Sacrificial

I have a dear friend, the editor of one of the great religious journals of our country, and he has an only daughter,—a most beautiful and brilliant young woman. She has every grace of body and every charm of mind. I have noticed in recent times that I never meet this friend without finding, soon or late, a little pensive element coming into the conversation, and that always he mentions, in some connection, the fact that Margaret is soon to be married and that she is marrying a missionary—a splendid stalwart youth who served his country with heroism in the great war, and who is now going to China to serve Jesus as a soldier of the Cross,—and that he is to take this dear girl from my friend's home with him across those distant seas.

The last time that I was with this friend, once more the conversation came around to this matter which is upon his heart, and he said to me: "I heard the other day an incident that greatly interested me. A rich man was down on the water-front watching the departure of a great ocean liner. He was walking up and down the dock with rather a complacent air. He was joined by an acquaintance, who said to him, 'You seem to be much pleased about something.' 'Yes,' said the rich man, 'I do feel unusually good to-day. Do you see that vessel just dropping out into the North River? Well, I have on that vessel, $10,000 worth of equipment for a hospital in China. I made that gift at the instance of a missionary friend. I am greatly pleased that I had the privilege of doing that, and I just came down to see the vessel safely off.' And then the friend said to him, 'Well, that is interesting, and I am glad you made the gift! But,' he said, 'you know I also have a gift on that ship. My daughter is on the vessel, going to China as a foreign missionary.' And the rich man stopped and looked swiftly into his friend's eyes and then exclaimed, 'My God, man! I haven't given anything, have I?'"—From the Gardens of Life.

737. Giving—Voluntary

One of the most convincing evidences of the divine origin and guidance of the Church of Christ is the fact that it is supported by voluntary offerings. Not an amusement or a business on earth could run that way.—Christian Advocate.

738. God—Fag End to

An Egyptian missionary, Mrs. Harvey, tells about a rich American lady who spent a winter at Shepherds Hotel in Cairo, where she had to pay six or eight dollars a day,

and who visited her several times, expressing a great interest in missions. When the lady was leaving the mission for the last time she said to the missionary, "I do want to do something for the great cause," and pressed a silver quarter into Mrs. Harvey's hand. Which reminds one of a remark that Sam Jones once made: "About the only Easter song that a good many women can sing is:

'Must Jesus bear the cross alone
And all the world go free?
No, there's a cross for everyone
But an Easter bonnet for me.'"

739. God—Robbing

United States Senator Vardeman, so the story goes, once rented a plot of several acres to one of his black neighbors. The land was to be planted in corn, and the senator, then ex-governor, was to receive one-fourth. The corn was duly harvested, but the senator did not receive his fourth. Meeting the negro one day he said: "Look here, Sam, have you harvested your corn?" "Yes, sah, boss, long ago." "Well, wasn't I to get a fourth?" "Yes, sah; boss, dat's de truf, but dar wasn't no fo'th. Dar wuz jes' three loads an' dey was mine." There are some white people who treat the Lord in the same fashion. —Baptist Standard.

740. Gold and God

Just before I went to Brazil I was the guest of the President of the Argentine Republic. After lunching one day we sat in his sun parlor looking out over the river. He was very thoughtful. He said, 'Mr. Babson, I have been wondering why it is that South America with all its great natural advantages is so far behind North America, notwithstanding that South America was settled before North America." Then he went on to tell how the forests of South America had two hundred and eighty-six trees that can be found in no book of botany. He told me of many ranches that had thousands of acres under alfalfa in one block. He mentioned the mines of iron, copper, coal, silver, gold; all those rivers and great waterfalls which rival Niagara. "Why is it, with all these natural resources, South America is so far behind North America?" he asked. Well, those of you who have been there know the reason. But, being a guest, I said: "Mr. President, what do you think is the reason?" He replied, "I have come to this conclusion. South America was settled by the Spanish who came to South America in search of gold, but North America was settled by the Pilgrim Fathers,who went there in search of God."—From Fundamentals of Prosperity.

741. Gold—Better Than

Yonder a little girl is sobbing piteously on the grave of her mother! I am touched, and offer her a gold piece! She snatches it from my hand, flings it into the open grave, and continues to sob convulsively! What more can I do? That is all that I had to give, and it was unavailing! Presently a poor woman, in plain and shabby clothes, kisses the child, strokes the little head, presses her to her bosom, and comforts her with gentle crooning! See the eyes droop in sleep, and the little one is soothed and quieted! That woman had neither silver nor gold, but she possessed what was infinitely more precious, and that she gave without stint. This is what the world needs today. Would that men and women of all classes in society realized it, and instead of the giddy race for wealth and pleasure, would possess themselves of, and impart to others, treasures compared with which the mines of

Croesus offer a miser's dole.—F. B. Meyer.

742. Gold—Honor Above

At the new Olympic games in Athens a few years ago, the long distance race from Marathon to Athens was won by Loues Spiridon, a Greek peasant. His reception in the stadium was a scene of wild enthusiasm.

And what was the temper of this Greek peasant to whom all, from the king down, made obeisance? He was a poor man who had to live most economically to live at all. They offered him twenty-five thousand francs in gold—twenty-five thousand francs in a country where a stout laborer earns less than two francs a day. He refused it. To sustain the honor of Hellas was enough to Loues Spiridon, he said, and only asked that he be given a water privilege in his native town of Maroussi, that he be allowed every morning to fill his goatskins in Athens, and drive his little team to his own little village and there sell such of the water as his own people might care to buy from him. The money? They set it aside for the physical training of the boys of Loues' village.—J. B. Connolly.

743. Greed—Fatal

When Cortez and his companions were obliged to flee from Mexico on that fearful night when the Aztecs entered the city, Cortez warned his soldiers against taking too much gold with them, for each soldier must fight his way through the enemies' host. "He travels safest in the night who travels lightest." said Cortez. It was hard to heed this advice, for they had accumulated a vast amount of gold, but the more prudent ones did, and escaped unharmed. Some, however, who bound heavy chains of gold about their necks and shoulders, staggered under their burden of gold, and attempting to escape, became a prey to their enemies. It is ever so with the greedy soul.

744. Greed—Whip of

Some of you may have read Tolstoy's fable, "How Much Land Does a Man Require?" In that striking story a Russian peasant is smitten with greed of land. Unable to obtain as much as he wishes from his old landlord, he seeks a new one, who in a freakish mood tells him he can have as much land for his money as he can walk round before sunset. The peasant joyfully agrees, and the owner lays his cap on a knoll and bids him walk around in a circle and return to the cap before the sun sinks. At first our gratified peasant walks leisurely, but presently he sees a desirable bit of land, the very patch for corn, and widens his circle to include it. A little further on he spies a piece that cries out for a potato crop, and increases his pace to include that also. Another splendid piece of land comes to his view and another, and yet another. To include them all he must run, and run he does; first slowly, then with all his might. At last he thinks he has enough, and notes with apprehension that the sun is very low in the sky, and the cap not yet in sight. He tries to increase his pace, but his feet are torn and bleeding, his head aches, his lungs work like a blacksmith's bellows, his veins are tense and swollen, his heart thumps like an iron hammer against his ribs. Still he makes an effort, and at last the cap is in sight. He is all but spent, every sinew is strained to snapping point, his head swims, there is a red mist before his eyes. But suddenly the loud cheering of the spectators bursts upon the humming ears, and with superhuman efforts he reaches the cap. As he reaches it he falls down dead, the sun goes down, and he lies dead.

This is not an old story. It happens every day. Men still drop dead in the cruel race in which greed holds the whip. Any doctor will confirm this, if you ask him. But the death of the soul comes first. When, do you think, did our peasant really die the only death that matters? Was it at the end of the race, when he sank down beside his prize? Was it during the race, or even at the beginning? In the deepest sense he was dead when he started—only a dead soul could run in such a race.—E. Hermann.

745. Heathen—Giving for

One Sunday, when the collection was for foreign missions, the collection bag was taken to Mr. Dives, who shook his head and whispered, "I never give to missions." "Then take something out of the bag," the elder whispered in reply. "The money is for the heathen."—Presbyterian.

746. Honest—Paid to be

They tell in Chicago an amusing story (I believe it is well authenticated) of a foreigner who started in business with the deliberate intention of being dishonest. He had been a trcky peddler, a manipulator of various flimsy games for fleecing farmers and he had now worked out a scheme to get goods on a ninety-day-credit plan, his idea being to sell all that he could in a temporary shop before his bills fell due and then depart ingloriously on the eighty-ninth day, leaving his creditors to worry.

But he did so well that towards the end of the third month he decided to repeat the experiment—that is, to pay what he owed and stock up again for another ninety days, not abandoning his crooked plan, however, but postponing it to the end of the second period.

Again his business prospered so that he really could not afford to be dishonest, and once more he paid his bills. This went on for a year or two and gradually, to his great astonishment, this man found himself launched in a successful and honestly conducted business. He had become honest in spite of himself, and not only did he remain honest, but he developed into one of the foremost merchants of Chicago, the rich and conservative head of a great department store founded on the indisputable proposition that fair dealing to all is the only basis for business efficiency and success—Cleveland Moffett.

747. Honesty in Business

Frequently sharp practises are taken as normal in business and under the motto, "Business is business," whatever is profitable is justified. In his autobiography Edward Bok tells an incident which shows that other ideals exist. At a time when the Curtis Publishing Company was having a financial struggle, the monthly pay roll was due and there were no funds available. The morning mail brought a check, in five figures, to pay for a proposed patent medicine advertisement. Mr. Curtis was then fighting that business. Despite his financial need, he did not waver now. He merely replaced the check in the envelope, and said, "Of course we can not accept that," and went to the bank and borrowed money for the pay roll.—W. E. Griffin.

748. Honor Untarnished

When the war of the Rebellion left Robert E. Lee a poor man the Louisiana Lottery offered him ten thousand dollars a year simply for the use of his name, and he said, "My name is all that I have left and that is not for sale." And the mothers of generations yet unnumbered will take their children on their knee and tell them the story of brave General Lee; a man not afraid of shot or shell, but

better than this, the fearless champion of his own conviction of the truth as he saw it in the fear of God.

749. Inheritance

An Eastern sheriff has just received word that a man whom he took to states prison has fallen heir to $150,000. At the end of six years the convict will be released and by that time his fortune will have grown to $200,000. The convict was notified of his bright financial prospects. Every slave of sin is heir to eternal life if he will but accept it. Infinitely greater in value than silver and gold, its acceptance carries with it pardon and freedom from the dominion of sin.

750. Money to Be Used

Will you tell me, in the name of eternal love and justice, what right a man has to lay up money that he does not use except to roll it over and over, like a snowball, that he may make it more? Money possessed is to be used. It is not to be kept without being employed to some good purpose. Every mill must have a reservoir; but if the water does not run out and turn the wheel, the reservoir becomes merely a stagnant frog-pond. And so in respect to money: men who have it must spend it. The question for them to ask themselves is, "Where and how shall I spend it?" —H. W. Beecher.

751. Money—Value of

Bourke Cockran said that no man with $10,000,000 could be put in jail in this country, and that statement represents the estimate of the power of money that prevails with many people. Yet there are occasions when money is absolutely powerless. One of these occurred at the time of the wreck of the Valencia.

Among those who are supposed to have perished when the vessel went to pieces was J. B. Graham. He had recently sold a mine in Alaska for $60,000, and part of the proceeds of this sale he carried with him in gold in a bag. This bag went down with Graham.

Those who were rescued say that he made frantic efforts to induce others to save him, offering all his bag of gold; but none heeded him, and his precious sack lay on the broken deck, kicked here and there unnoticed and unvalued in that trying time. It was the hour when gold failed as it always fails when held beside the hope of life.

Said one of the survivors: "I'm coming into a safe harbor without a cent. Why, even this shirt I have on belongs to another man, and I have not even a hat. But that bag of gold, or even that ship loaded with gold, would not tempt me into such a place again."

752. Ode to Gold

Gold! Gold! Gold! Gold!
Bright and yellow, hard and cold,
Molten, graven, hammered and rolled,
Heavy to get and light to hold;
Hoarded, barter'd, bought and sold,
Stolen, borrow'd, squander'd,
Spurned by the young, but hugged by the old
To the very verge of the church yard mould;
Price of many a crime untold;
Gold! Gold! Gold! Gold!
—Thomas Hood.

753. Possessions—Love of

We tie ourselves to the outward possessions as Alpine travellers to their guides, and so, when they slip on the icy slopes, their fall is our death.—Maclaren.

754. Profession and Practice

Dr. Hall tells the story of a Scotchman who sung most piously the hymn—

"Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small,"
and all through the singing was fumbling in his pocket to make sure of the smallest piece of silver for the contribution-box.—Christian Age.

755. Prosperity—Danger of

Hannibal was the great general of the Carthaginians. He took into Italy the bravest army it had ever seen. At first it was successful. But when Capua was taken the army caught the infection of its luxury. It grew fond of pleasure. This made it effeminate and an easy prey to the foe. Prosperity is not an unmixed blessing.

756. Restitution

He (Mahomet) went out for the last time into the mosque, two days before his death; asked, "If he had injured any man? Let his own back bear the stripes. If he owed any man?" A voice answered, "Yes, me; three drachms," borrowed on such an occasion. Mahomet ordered them to be paid. "Better be in shame now," said he, "than at the day of Judgment."—Carlyle.

757. Riches in Glory

It is the custom for travellers abroad to take with them letters of credit, good in any large city in the world. Such letters are customarily drawn for a specific amount, and the banker who issues them is secured by the prepayment of the money or the deposit of ample securities. Sometimes, however, an unlimited letter of credit is issued, and is made good simply by the name of a responsible endorser. Such an unlimited letter of credit is freely offered to every needy pilgrim on earth on his journey heavenward. Here it is. "My God shall supply all your need, according to His riches in glory by Christ Jesus."—Cyrus D. Foss.

758. Riches—Failure of

A miner returned from the Klondike. He had made a fortune. He counted himself a millionaire. He had been away from home for fifteen years and during that time had not heard from his aged parents. He was looking forward to Christmas Day in the old home in Philadelphia. But the newspapers reported that he was the loneliest man in Philadelphia on that Christmas day, eating his dinner alone in one of the big hotels of that city. Where was the father whom he had hoped to make happy in his old age? He was gone. He could not wait until the boy had achieved the career he had blocked out for himself. Where was the mother? She had waited until a few months before the son's return when she, too, had to go. When the returning man lifted the knocker at the door of the old house, it fell with the harsh echo of empty rooms. The neighbors told him the story. The man had gained a fortune, but it was too late to do the things he had dreamed of doing.

759. Riches—Fool and

I went to see a very wealthy man in New York to ask him to help an exceedingly noble cause. His fear immediately answered my appeal, and he spoke as one who was on the verge of poverty. "I really cannot give any more. What with one thing and another I do not know what we are coming to." Fear seemed to haunt the man. It determined his thought and his speech and his service. A few weeks later he died, and his will was proved at over sixty millions. And I wonder. I wonder if at the end of the day he heard the message of the Lord saying unto him, "Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee; then whose shall these things be?"—H. J. Jowett.

760. Riches—Undeserved

"I knew a boy whose father was so prosperous financially that he could afford to give him anything that money could buy. This boy wanted a bicycle but he didn't dare ask for it. Why? Because the report card from school showed nothing but low marks; a great pile of wood that he had been told to look after remained unstacked, and there were several questionable actions with which he knew his mother was acquainted. Is that the reason we receive nothing from God—we do not dare ask it because of the hateful, unconfessed, unforsaken sin?"

761. Riches—Unrealized

Sir William Pynsent, of England, bequeathed his large and beautiful estate to the Earl of Chatham. He "greatly admired his unselfish devotion to his country." The country lawyer, whose duty it became to inform Chatham of this great bequest, on arriving at the Earl's house, and asking to see him, was bluntly told by the doorkeeper: "His lordship does not receive every countryman who comes to town." To which the lawyer replied: "If he refuses to see me, it will be the worst day's work he ever did." An official passing by, said he would take a message to the Earl, but the lawyer could not see him. "I have come all the way from Somersetshire to see him," said the lawyer, "and see him I must." After several more refusals, his persistency was rewarded, but the Earl said as he received him: "I am so busy with the affairs of state that I can give you but t h r e e minutes." The solicitor unfolded the deed that was to make the poor statesman rich, saying that the document would explain itself. Chatham, with his mind on political problems, heard only a jumble of "aforesaid" and "hereby" and when it was through, he said: "What has all this to do with me?" "Don't you understand that Burton Pynsent is yours?" "Mine!" exclaimed the Earl; and so at last he was made to appreciate what riches had been given him in his friend's last will and testament. Even more difficult is it for God's messengers to make those absorbed in business and politics and pleasure, realize what inner riches for both worlds lie unappropriated in the "Testament" which expresses Christ's will for us.—Christian Herald.

762. Satan's Charity

A certain priest was once riding in a street-car in New York, and in passing a very handsome church a fellow-passenger turned to him and said, "If these Christians would stop building fine churches and give the money to the poor, it would be much more to their credit." "I've heard a similar remark before," was the quiet rejoiner. "Indeed! And by whom, may I ask?" "Judas Iscariot!" was the answer.—Sunday School Chronicle.

763. Soul-Destroying Greed

The soul is an instrument more grandly made than any harp that ever came from human hands; and God, who knows what are the melodies of heaven, has strung it. Wondrous are the chords thereof; and when men spend their life in destroying one and another of them, in old age their wandering hands go aimlessly through the empty spaces; and there is no sound there.—H. W. Beecher.

764. Steward—A Good

A farmer went to hear John Wesley preach. The farmer was not a converted man; he cared little about religion; on the other hand, he was not what we call a bad man. His attention was soon excited and riveted. John said he should take

up three topics of thought—he was speaking greatly about money. His first head was, "Get all you can." The farmer nudged a neighbor and said, "This is strange preaching. I never heard the like of this before. This is very good. Yon man has got things in him; it is admirable preaching." John discoursed of "Industry," "Activity," "Living to purpose," and reached his second division, which was, "Save all you can." The farmer became more excited. "Was there ever anything like this?" he said. Wesley denounced thriftlessness and waste, and he satirised the wilful wickedness which lavishes in luxury; and the farmer rubbed his hands, and he thought, "All this have I been from my youth up:" and what with getting, and what with hoarding, it seemed to him that "salvation had come to his house." But Wesley advanced to his third head, which was, "Give all you can." "Ay dear, ay dear," said the farmer; "he has gone and spoilt it all." There was now no further point of contact, no interest in the farmer's mind.—Preacher's Lantern.

765. *Treasure—Lost*

A young lady was one day visiting an aged man, a friend of her father, who had been associated with him in early life. The man had been one of those who run after the world and had overtaken it. All it could give he had obtained. Pretty soon he inquired the state of his friend, whom he knew to be in circumstances of far less external comfort than himself. As he listened to the story of his less favored friend's patience in suffering, of the cheerfulness with which he could look forward to either life or death, the rich man's conscience applied the unexpressed reproach, and he exclaimed, "Yes, yes, you wonder why I cannot be as happy and quiet, too; but think of the difference. He is going to his treasure, and I—I must leave mine."—G. B. F. Hallock.

766. *Treasury—Jesus Beholding*

A pianist of world-wide reputation came to a western city. The largest auditorium was crowded. The receipts for a single evening were $2,750. On Sunday night there was a grand mass-meeting to express the sympathy of the Christian people in that city for the persecuted Armenians. A collection was taken up which amounted to $27.50—exactly one per cent of what was paid to hear the great pianist,—a hundred times as much to gratify musical taste, and, in some instances no doubt, mere curiosity, as to feed the hungry and clothe the naked. From this we see how we often pay to Christ's cause. Jesus beholds us cast our money into the treasury. One per cent is a "mite," but it is not the "mite" that is the "all."

767. *Word—A Cheering*

I remember when I first went away from home. It was only twelve miles; but I've never been so far since as that seemed to me then. I had left my mother and sisters for the first time in my life, and if I ever needed a kind word or a word of cheer, it was then. I was walking down the street with my brother, who had gone there a year before; and as we were going along my brother said, pointing out an old gentleman, "There's a man that will give you a cent. He gave me one, and I know he will you." I looked at him. I thought he was the finest-looking man I ever saw. When he came up to us he said to my brother, "Why, this is a new boy in the town, isn't it?" And he said, "Yes, sir. He's just come." He wanted him to be sure I hadn't got the cent. The old man took off my hat, and put his trembling hand on my head, and said, "Well, God bless you, my boy! I am told your father is dead;

but you've got a Father in heaven." He gave me a brand-new cent. I don't know what has become of the cent; but I can feel the pressure of the old man's hand upon my head to-day. He gave me what I wanted so much—a kind and cheering word. —Moody.

768. Worship—Hero

A missionary returned to his home city, where, as elsewhere also, he announced a collection for foreign missions. A good friend said to him: "Very well, Andrew, seeing it's you, I'll give 100 marks."

"No," said the missionary, "I cannot take the money since you give it seeing me." The man saw the point and said: "You are right, Andrew. Here are 200 marks, seeing it's for the Lord Jesus."

MINISTERS

769. Minister—Helping the

The illustration by which President Lincoln showed the evil of fault-finding, applies with far greater force when used with reference to eternal interests. "Suppose all the property you were worth was in gold, and you had put it in the hands of Blondin to carry across Niagara Falls on a tight-rope. Would you shake the rope while he was passing over it, or keep shouting to him, 'Blondin, stoop a little more,' 'Go a little faster'? No, I am sure you would not. You would hold your breath as well as your tongue, and keep your hands off until he was safely over. Now, the government is in the same situation, and is carrying across a stormy ocean an immense weight, untold treasures are in its hands. It is doing the best it can; don't badger it; keep silence and it will get you safely over." They who watch for souls must give account and are often crushed with a sense of responsibility, without the added burden of criticism from captious fault-finders. Don't find fault with your minister. Cheer him.

770. Minister—Prayer for Unconverted

The Rev. Solomon Stoddard, the predecessor of the far-famed President Edwards, was engaged by his people on an emergency. They soon found themselves disappointed, for he gave no indications of a renewed and serious mind. In this difficulty their resource was prayer. They agreed to set apart a day for special fasting and prayer, in reference to their pastor. Many of the persons meeting for this purpose had necessarily to pass the door of the minister. Mr. Stoddard hailed a plain man whom he knew, and addressed him, "What is all this? What is doing to-day?" The reply was, "The people, sir, are all meeting to pray for your conversion." It sank into his heart. He exclaimed to himself, "Then it is time I prayed for myself!" He was not seen that day. He was seeking in solitude what they were asking in company; and, "while they were yet speaking," they were heard and answered. The pastor gave unquestionable evidence of the change; he labored amongst a beloved and devoted people for nearly half a century, and was, for that period, deservedly ranked among the most able and useful of Christian ministers.

771. Minister—Slandering a

An instance of most astounding slander is reported in the columns of a church paper. As is often the case, this slander was directed against a minister. It was said that his wife was attending a certain meeting, that he went there in a rage, that he by violence dragged her from the hall, and that he by force compelled her to go home with him. He allowed

the story to circulate for a time, then riddled it as follows:

"In the first place, I never attempted to influence my wife in her views nor her choice of a meeting;

"Secondly, my wife did not attend the meeting in question;

"In the third place, I did not attend the meeting myself;

"To conclude, neither my wife nor myself had any inclination to go to the meeting;

"Finally, I never had a wife."

Knowing what feats slander has accomplished, one cannot say that this instance reported from London is unbelievable. When slander once lays its tongue to a task, it can accomplish anything which the most harebrained imagination can conceive.

772. *Ministers—God's Best*

Speaking of the Cuban war, and his Rough Riders, Roosevelt declared, "The men I cared most for in the regiment were the men who did the best work; and therefore my liking for them was obliged to take the shape of exposing them to most fatigue and hardship, of demanding from them the greatest service and of making them incur the greatest risk. Once I kept Greenway and Goodrich at work for forty-eight hours without sleep and with very little food, fighting and digging trenches. I freely sent the men for whom I cared most, where death might smite them, as it did the two best officers in my regiment, Allyn Capron and Bucky O'Neil. My men would not have respected me, had I acted otherwise. Their creed was my creed. The life, even of the most useful men, of the best citizens, is not to be hoarded if there be need to spend it. I felt and feel this about others; and of course about myself."

And does not the Captain of our salvation demand the same thing of us? Are we thinking of soft places and fat salaries? He who, to save us, gave himself up to the death of the cross will likewise demand of us strenuous and difficult service, service that costs something, and involves risks. God has had such men, like Joseph, Daniel, Paul and others. He has such men to-day calling us to hard and perilous tasks, a sign of the Father's appreciation of us.

773. *Preachers—Curse of False*

A woman with a little baby in her arms wanted to leave the train at a little flag station out West one cold winter's day. She said to the brakeman, "Don't forget me." A man there said, "Lady, I will see that the brakeman doesn't forget you—don't you worry." A while later he said, "Here's your station." She stepped off the train—into the storm.

The train had gone on about three-quarters of an hour when the brakeman came in and said, "Where's that woman?" The traveling man said, "She got off." The brakeman said, "Then she's gone to her death; we only stopped the train yonder because there was something the matter with the engine." They called for volunteers and went back and looked for her. They finally found her on the prairie, covered with a shroud of ice and snow woven about her by the pitiless storm, and with the little babe folded to her breast. She followed the man's directions, and they were wrong, and they led to her death and the death of her little one.

How great the responsibility of the man, who sent her into the night and the raging storm! Greater still is the responsibility of the men who stand up as preachers and teachers of Christianity and who give to lost men and women and to their children the wrong directions. Instead of pointing out God's way of salvation by the blood, they obscure the cross, deny Christ's atoning work and send their hearers down the road which leads into eternal darkness and misery.

How awful will be their remorse when they discover the work they have done by preaching the devil's lie, instead of God's eternal truth! Of such who give the wrong directions, who preach error and a delusion in the place of the Gospel, our Lord spoke in his severe denunciation of the scribes and the Pharisees. They are blind guides and the hypocrites, who shut up the kingdom of heaven against men.

Preachers must ever bear in mind their great responsibility.

MOTHER

774. A Mother's Forgiveness

Do you want a reason why the mother forgives her child the tenth and twentieth time? Does not everybody know that it is because she is mother? What do you mean by this, except that her affections are like a well that never dries, and that, though you draw ten thousand bucketfuls, always has a bucketful more, because the water runs in as fast as it is taken out? In a mother's heart is loving-kindness and forgiveness evermore.—H. W. Beecher.

775. Faces—Holy

In London a body of a woman now dead was brought into Crystal Palace and lay in state hour after hour. An endless stream passed the coffin, members of the royal family, the Prince of Wales, members of the House of Commons, lords, and men and women of low degree. Finally there came a woman evidently from the haunts of poverty, clothed in rags, her toes through her shoes, her head covered with an old fascinator. She carried one child and led another. When she came to the coffin she put the children on the floor, clasped her hands over the top of the casket and kissed the glass above the face of the woman sleeping within. The guard came hurriedly up and told the woman to move on, that she was blocking the way, but she said:

"I won't." But he said, "You will have to, madam, you are obstructing the passage." She said, "I won't. I came sixty-five miles to see the face of the woman who saved my two boys from a drunkard's grave, and now I have a right to look on her face."

The woman sleeping within was Mrs. Booth, mother of the Salvation Army, who did more, perhaps, than any other woman to rescue the drunkard and the harlot, and to tear the shackles from the lives of men and women that were bound.

776. Mother—Honoring

A beautiful stained glass window in a Methodist Episcopal church in New York state bears the simple and only inscription, "To a sainted mother." This is pure eloquence.

When William Howard Taft was President of the United States, he sent a check to help a little church in Milbury, Mass., with these words: "Just in memory of my mother. I know she would like to have me do something of that sort." The words gave eloquence to the check.

When the evangelistic-singer, F. A. Mills, well known for years in central New York, was called to part with his mother, he sang with deep feeling at her funeral:

Oh, mother, when I think of thee,
'Tis but a step to Calvary,
Thy gentle hand upon my brow
Is leading me to Jesus now.

That is the eloquence of a sainted motherhood.

777. Mother—Love of

I know a mother who has an idiot child. For it she gave up all society, almost everything, and devoted her whole life to it. "And now," said she, "for fourteen years I have

tended it, and loved it, and it does not even know me. Oh! it is breaking my heart!" Oh! how the Lord might say this of hundreds here. Jesus comes here, and goes from seat to seat, asking if there is a place for Him. Oh! will not some of you take Him into your hearts?—Moody.

778. Mother—Reunion With

The lines of Marie Galbraith are full of pathos as they speak from heart to heart of the loneliness of the life and the emptiness of the home "Without Mother":

"It's awful lonesome at our house
'Thout mother;
It's just as quiet as a mouse
'Thout mother.
An' father looks so lonely there
Of evenin's, sittin' in his chair;
It just ain't cheerful anywhere
'Thout mother!

"It's awful hard to get along
'Thout mother;
It seems that everything goes wrong
'Thout mother.
'Course, father does the best he can;
But then, you know, he's just a man,
An' don't know how to fix an' plan
Like mother.

"Seems like I don't enjoy my play
'Thout mother;
Things just get worser every day
'Thout mother!
There's no one now to mend my doll,
Nobody's sorry when I fall—
O, home just ain't no place at all
'Thout mother!

"But father says we must be brave
'Thout mother,
'Cause him an' me, we only have
One 'nother.
An' if we're brave, an' strong, an' true,
An' good, just like she told us to,
We'll go up home, when life is through,
To mother!"

779. Mother Waiting

Bianconi, the introducer of the car system into Ireland, in leaving his home in Italy, found his most trying leave-taking in separating from his mother. She fainted as he left her. Her last words were words which he never forgot—"When you remember me, think of me as waiting at this window watching for your return."—Smiles.

780. Mother—John Quincy Adams'

John Quincy Adams said: "All that I am my mother made me."

781. Mother—Michael Angelo's

The mother of Michael Angelo was, in her way, as heroic a character as her son. He once said: "Whatever a man is, he generally owes to his mother."

782. Mother—Thomas Edison's

Thomas A. Edison pays a splendid tribute to his mother when he says: "I did not have my mother long, but she cast over me an influence which has lasted all my life. The good effects of her early training I can never lose. If it had not been for her appreciation and her faith in me at a critical time in my experience, I should never likely have become an inventor. I was always a careless boy, and with a mother of different mental calibre, I should have turned out badly. But her firmness, her sweetness, her goodness, were potent powers to keep me in the right path. My mother was the making of me. The memory of her will always be a blessing to me."

783. Mother—Lincoln's

"All that I am or hope to be," said Lincoln, after he had become President, "I owe to my angel mother."

784. Mother—Lord Macaulay's

Lord Macaulay, writing of his

mother, says: "Young people, look in those eyes, listen to that dear voice and notice the feeling of even a touch that is bestowed upon you by that gentle hand. Make much of it while yet you have that most precious of all good gifts, a loving mother. Read the unfathomable love of those eyes; the kind anxiety of that tone and look, however slight your pain. In after life you may have friends, fond, dear, kind friends; but never will you have again the inexpressible love and gentleness lavished upon you which none but a mother bestows. Often do I sigh in my struggles with the hard, uncaring world, for the deep, sweet scrutiny I felt when of an evening, resting in her bosom, I listened to some quiet tale, suitable to my age, read in her tender, untiring voice. Never can I forget her sweet glances cast upon me when I appeared asleep; never her kiss of peace at night. Years have passed since we laid her beside my father in the cold churchyard, yet still her voice whispers from the grave, and her eyes watch over me as I visit spots long since hallowed by her memory."

785. Mother—Moody's

"All that I have ever accomplished in life," declared Dwight L. Moody, the great evangelist, "I owe to my mother."

786. Mother—Napoleon's

Napoleon's mother was as much of a soldier as her great son. Speaking of the influence of the mother on the character of the child, he said: "The future destiny of the child is always the work of the mother."

787. Mother—Benjamin West's

"A kiss from my mother made me a painter," said Benjamin West.

788. Mother's Duty

"Looking Where They're Going" is the title of a London Mission annual report. The title was suggested by a picture in "Punch" which shows a child stumbling over a stone in the roadway. Hurt and surprised he looks up at his mother and says, "Mummy, why don't you look where I'm going?"—Sent by W. E. Griffin.

789. Mother's Faithfulness

Somebody prays for a boy astray,
Afar from home, at close of day,
Somebody loves him, in spite of sin,
Somebody seeks his soul to win,
Would give her all, his soul to win;
That somebody is mother.

Somebody's heart is filled with joy,
To meet a penitent, erring boy,
To know her prayers were not in vain,
To welcome home her boy again,
In spite of every sin and stain;
That somebody is mother.

—Richard Jones.

790. Mother's Hands

Two brothers were in a Japanese agricultural college. One day one of these boys appeared wearing a woman's yellow and black striped padded coat, with a velvet neck band showing that the garment was ordinarily worn to support a baby carried Japanese fashion on the back. There was much tittering among the other students at this strange garb, and the instructors found their classes somewhat demoralized. At noon the young man was called into the faculty room for an explanation. His father was dead; his mother made a bare subsistence out of a small farm; she had managed to send her boys to school with clothes for the summer session. When winter came, the mother had tried to buy them the necessary winter kimono, but in spite of every economy she had been unable to manage it.

"So I am sending you my own kimono and coat," she wrote. "You must have your thin cotton one

washed and mended. Wear my heavy kimono underneath, and as soon as I can I will send you some money to buy new ones."

"But though I have mended my old kimono," the boy went on, "it is too ragged. There was only one thing to do—wear this one on the outside."

He was asked why, at least, he had not removed the tell-tale black velvet band.

"Last night," he replied, "I took the scissors and began to rip, but suddenly I remembered how my mother's hands had sewed those stitches, and how she had taken off her warm coat to send to me, and how she was always working for us and thinking of us here, lonely for the sight of our faces, and I could not rip out the stitches of my mother's hands. I had to wear it as it was."—Asia Magazine.

791. Mother's Love

It is said that an angel strolled out of heaven one beautiful day and found his way to this old world. He roamed through field and city beholding the varied scenes of nature and art, and just at sunset he plumed his golden wings and said, "I must return to the world of light; shall I not take with me some mementos of my visit here? How beautiful and fragrant those flowers are! I will pluck of them a choice bouquet." Passing a country home where he saw through the open door a rosy-cheeked baby, smiling up from the little crib into its mother's face, he said, "The smile of that baby is prettier than these roses; I will take that, too." Just then he looked beyond the cradle and saw a devout mother pouring out her love like the gush of a perpetual fountain, as she stopped to kiss "Good-night" her precious baby. "Oh," said he, "that mother's love is the prettiest thing I have seen in all the world; I will take that, too!" With these three treasures he winged his way toward the pearly gates, but just before entering he decided to examine his mementos, and to his astonishment the flowers had withered until they were no longer things of beauty, the baby's smile had changed into a frown, but the mother's love retained all its pristine beauty and fragrance. He threw aside the withered roses and the departed smile, and, passing through the gates, was welcomed by the hosts of heaven that gathered about him to see what he had brought from his long journey. "Here," said he, "is the only thing I found on earth that would retain its fragrance and beauty all the way to heaven. The sweetest thing in all the world is a mother's love."—O. A. Newlin.

792. Mother's Prayers

One Sunday morning a party of young men, students in a law school, all of them sons of Christian parents, started out to a grove to spend the sacred day in card playing and wine drinking. As they walked along laughing and jesting, a church bell in the distance began to ring. One of the men named George stopped and told his companions he was going back to the village and to church. They sought to dissuade him but he was firm. Then they gathered in a circle about him and threatened to give him a cold bath in the river. Quietly, calmly, earnestly the young man said: "I know you have power enough to put me there till I am drowned; and if you choose you can do so and I will make no resistance; but listen to what I have to say and then do as you think best. I am two hundred miles from home. My mother is a helpless, bedridden invalid. I am her youngest child. My father could not afford to pay for my schooling; but our teacher is a warm friend of my father and offered to take me without charge. He was anxious for me to come; but mother

would not consent. The struggle almost cost her what little life was left. At length, after many prayers, she yielded and said I might go. The preparations for my leaving home were soon made. My mother never said a word to me till the morning I was to leave. After I had eaten my breakfast she sent for me, and asked me if everything was ready; I told her I was waiting for the stage. At her request I kneeled beside her bed. With her loving hand upon my head she prayed for her youngest child. Many a night I have dreamed that whole scene over. It is the happiest recollection of my life. I believe to the day of my death I shall be able to repeat every word of that prayer. Then she said, 'My precious boy, you never can know the agony of a mother's heart in parting for the last time from her youngest child. When you leave home you will have looked for the last time, this side of the grave, on the face of her who loves you as no other mortal can. Your father cannot afford the expense of your making visits during the two years that your studies will occupy. I cannot possibly live as long as that. My life has nearly run out. In the far off strange place to which you are going there will be no loving mother to give counsel. Seek counsel and help from God. Every Sunday morning, from ten to eleven o'clock, I will spend the hour in prayer for you. Wherever you may be during this sacred hour, when you hear the church bells ring, let your thought come back to this chamber where your dying mother will be in prayer for you. I—but I hear the stage coming. Kiss me—farewell!' Boys, I never expect to see my mother again on earth, but by God's help, I expect to see her in heaven."

With tears streaming down his cheeks George looked into the faces of his companions. Their eyes were moist. The ring they had formed about him opened and he went on his way to church. All quietly threw away their cards and wine flasks and followed him into the church service.

793. Mother's Prayers

I tried when I was a boy to be an infidel, but there was one thing I could never get over. I never could answer my mother's love and character. My father was an intemperate man, and my mother, when made miserable by his brutal treatment, would lead my little brother and myself to a spot under a hillside, and kneeling there, would commend us to God. Hardship and her husband's harshness brought her to her grave. At the age of twenty-one I was vicious, hardened, utterly impenitent. Once I found myself near the home of my boyhood, and felt irresistibly moved to take another look at the little hollow under the hill. There it was as I left it; the very grass looked as if no foot had ever trod it since the guide of my infant years was laid in her early grave. I sat down. I heard again the voice pleading for me. All my bad habits and my refusals of Christ came over me and crushed me down. I did not leave the spot till I had confidence in my Saviour. My mother's prayers came back in answers of converting grace, and I stand to-day the living witness of a mother's faithfulness, of a prayer-hearing God.—Richard Cecil.

794. Mother's Pride

When Governor Brewer was elected to his high office some one conveyed the news to his mother. "Isn't this the proudest day of your life?" they asked her. "Yes, I'm happy," she answered, "but I was just as happy when my boy joined the church." The story of the mother's remark got in the papers. On the day the legislature convened, a representative arose and addressing the body said: "Gentlemen, I have

been investigating the truth of this little story that has been going the rounds, and find that it is true and I arise to move a resolution commending that wise remark of the honored mother of our Governor to the young men of this commonwealth."

795. Mother's Sacrifice

In a New Orleans cemetery there is a monument which has created much interest. It represents a ship in the midst of a storm-tossed sea; a mother and child clinging together on the vessel. On the base is an inscription saying they were drowned on July 4, 1900. They were sole survivors of a large estate, and the question was under whose name should the estate be administered, the name of the mother or the daughter. The Court decided it should be in the name of the child, reckoning she went down last, because the mother would hold her in a place of safety to the end. A wonderful tribute to mother love!

796. Mother's Sacrifice

There is a story called "Laddie" that tells of a Scotch mother whose son in early manhood had been allowed to go to London to be brought up by an old physician friend who educated him in his profession. About the time the son graduated, his father died, and the young doctor was unable to go home. A few months later the mother, hungry for love, determined to go and live with her son who now had settled down to his profession. She surprised him, and while glad to see her, shadows played over his face at the thought of the little old-fashioned mother settled in his home. What would the aristocratic people think of her? What would his sweetheart Violet say, to her old-fashioned ways?

Keeping her true identity from his servants he determined to settle her in the suburbs of the great city where he might see her often. That night he suggested to her that the traffic and bustle of the city would be too noisy for her, and it would be better for her to live just outside of the city, where he could run out and visit her. A shadow came over her face. Quickly concealing it, however, after a while she retired saying that they would talk the matter over again in the morning.

The doctor tried to sleep but could not. He rolled and tossed until he heard his door open and he called out: "Mother, what is it?" And she said, "Laddie, may I come in and tuck you in just as I used to do when you was a boy?" "Yes, mother," he replied. Tucking him in, she stooped over and kissed him, and then retired. That kiss burned into his soul, and he resolved that he would keep his mother no matter what happened. After making this decision, he fell asleep.

He slept longer than usual in the morning. As soon as he was dressed he went to his mother's room, but she was gone; the place was empty. A little note told him that she did not want to stand in his way, and she was sure she could find a way to care for herself. He tried to find her but could not; she had slipped out of sight. He told Violet and she searched with him, but to no avail. Months afterward when the doctor had visited a patient in the hospital, and was going out through the accident ward, he saw a screen around a cot, and he said to the nurse: "Some one near death, I see." "Yes," was the reply, "an old woman was run over by an omnibus and she tells in her delirium about her old home and now and then she calls for Laddie." Instantly the doctor was around the screen to the cot, and there lay his old mother. With a cry of "Mother," that would almost have called one back from the dead, he threw himself by her side. She

opened her eyes and wearily stroked his head and said: "It has been a long way since I left you, Laddie." Violet came and the two stood by her cot as her life went out with the going down of the sun. And she gave them her parting blessing, and the doctor discovered a mother's love that did not want to stand in the way of her son's success.—From The Drama of the Face.

797. Mother's Shame

A pitiful scene took place in a cell in a Philadelphia jail last month when a mother died of a broken heart on seeing her son in such a place. With two children clinging to her dress she entered the cell and offered her son some food. "Here, Harry," she said, "I thought perhaps they wouldn't give you good meals, so I brought you something." Then she began to cry, and overcome with a poignant sense of shame because of her son's arrest, fell to the floor in convulsions. A few hours later she died.

Jehovah lifted up his rod;
O Christ, it fell on thee!
Thou wast sore stricken of thy God;
There's not one stroke for me.
Thy tears, thy blood, beneath it flowed,
Thy bruising healeth me.

798. Mother's Suffering

Years ago when I was pastor at X—— I had in my church a young man by the name of Hants. He took a fancy to a young woman visiting in the city, took her riding, declared his affection for her; but she did not encourage him. It seems that a young man by the name of Haws, thinking he had a prior claim to the girl's interest, imagined himself wronged by the other young man's advances. So young Haws managed to meet Hants in a lonely place, and without a moment's warning, shot him through the head. The trial of the murderer was in our court house. His parents were most excellent people, as were also the parents of the other young man. I watched the young murderer and his mother during the long days of the trial. Young Haws sat upright most of the time, smiled often, looked brazen most of the time, afraid somewhat at times; indifferent most of the time. His good Quaker mother, whose pride and joy he had been; whose hope for honor and a happy old age had centered in him; who loved him with a strength surpassing his ability to understand; sat by him, and suffered for him ten, yes, a hundred times more than he was capable of suffering. If a mother can identify herself with her undeserving son, what may not the loving Saviour, the friend of sinners, do as regards them? He knows the soul's value; its possibilities for glory or shame; for bliss or woe; and his love is divine.—N. C. Smith.

799. Mother's Surprise

One of the Christian workers during the Philadelphia Billy Sunday campaign asked an old man who was nearly blind and living in the midst of the most desperate poverty, if he would not like to become a Christian. "Yes," said he, "I would, and I will!" Then as the reality of what he had done came to him he turned to the worker and said: "Won't it be a great surprise to mother?" Another mother's sweet Christian life after many years had borne fruit.

"O mother, when I think of thee,
'Tis but a step to Calvary.
Thy gentle hand upon my brow,
Is leading me to Jesus, now."

800. Mother's Trouble

A dozen women were sitting in a parlor rehearsing their sorrows. One after another told her troubles, until eleven had spoken, and a pale,

sad woman had not spoken a word. They turned to her and said: "Tell us what your troubles are." And she said: "I have listened to all of you, and you know nothing of what troubles are. I will tell you mine, since you have asked for them: I was raised in affluence; so was my husband. After we were married he bought a beautiful place on the Savannah River, and there we lived in our beautiful home, and in the course of years God blessed us with four children. One night I awoke in my room, and I dropped my hand out of the bed, and it dropped in water. I awoke my husband and he arose. The water was already a foot deep above the floor, and my husband gathered myself and the children, and carried us to a small raft near by; and the water rose very rapidly. And my husband said: 'I will take you and the baby first to the hillside, and then come back for the other children.' My husband carried us over, and then went back; and, as the moon was shining upon the flood, the raft was carried away and my husband sank out of sight, and I have never seen him since. But," she said, "that wasn't trouble. I saw the water rise and carry my three-year-old child out of sight, and I have never seen it since; but that wasn't trouble." And she said: "I saw the water rise above the head of the next, and it struggled and passed out of sight. And then I sat there until the water had risen above the head of my first born, and I saw him swept away. But," she said, "that wasn't trouble. I was left a widow with just one little boy in my arms. I spent my whole life trying to rear him right. I sent him off to college. There he learned to dissipate; and when he was sent home he was fearfully dissipated. He spent all my means, and went from bad to worse; and I've just received letters and papers from Texas announcing the fact that my poor boy was hung upon the gallows and died a criminal's death and went to a criminal's hell." And she said: "O, ladies, there is trouble that no human heart can bear."—Sam P. Jones.

801. Mother's Voice

A short time ago a burglar entered a wealthy eastern home. The mother of the home, a widow, was awakened as was also her little boy, asleep also in the same room. As the little fellow awakened with a cry the mother attempted to quiet him. The woman, manifesting the greatest composure, asked the burglar what he was doing in her room. Instantly the burglar replied, "I heard you talking to your little boy and it made me think of my home and mother. I won't harm you. I am going away." And instantly he darted out the window by which he had entered. Love is the greatest thing in the world, but a mother's voice is the divinest. The voice that can soothe the weakest babe can check a tyrant's rage. A boy is always a boy to a mother. He may be a thief, he may be a murderer, but he is her boy. The greatest reformatory agent in the world today is the tender voice of mother.

802. Motherly Spirit

Working among the poor of London, George McDonald went to the funeral of an apple woman. Her history makes the story of kings and queens contemptible. Events had appointed her to poverty, hunger, cold, and two rooms in a tenement. But there were three orphan boys sleeping in an ash box whose lot was harder. She dedicated her heart and life to the little waifs. During two and forty years she mothered and reared some twenty orphans; gave them home and bed and food; taught them all she knew; helped some to obtain a scant knowl-

edge of the trades; helped others off to Canada and America. The author says she has misshapen features, but that an exquisite smile was on the dead face. It must have been so. She "had a beautiful soul," as Emerson said of Longfellow. Poverty disfigured the apple woman's garret, and want made it wretched, nevertheless God's angels hovered over it. Her life was an event in London's history. Social reform has felt her influence.—N. D. Hillis.

803. The Memory of a Mother

A man may go over all the world; he may become a pirate, if you please; he may run through every stage of belief and unbelief; he may become absolutely apostate; he may rub out his conscience; he may destroy his fineness in every respect; but there will be one picture that he cannot efface; living or dying there will rise before him, like a morning star, the beauty of that remembered goodness which he called "Mother." —H. W. Beecher.

804. The Motherhood Ideal

The word of God says, "In honor preferring one another." Does anybody really do this? Yes! I should like to know if the mother, when she sits down to the table with her children, picks out the best things, and eats them, and gives the children what is left. Does not she in love prefer every child? And, going down, she is more attentive to the youngest than to those that are older; the little babe in the cradle rules the whole of them. Her sensibility and kindness increase in the ratio of their need. And that which the mother feels is the type of universal motherhood, or the true Christian feeling ripened in human nature.—H. W. Beecher.

805. Two Religions

The following verses clipped from the Ram's Horn are worth pondering by all parents. They are entitled, "Two Religions":

I

"A woman sat by a hearthside place
Reading a book with a pleasant face,
Till a child came up with a childish frown
And pushed the book, saying, 'Put it down.'
Then the mother, slapping his curly head,
Said 'Troublesome child, go off to bed;
A great deal of God's book I must know
To train you up as a child should go.'
And the child went off to bed to cry
And denounce religion—by and by.

II

"Another woman bent o'er a book
With a smile of joy and an intent look,
Till a child came up and joggled her knee,
And said of the book, 'Put it down —take me.'
Then the mother sighed as she stroked his head,
Saying softly, 'I never shall get it read;
But I'll try by loving to learn His will,
And his love into my child instill.'
That child went to bed without a sigh
And will love religion—by and by."

PARDON

806. Pardon Claimed

In Queen Victoria's Jubilee year, 1887, I was in Edinburgh. One day, I saw a picturesque procession of civic dignitaries going to the old Cross near St. Giles' Cathedral. There was a great crowd and I

turned and followed them. After a great fanfare of trumpets, a royal proclamation was read, declaring the queen's forgiveness of all deserters from the army and navy. I was not near enough to hear the terms of the proclamation, but I understood that all the deserters now pardoned should report themselves within so many days at the nearest military or naval depot. I afterwards met two of them going to the castle. What were they going for? To be pardoned? Nay, they were pardoned already. It had been publicly proclaimed. They went simply to claim the certificate of their pardon; not to beg for it, but to claim it. Is that too strong a word to use of the sinner's forgiveness? Let John answer: "If we confess our sins, he is faithful and righteous to forgive us our sins and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness."—S. Chadwick, "Humanity and God."

807. Pardon—Humility Obtains

"S. Bernard's father went into the monastery, and dwelt there a certain time, and afterwards died in good age. The sister was married into the world—and on a time she arrayed and apparelled herself in richness, and in delights of the world, and so went to the monastery for to visit her brethren in a proud state, and greatly apparelled, and he dreaded her as she had been the devil, or his net for to take souls, and he would not go out for to see her. And when she saw that none of her brethren came unto her, she melted all in tears, and said, 'If I be a sinner, God died for sinners, and because that I am a sinful woman, I came for to ask counsel of them that be good, if my brother despise my flesh, he that is a servant of God ought not to despise my soul. Let my brother come to me, and what he shall command me I will do it, and hold that promise.' Then he came to her, and taught her of the right way."—The Golden Legend—Life of S. Bernard.—S. J. Eales.

808. Pardon—Purchased

I have read, far back in the time of ancient Rome, there were two brothers, one of whom was a brave soldier, and had lost both his hands in the battles of his country. The other on one occasion was a criminal, standing before the judge to receive a terrible sentence for a great crime of which he had been found to be guilty. Just as the sentence was about to be pronounced upon the culprit, his brave soldier brother rushed hastily into the court, and, going right up before the judge, held up those wounded and disfigured arms as the best plea he could make for his guilty brother. They seemed to say, "Spare him for what I have done," and the story says the guilty one was pardoned for his brother's sake. Jesus, our elder Brother, has undertaken now to appear in the presence of God for us, and we may rejoice that what He has promised He will perform.—R. Brewin.

809. Pardoned

Mark Guy Pearse once told this story at Chautauqua: There was a young musician in the royal band of Hanover. He was a remarkable lad for his age, and his superior playing won much praise for him, and he liked to march at the head of the troops discoursing martial music. But when war came on and he had to lie in the trenches all night he could not stand it, and one night he deserted and fled to England. Now, as we are sadly aware in these war times, it is a serious thing for a soldier to desert. The penalty is death, and it is usually inflicted when the deserter is caught. But this man was not caught. He became a great organist, but his heart was in the stars and he was a still greater astronomer. With definite pains he

constructed a telescope, and then he scanned the heavens night after night, until one night he actually discovered a new planet. He was awed. He verified the discovery and then received the applause of the whole world. He was sent for by the king and went to Windsor Castle. But the king was George, of Hanover, the sovereign to whom his life was forfeit for his old desertion. The king knew him, too; and what would he do? Before the king would see him he was requested to open an envelope containing a royal communication. He did so, wondering what the king was going to do with him. It was his pardon as a deserter. "Now," said King George, "we can talk, and you shall come up and live at Windsor and be Sir William Herschel." The wonderful grace of God is sometimes reflected in human hearts. It serves to bring close to us the Father-heart of God. May the goodness of our Father lead us all to a hearty repentance for all our sins!—Sent by W. R. Clark, Redruth, England.

810. Redeemed by Blood

An African chief one day ordered a slave to be killed for a very small offense. An Englishman who overheard the order offered the chief many costly things if only he would spare the poor man's life. But the chief turned to him and said, "I don't want ivory, or slaves, or gold; I can go against yonder tribe and capture their stores and their villages. I want no favors from the white man. All I want is blood." Then he ordered one of his men to pull his bowstring, and discharge an arrow at the heart of the poor slave. The Englishman instinctively threw himself in front and held up his arm, and the next moment the arrow was quivering in the white man's flesh. Then, as the Englishman pulled the arrow from his arm, he said to the chief: "Here is blood; I give my blood for this poor slave, and I claim his life." The chief gave the slave to the white man, saying, "Yes, white man, you have bought him with your blood, and he shall be yours." In a moment the poor slave threw himself at the feet of his deliverer, and with tears flowing down his face, exclaimed, "O, white man, you have bought me with your blood; I will be your slave forever!" The Englishman could never make him take his freedom. Wherever he went the slave was beside him, and no drudgery was too hard, no task too hopeless for the grateful slave to do for his deliverer.

811. Redemption—Understanding

A preacher was sent for to see a dying woman of wealth, education and refinement, but ignorant of the essential facts of the Christian faith. Her religious views had been formed entirely by the influence of certain clubs. To her mind Jesus was simply a moral teacher, standing in line with other religious masters. She had no knowledge of Christianity as a religion of redemption from the power and guilt of sin. Her life-story had been a sad one; stained both by sin and sorrow. The poor, dying soul stated it for herself in words that are charged with meaning. "Oh," she sighed, "that it were possible for some one to take my guilty conscience as it were his own, that I might find a little peace!" The minister said that he learned more in that single sentence concerning the mystery of redemption than up to that moment he had ever thought of in his life. Here was a soul who knew and stated the need of just such a salvation as we are invited to proclaim. The sense of guilt and awakening power in the dying woman. The only relief can come through a knowledge of the Lord's taking our burden of guilt as though it were his own, and bearing it in our stead.

REGENERATION

812. Blind Eyes Opened

One evening during the Torrey-Alexander meetings held in Philadelphia, the vast audience was singing the hymn describing the change which will take place when our Saviour shall appear. An old man, sitting near the platform, joined most heartily, especially in the chorus. Mr. Alexander, who has the sharpest eyes, noticed the old man, and in his winsome way asked if he would not rise and sing the chorus by himself. The request was complied with, and a somewhat quavering voice sang the words:

"Oh, what a change! Oh, what a change!
When I shall behold his wonderful face."

The old man sat down. Mr. Alexander said: "My friends, these words mean more to our friend here than you and I can imagine. To see our Saviour's face will be a joy to us, but what will it be to him whose eyes are closed to all earthly sights, for he is blind."

The incident brought to our mind the sweet story by Ian Maclaren of old blind Marjorie, who one day said to her elder Donald Mensies:

"There's a mercy waitin' for me that'll crown a' his goodness, and I'm feared when I think o't that I am no worthy."

"What iss that that you will be meaning, Marjorie?" said her elder.

"He has covered my face with his hand, as a father plays with his bairn, but some day sune he will lift his hand, and the first thing Marjorie sees in a' her life will be his ain face."—T. L. H.

813. Born Again

Michael Angelo carved his celebrated statue of David from a block of marble which had received so deep an indentation as to be quite unserviceable under a less daring chisel. So Christ deals with humanity. No other hand but his could shape the saint, who is to stand faultless at last before the presence of the glory of God, out of man as we see him in the world around us.—B.

814. Changing the Appearance

In South America some curious birds are seen with yellow feathers. The Indians have learned the art of making these birds change the color of their feathers. They pluck them out, then inoculate the fresh wound with a secretion from the skin of a toad. The feathers which afterwards grow are of very different color. But the changed appearance of the feathers does not in any way alter the character of the bird. A man may have the color of his outward life completely changed and yet remain the same unregenerate soul before God. There may be reformation without regeneration. A better appearance does not always mean a better character. Temperance and other societies have inoculated many with better views of life, but they cannot transform the carnal mind, which is enmity against God.—James Smith.

815. Evil—Overcoming

I once heard a minister say, "Suppose some cold morning you should go into a neighbor's house and find him busy at work on his windows, scratching away, and should ask what he was up to, and he should reply, 'Why, I am trying to remove the frost; but as fast as I get it off one square it comes on another.' would you not say, 'Why, man, let your windows alone and kindle your fire, and the frost will soon come off'? And have you not seen people who try to break off their bad habits one after another without avail? Well, they are like the man

who tried to scratch the frost from his windows. Let the fire of love to God and man, kindled at the altar of prayer, burn in their hearts, and the bad habits will soon melt away."

816. God's Power Needed

The futility of transforming men by education alone was proven by Hans Edge, who spent fifteen years in Greenland attempting to make intelligent Christians of the inhabitants. With a broken heart he delivered his farewell message from the words of Isaiah, "I have labored in vain; I have spent my strength for naught." Two years later he was succeeded by John Beck, who preached Christ crucified. One of the first converts was Kajernack, who became a flame of evangelistic zeal amid the frozen regions of Greenland. Christ's death and resurrection in their revolutionary power effected instantly what fifteen years of educational effort failed to show any signs of accomplishing. Beck's ministry verified Paul's statement, "Your labor is not in vain in the Lord."—O. A. Newlin.

817. Gospel—Wrong Use of

When tea was introduced into Germany, a gentleman received a pound as a gift from a friend. Some time after the latter inquired, "Have you tried the tea?" "Yes, but we did not like it!" "How is that, everyone else is delighted with it?" "We cooked it, poured off the brown liquid and served the leaves, which were tough and bitter."

We are not surprised that many people find the gospel so little palatable. They make wrong use of it. They take certain outward forms and ceremonies and are astonished to find so little strength in them. In spite of Christ's warning they patch old garments with new patches and have as result only rags. If their hearts should be cleansed by the blood of Christ and renewed by the Holy Spirit they would soon have another story to tell!

818. Habits—Exchanging

The inefficiency of mere reform is only too well emphasized at the beginning of each new year, so much so that such "resolutions" are the subject of jest and quip. It is sadly in evidence at other times through the entire year to the godly minister seeking to bring his people into vital touch with his Master. A pastor speaking of the matter said: "There is in my congregation a prominent physician who on learning that his young son had begun the habit of smoking offered him $1,000 when he should become of age if he would give up the practice. The boy readily agreed, to the father's great delight, but a few weeks afterward was quite chagrined to learn that the young man had taken up the kindred habit of 'chewing' tobacco. On being pressed about the matter the boy confessed that he had begun the 'chewing' on the very day he had abandoned the 'smoking.' There was no real desire to forsake the filthy practice. He was merely willing to exchange one habit (practically the same) for another." It is ever so with the reformer. He needs something more than the mere quitting. The man who expects to become a Christian by lopping off habits will never become one. There must be a new life within.—Peter Zaleski.

819. Holiness—Beauty of

The daughter of an artist lost her eyesight through sickness in her babyhood. For years she was thought incurable, then a successful operation by a noted specialist restored her eyesight. The mother of the child had died some years before and the father had been her companion and dearest friend. While

the fifteen-year-old girl had lain in the darkened room with bandaged eyes, the one thought was constantly with her: "Soon I will see my father." And when the days of waiting had passed and the bandages were removed from her eyes and she looked into the noble, joy-filled face of her father, she trembled for joy, closed her eyes, opened them again, to convince herself that she was not dreaming. And when the father took her into his arms, she exclaimed: "And I've had so beautiful a father so many years and did not know it!"

That is the experience of thousands. The heavenly Father cares for us with tenderness, guides us in security, teaches us in patience, but our eyes are holden, we do not recognize him. O that the bandages might be removed and we might recognize him in all the glory of his love!

820. Lost Restored

One day an accident happened in the laboratory of the celebrated chemist Faraday. A workman knocked a silver cup into a jar of strong acid. In a very short time the cup entirely disappeared, being dissolved in the liquid. One after another the workmen gathered around and regretfully watched the melting of the beautiful cup. All said that it was utterly lost, that no particle of the silver could be recovered. But Faraday, being informed of the accident, brought some chemical mixture and poured it in the jar. Gradually every particle of the silver was precipitated to the bottom and at length the great chemist drained off the acid and took out the silver, now a shapeless mass. He sent the lump of metal to the silversmith who had made the cup, and in a few days it came back restored to its former shape, a wonder and delight to those who had watched its apparent destruction.—(J. Buckham, "The Heritage of Life.")—James Hastings.

821. New Birth—Necessity of

A man has bought a farm, and he finds on that farm an old pump. He goes to the pump and begins to pump. And a person comes to him and says, "Look here, my friend, you do not want to use that water. The man that lived here before, he used that water, and it poisoned him and his wife and his children—the water did." "Is that so?" says the man. "Well, I will soon make that right. I will find a remedy." And he goes and gets some paint, and he paints up the pump, putties up all the holes, and fills up the cracks in it, and has got a fine-looking pump. And he says, "Now I am sure it is all right." You would say, "What a fool, to go and paint the pump when the water is bad!" But that is what sinners are up to. They are trying to paint up the old pump when the water is bad. It was a new well he wanted. When he dug a new well it was all right. Make the fountain good, and the stream will be good. Instead of painting the pump and making new resolutions, my friend, stop it, and ask God to give you a new heart.—Moody.

822. Postponing the New Life

What do you wait for? Do you wait for youth to pass? When I would bring to a friend a pleasant gift from my garden I do not wait till the rose sheds its leaves, and pluck the remainder for that friend: I give it to him while it is in its highest state of freshness and beauty. And would you bring to God, the greatest, the dearest, the noblest, the best of friends, your soul after the bloom of youth is dropped and you have come into the years of decay? —H. W. Beecher.

823. Power—Secret of

Some one asked St. Francis of Assisi why he was so influential and had so much power with the people

"Well," replied St. Francis, "I've been thinking about that myself lately, and this is why: The Lord looked down from heaven to earth and said: 'Where can I find the weakest, the littlest, the meanest man on the face of the earth?' Then he saw me and said, 'I've found him, and now I'll work through him. He won't be proud of it. He'll see that I am using him because of his littleness and insignificance.'" When we are willing to be only the vessel which holds the mercies of God for our fellow men God will fill us full of blessings for them.—Banks.

824. Regeneration

"By regeneration we understand the commencement of the life of God in the soul of man; the beginning of that which had not an existence before: by renewal, the invigoration of that which has been begun; the sustentation of a life already possessed. . . . In the washing of regeneration the new life commences. Having begun it needs to be supported and preserved. This is effected by the renewing of the Holy Ghost, the flowing into the soul through the supply of the Spirit of Jesus Christ of the varied gifts of the Divine Agent by whom the life itself was imparted at first."—Thomas Binney.

825. Regeneration and Education

How can we consecrate our school life? First by a right appreciation of wisdom. Knowledge isn't wisdom. A man may know a great deal yet utterly lack in education. Knowledge is a matter of books; education is a matter of the soul. The writer of the Proverbs urges his son to get wisdom; "with all thy getting, get understanding." To be is greater than to know. A few years ago one of our state penitentiaries had two hundred and thirty-five college graduates within its walls, as prisoners. Talking with a prisoner at San Quentin, a short time ago, I learned that the character of the prisoners from an intellectual standpoint was high. "We have men here who are capable of any position in the world; there is no task or project they couldn't carry through to success." What is wrong with them? An unfortunate moral twist. So, our first effort in the consecration of school life is to realize the worth of wisdom, as against the common idea of knowledge.—W. H. Geistweit.

826. Saving the Lowly

A Brahman visiting a missionary in India saw a picture on the wall of Christ washing the disciples' feet. The Brahman said, "You Christians pretend to be like Jesus Christ, but you are not: none of you ever wash people's feet." The missionary said "But that is just what we are doing all the time! You Brahmans say you sprang from the head of your god Brahm; that the next caste lower sprang from his shoulders; the next lower from his loins, and the low caste sprang from his feet. We are washing India's feet, and when you proud Brahmans see the low caste and the out-caste getting educated and Christianized, washed, clean, beautiful, and holy, inside and outside, you Brahmans and all India will say, 'Lord, not my feet only, but also my hands and my head.'"

827. Spiritual Education

True education is not the cramming of the mind with different ideas, but the developing of our capacities, so that their real character may be brought out to the best advantage, and the highest purposes of our lives accomplished. In the caterpillar all the rudiments of the butterfly may be seen, but a great change is needful to liberate the higher faculties, and make the caterpillar that new creature it seeks to be. Jesus Christ said, "Learn of Me." He educates by regenerating

the character and opening the way for the full development of all the capacities of the new man. To learn of Christ, then, is to be conformed into His likeness, and so be able to fulfill all the purposes of God in the new life.—James Smith.

828. Worldly Wisdom

It is a well-known scientific fact that the illuminating power of phosphorus is due to the process of decomposition, the outcome of putrefaction, although no appearance of it may be visible. The wisdom of this world may be very attractive in certain circumstances, but with regard to spiritual things it is only phosphorescence as compared with the wisdom of God in Christ Jesus. It may be beautiful but it is ephemeral and delusive, being only the product of corrupt man. In the Scriptures we have "the sure word of prophecy, wherein we do well to take heed" (2 Peter 1. 19).—James Smith.

REPENTANCE

829. Gain in Loss

One day Robert Peel arose in the House of Commons, and in the presence of an indignant party and astounded country proudly said: "I have been wrong. I now ask Parliament to repeal the law for which I myself have stood. Where there was discontent, I see contentment; where there was turbulence, I see peace; where there was disloyalty, I see loyalty." Then the fury of party anger burst upon him, and bowing to the storm Robert Peel went forth while men hissed after him such words as "traitor," "coward" and "recreant leader." Nor did he foresee that in losing an office he had gained the love of a country.—Hillis.

830. Repentance—Death-Bed

Professor Henry Drummond tells a story of a young man in the university where he used to teach. He was a medical student, and a fine physical specimen of human life, but he contracted typhoid fever and soon lay dying in one of the hospitals. One of the physicians who attended him was an earnest Christian and a successful soul-winner, and he ventured to speak to him personally about his soul's need of a Saviour. The young man, with tearful eyes, listened to the story of redeeming love and began to feel anxious. "Will you now give yourself to Jesus?" asked the doctor. He did not answer for a while, and then, earnestly looking into the face of the doctor, he said, "But don't you think it would be awful mean just to make it up now at the last gasp of my dying breath, with one whom I have rejected all my life?" "Yes, it would be mean, but, dear fellow, it would be far meaner not to do it. Jesus wants you to do it this minute, for he has made you willing, and it would be doubly mean to reject a love that is pressing you even to death!" The dying man saw the point, and for the first time appreciating the Saviour's tenderness and love, accepted it with joy, and died with the smile of God's peace on his face.

831. Repentance—Death-Bed

Do not trust a death-bed repentance, my brother. I have stood by many a death-bed, and few indeed have there been where I could have believed that the man was in a condition physically (to say nothing of anything else) clearly to see and grasp the message of the gospel. I know that God's mercy is boundless. I know that a man, going—swept down that great Niagara—if, before his little skiff tilts over into the awful rapids, he can make one great bound with all his strength, and reach the solid ground—I know he may be saved. It is an awful risk

to run. A moment's miscalculation, and skiff and voyager alike are whelming in the green chaos below, and come up mangled into nothing, far away down yonder upon the white turbulent foam. "One was saved upon the cross," as the old divines used to tell us, "that none might despair; and only one that none might presume."—Maclaren.

832. Repentance—Individual

The easiest place for a criminal to lose himself in is a crowd. The fugitive from justice rarely flees to the solitude of the countryside, but buries himself in the heart of some great city. It is easier to escape detection in the midst of his fellowmen than in the lonely recesses of the forest or the hills. Many a criminal has been lost to justice in the teeming populace of the metropolis. Do we not carry something of this thought, something of the hope that our individual guilt will remain undetected in the crowd, into our dealings with God? Do we not sometimes lose the sense of our personal responsibility when we join in our general confession, "We have erred and strayed like lost sheep. . . . There is no health in us"? It is easy, for a time at least, to bury ourselves in such a crowd as that. But oh! if we are ever to taste the sweetness of Divine pardon, if we are ever to thrill with joy at the gracious assurance, "Thy sins, which are many, are all forgiven," we must come out of that crowd and cast ourselves individually in the dust before Him. "I will confess mine iniquity unto the Lord," cried David, in all the terrible isolation of his conscious guilt; and then he found the blessing—"Thou forgavest the iniquity of my sin." "God be merciful to me the sinner," sobbed the poor publican, as he beat upon his breast in the agony of his personal grief; and when he came to that point of self-condemnation, he too found the blessing—"He went down to his house justified." The prodigal, burying his face in his father's bosom, cried, "Father, I have sinned," and then too the blessing was his—"This my son was dead, and is alive again; he was lost, and is found."—(G. A. Sowter's "Trial and Triumph")—James Hastings.

833. Repentance—Leading to

A lad began to learn the printer's trade at small wages. After he grew to manhood he bought a large printing business and gave his notes for nearly the entire amount. He worked hard and met the notes as they became due. When the last note was paid he came home with a beaming face. He handed the receipted note to his wife and said: "God has been good to us. We owe it to him to spend the remainder of our lives in his service." The next evening the pastor of the church of their choice was invited to their home and they expressed their desire. The next Sabbath morning they were received into the church. That man has become a man of wealth and prominence in his state and is a stalwart Christian character. "The goodness of God leadeth thee to repentance."

834. Repented Sins to Be Forgotten

There are persons who live largely in re-hashing their sins and their sense of guilt. Why, did you not repent of them? When a man has repented of his sins, that is enough. Put them out; do not keep them like so many mummies in the house. When you have done wrong and found it out, and have changed to right, and have rectified all the ways in which your wrong-doing has affected anybody else, that is the end: you have no business to come back and sit down on your old gravestones.—H. W. Beecher.

835. Repentance—Tardy

Gilbert a-Becket, one of the Crusaders, was captured and made to serve a rigorous master, like a quarry slave. This tyrant had a daughter, who most sincerely pitied the captive and her sympathy ripened into love. She planned to effect his escape. After months of intense anxiety, he was put on board a vessel, which was anchored in the harbor of Tyre. He solemnly vowed to send for her to come to England and become his wife, but when he reached the shores of his native country he became absorbed with other plans and ignored his benefactress who had risked her life to save his own. With implicit trust in his honor, she gathered up her jewels and money to search for him. Tongue cannot tell the hardships she experienced in that age of slow traveling and adventure, but she at last reached the shores of Great Britain. All the English she could command were the words "Gilbert" and "London." She attracted crowds in the streets, but uttered the two names so familiar to her, till one day Gilbert chanced in the street, and she rushed into his arms. Tardy repentance won the day, for he broke the engagement made to marry a wealthy Englishwoman and she became his wife.

836. Repentance—Tears of

The great Italian poet, Dante, has given classic expression in his greatest poem to the idea that a single tear of repentance proves the redeemability of a soul. Readers of his "Purgatorio" will remember how Buonconte, a man of blood and no true knight, fell mortally wounded at the battle of Campeldino. As he lay dying he bethought him of his sins and fashioning a rough cross from two pieces of wood, he held it before him whilst his soul yearned to repent. At last a single tear of true penitence fell upon it as his soul plunged into eternity. The great poet describes how a demon demanded Buonconte for hell but the virtue of his single tear brought a white angel flashing from the sky to lift his soul to God.

Curiously enough there is an ancient legend of Egypt which enshrines a similar story. A rich Egyptian lord was disturbed one day in the midst of his pomp and vanity by a celestial voice that bade him mend his ways lest ill befall him. "What shall I do?" he replied. "Seek the hermit's counsel," was the answer.

The rich lord climbed the rugged mountain where the hermit made his home and having told his story was given a little flask. "Take this and fill it at yonder stream," said the hermit. "And your soul shall be shriven and pardoned."

Pleased with so light a penance the lord hastened to obey, but no matter how often or how deep he dipped the flask beneath the waters not a drop would enter the phial.

His heart grew hot with anger and he was about to return to the cave, but pride bade him stay. "There are other streams. I will not return unsuccessful from so simple a task.."

Thus he became the "pilgrim of the flask," for he wandered through many a country and for many a year, over mountains and through forests, facing hardship, pain and beggary, but never could the flask be filled. At last, his pride beaten by his sufferings, he humbly prayed to heaven for guidance. "Return to the hermit and confess your failure," was heaven's reply. With renewed hope and with chastened spirit the pilgrim hastened to obey. "Father," he said to the hermit, "I have been far and wide but the flask is still dry. My heart is not yet touched to the quick and I am not yet pardoned."

"My son," answered the hermit, "you have done enough. Let go your

purpose and rest from your labor." But this was too much for the still rather haughty lord. Should he return home unforgiven! Was there nothing he could do to earn pardon and peace? With disappointment his heart broke and a slow tear, just one tear, rolled down his cheek and fell into the flask. In a moment the tear had swollen and the flask was filled to the brim.

"You are shriven," said the hermit.

Such virture is there in one tear of repentance!

RESURRECTION

837. Christ Risen

"Fear not ye; he is not here; he is risen; come see the place where the Lord lay." Matt. 28: 6.

He is risen! He has tasted death, but he has not seen corruption; for he is the Holy One of God, and upon holiness corruption cannot fasten. It is with this risen life that faith connects us, from the moment that we believe in Him who died and rose again. Let us note, then, such things as these:

I. The security of the risen life. The faith that knits us to him makes us partakers of his resurrection.

II. The power of the risen life. It was as the Risen One he spake: "All power is given unto me," etc. In that power we are made more than conquerors.

III. The love of the risen life. The resurrection was a newer and higher stage of being; and with the perfection of life there comes a perfection of love.

IV. The affinities of the risen life. The resurrection breaks no bonds save those of mortality.

V. The joys of the risen life. In the tomb the Man of Sorrows left all his sorrows, as he left all our sins. Then they were buried with him. At this resurrection his full joy began. But the fullness of that risen joy is also in reserve for us.

838. Resurrection Body

Lazarus was reanimated. Jesus was resurrected. The stone was required to be rolled away to permit Lazarus to come out of the tomb. Jesus did not require the stone to be rolled away in order that he might come forth. The angel rolled away the stone from the door of the tomb to let the outsiders in, not to let Jesus out. In that tomb were evidences of the resurrection which it was desirable the disciples should see. The winding sheets spoke as eloquently and convincingly of entrance into new life, as the empty shell of the chrysalis speaks of the flight of the butterfly. Lazarus brought with him out of the tomb the wrappings of the grave that were about him. Jesus came forth from the tomb without the winding sheets of death. He did not need to be loosed and let go. He was the Prince of Life. It was impossible that he should be holden of death. At the word of God, who raised him from the dead, he sprang in his new, powerful, spiritual body out of the wrappings, thus evidencing him to be the Son of God with power. He left them intact, except for the head-roll which, when released, naturally fell back to a place by itself; and then on through the walls of the sealed tomb he proceeded into the free atmosphere of that first Easter morning.—J. Campbell White.

839. Resurrection and Science

"Why should it be thought a thing incredible with you, that God should raise the dead?" Such was the question of Paul in his day. With the light that comes from the discoveries of modern science, the question may be repeated with emphasis.

The Rev. W. H. Fitchett, D.D., the well-known Australian author, has intimated that the latest discovery of science is what may be called wonders and glories hidden in infinitesimal things. In an address delivered before the General Conference of the Methodist Church of Australia, he said: "I had the pleasure, when in London, of making the acquaintance of Leonard Huxley, the son and biographer of the famous scientist. I reminded him one day of the mysterious energies of radium; how a microscopic speck of radium can pour out a spray of fiery particles—a stream of electrical energy—sufficient to ring a bell for thirty thousand years. I asked him whether that was not a new argument, from the scientific side, for the doctrine of immortality. Is it credible that whoever made the universe which would run through thirty thousand years, would give to the intellect that could measure the force of that radium only three score years and ten? And my friend admitted the logic. There is no answer to it."

Another writer has recently reminded us that the wings of certain moths and butterflies, under a powerful microscope, show forty-two millions of brilliantly tinted scales to the square inch. But if such largeness of labor, such expenditure of thought is lavished as if for very pleasure, without effort, on creatures whose glimmer of consciousness lasts but for a summer, what beauty of body, mind and soul may not belong to us, who are the final result of the cosmic purpose as related to this earth; us, in whom creative wisdom has its delight; us, who, being made a little lower than the angels, are crowned with honor!

These are statements well worth considering. Possibly, after reading them, we may feel disposed to exclaim: "With God all things are possible."—W. J. Hart.

840. Resurrected Life

A pestilence hovers over a great city with its dark wings, and every night the husband goes to his cottage home wondering whether he may not find the wife whom he left in health in the morning stricken at night. One evening the house is closed, and the windows are dark. He knocks and there is no answer, and he rings, and he gets no response, and his heart sinks within him. But suddenly he discerns on the floor a little paper, and opens it and reads it, and it brings him a message from his wife: "My father has come for me, and has taken me up into the mountains where there is no malaria, no disease, no danger. I am safe there, and in a few days he is coming for you to follow me." So we come to the house that held our beloved. It is dark, and out of the windows that shone with the light of love no light is shining. We are heart-broken, until we find the Word brought to us that the loved one has gone to the mountains where there is no pain, nor sorrow, nor temptation, nor disease, but the ever-blooming flowers and the everlasting sunlight.

841. Resurrection—Belief in

When Sir James Simpson, the great physician and the discoverer of anæsthetics, lost his eldest child, he erected on the grave an obelisk pointing like a spire toward the heavens. On it he carved the words, "Nevertheless, I live," and above the words a butterfly, to suggest his invincible faith that in Christ Jesus death was only a transition, an evolution from the limitations of the chrysalis to the freedom of a life with wings. Sir James was a believer in Christ and when he came to his own passing he thought only of the wonderful awakening and he fell asleep in the Lord. But "if Christ hath not been raised" that sentence on the obelisk

is cruel irony, and the butterfly should be changed to a clod.

842. Resurrection—Comfort of

I once stood holding the hand of a mother and together we looked on the sleeping face of a lovely girl who passed away in her twentieth year. "Farewell, my sweet daughter," the mother said. "I wish you joy. You have gone to see the Saviour and be with him. I shall have you again when he pleases. Farewell, till we meet again."

That daughter had been devoted in her girlhood to loving work for other girls poorer and less fortunate than herself. Her mother took up the work the youthful hands laid down, and carried it forward day by day for the sake of her child in heaven. That mother was comforted; she believed in the life everlasting, she knew and dwelt with the risen Christ.

What should we do in this world of loss and change without the comfort of the resurrection?—Christian Intelligencer.

843. Resurrection Necessary

"If Christ be not risen, then is our preaching vain and your faith is also vain." 1 Cor. 15: 14.

Renan, the French infidel, wrote the life of Jesus and when he had brought it along as far as the cross where Jesus died, he put the word "Finis," as if that was the end of it all, and the fellow who printed the book, his publisher, as unbelieving and even more bigoted than Renan himself, put on the fly-leaf after that lying, dismal word "Finis" a wood cut of the crucified Saviour. There he was, hanging on the cross with drooping head and matted hair and pale, blood-streaked face. Everybody had deserted him, the storm clouds had gathered in the sky and black-pinioned birds were circling through the gloom and everything about the scene spelled defeat.

844. Tomb Opened

"The angel of the Lord descended from heaven, and came and rolled back the stone from the door, and sat upon it." Matt. 28: 2.

In a cemetery at Hanover, Germany, there is a grave on which great slabs of granite and marble were piled, cemented together and fastened with steel clasps. It is the grave of a woman who did not believe that Jesus rose from the dead, nor that she nor any one else would live again after death. In her will she ordered her grave to be made so secure that if there were a resurrection of the dead it could not reach her. On the stone these words were engraved: "This burial-place must never be opened."

A little seed, however, chanced to be covered over by the stones, and, beginning to grow, it tried to find its way to the light. You would not think a little growing plant could wrench those steel clasps from their sockets and burst the cemented stone-slabs, but it did. That little seed has become a full-grown tree and the great stones have fallen over to give it room.

Caiaphas and other enemies of Jesus thought that when the tomb in which his body had been laid was made secure, it could not be opened but the power of God that worked through a little seed in Hanover worked in a more marvelous way to open that tomb near Jerusalem.

845. Tomb Robbed of Terror

In the country there was a house which was supposed to have a haunted room. One day the father determined to put a stop to the superstition, so he said he would sleep in that room. He did so, and next morning came down smiling, "There," he said, "I told you. There is nothing to be afraid of there." Is not this exactly what Christ did for us?

REVIVALS

846. Converting Power

"I can myself go back almost twelve years and remember two holy women who used to come to my meetings. It was delightful to see them there, for when I began to preach I could tell by the expression of their faces they were praying for me. At the close of the Sabbath evening services they would say to me, 'We have been praying for you.' I said, 'Why don't you pray for the people?' They answered 'You need power.' 'I need power,' I said to myself; 'why, I thought I had power.' I had a large Sabbath school, and the largest congregation in Chicago. There were some conversions at the time, and I was in a sense satisfied. But right along these two godly women kept praying for me, and their earnest talk about 'the anointing for special service' set me thinking. I asked them to come and talk with me, and we got down on our knees. They poured out their hearts, that I might receive the anointing of the Holy Ghost. And there came a great hunger into my soul. I knew not what it was. I began to cry as never before. The hunger increased. I really felt that I did not want to live any longer if I could not have this power for service. I kept on crying all the time that God would fill me with his Spirit. Well, one day, in the city of New York—oh what a day! I cannot describe it; I seldom refer to it; it is almost too sacred an experience to name. Paul had an experience of which he never spoke for fourteen years. I can only say, God revealed himself to me, and I had such an experience of his love that I had to ask him to stay his hand.

"I went to preaching again. The sermons were not different; I did not present any new truths, and yet hundreds were converted. I would not be placed back where I was before that blessed experience if you would give me all Glasgow. It is a sad day when the convert goes into the church and that is the last you hear of him. If however you want this power for some selfish end, as, for example, to gratify your ambition, you will not get it. 'No flesh,' says God, 'shall glory in my presence.' May he empty us of self and fill us with his presence."—D. L. Moody.

847. Evangelism—Dead

A writer, speaking in a letter of conditions in his section of the country, says: "Of course, the old evangelism is dead."

Indeed, what did it die of? Who killed it? Is sin dead? Is death dead? Is eternity dead? Is God, and is the Word of God dead?

Evangelism may be dead, but is it not then time there was a resurrection from the dead? Does it put an end to sin, to say nothing any more about it, to nurse under the blanket the viper that will yet strike us down? Evangelism was dead in Sodom and Gomorrah; it was dead at the feast of Belshazzar; it was dead in the Sanhedrin that crucified the Saviour—the Son of God who preached evangelism, and who preached it because God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son to save men from sin. Evangelism has frequently been dead—but, alas and alas, go, look on the world in those days when evangelism was not so much as spoken! Go, look on the church in those dark days! There may be change in methods, but as long as men are what they are, as long as sin is sin, what can be the cry of the preacher unless it is, "Behold the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world."—Christian Advocate.

848. Evangelism—Drastic

A pastor, having asked the officers of his church to remain at the

close of a Sunday evening service, said, "Brethren, I must make known to you what is upon my heart. We have gone one whole year without a single conversion and I feel that my usefulness has come to an end and that I ought to resign." They protested against his contemplated action, assuring him they were well pleased with his work. "But," said he, "we are saving no souls." Turning to one of the men he asked, "How long have you been a Christian?" "Twenty-eight years," was the reply. "How long have you been an official of this church?" "Seventeen years, pastor." "Do you believe that by your personal efforts a soul was ever saved?" "I do not know of one," was his reply. After talking with each of the men and receiving similar replies he said, "Now, brethren, unless we can bring at least one soul to Jesus within the next two weeks, I shall resign, and I think you men should all do likewise. We ought not to occupy the high offices we do unless we are soul winners." At the suggestion of one of the men they knelt in prayer together before separating.

The following morning one of the men went into his large department store and after calling the head clerk into his office said, "George, you have been with me fourteen years and are the best man I ever had. I want to confess that I have not done my duty by you. I have known that you were not a Christian, but have never recommended my Saviour to you. I have been alike unfaithful to Him and uninterested in you. If I may have your forgiveness I want in your presence to seek His." After a further conversation the two men knelt in prayer. They arose from that prayer, one having become a Christian and the other a soul winner. As they brushed the tears from their eyes the proprietor said, "Now, George, I want you to help me lead the other men of the store to Jesus." They went to work and before night eleven men in that one store were saved. The next Sunday morning thirty-one men came into the church with new hope and presented themselves for church membership.—O. A. Newlin.

849. Gospel—Power of

Mr. Darwin, the evolutionist, visited Tierra del Fuego in 1833, and found a people who he thought were incapable of being civilized, and wrote: "The Fuegians are in a more miserable state of barbarism than I ever expected to have seen any human being." On his second visit, thirty-six years later, he found those whom he had regarded as below domestic animals transformed by the Gospel into Christians, and in his astonishment wrote: "I certainly should have predicted that not all the missionaries in the world could have done what has been done. It is wonderful and it shames me, as I have always prophesied a failure. It is a grand success." Being convinced that a revolutionary force rather than an evolutionary process had been at work on Tierra del Fuego, he addressed a letter to the London Missionary Society which concluded: "I shall feel proud if your committee shall think fit to elect me as honorary member of your society." In that letter Darwin, the evolutionist, enclosed twenty-five pounds for Gospel missions.—O. A. Newlin.

850. Revival Always Possible

I have a theory, and I believe it to be true, that there is not a church or chapel or mission on earth where you cannot have a revival, provided there is a little nucleus of faithful people who are holding on to God until it comes. Four men brought the revival to Kells and then to all the North of Ireland in 1859. One was a farmer, one a blacksmith, one a school teacher and I have for-

gotten what the other was. But these four men held on to God week after week and though at first there did not seem to be any result the fire came at last, and Ireland and Scotland and Wales were shaken by the power of God.—Torrey.

851. Revival—Beginning of

I remember the first revival I had in a church of which I was pastor. I had been laboring at Terre Haute in a revival—the first that I ever worked in—and I came home full of fire and zeal, praying all the way. There was a prayer that began in Terre Haute and ended in Indianapolis, eighty miles apart. I recollect that, when I got home and preached, I gave an account of what I had seen in Terre Haute. The next night I began a series of protracted meetings. The room was not more than two-thirds full, and the people were apparently dead to spiritual things. On the second night I called for persons who would like to talk with me to remain. I made a strong appeal; but only one person—a poor German servant-girl—stopped. All the children of my friends, the young people that I knew very well, got up and went out; all went out except this one servant-girl, who answered to my sermon call. I remember that there shot through me a spasm of rebellion. I had a sort of feeling, "For what was all this precious ointment spilled? Such a sermon as I had preached, such an appeal as I had made, with no result but this!" In a second, however, almost quicker than a flash, there opened to me a profound sense of the value of any child of the Lord Jesus Christ. This was Christ's child; and I was so impressed with the thought that anything of His was unspeakably precious beyond any conception which I could form that tears came into my eyes and ran down my cheeks, and I had the feeling to the very marrow that I would be willing to work all my days among God's people if I could do any good to the lowest and the least creature. My pride was all gone, my vanity was all gone, and I was caught up into a blessed sense of the love of God to men, and of my relation to Christ; and I thought it to be an unspeakable privilege to unloose the shoe-latchets from the poorest of Christ's disciples. And out of that spirit came the natural consequences. —Beecher.

852. Revival—Needed

Society is made up of individuals, and "social righteousness" is the righteousness of individuals in the mass. But righteousness of character springs from rightness of heart, and apart from the atonement and Spirit of Christ the human heart is wrong. The wail of Cotter Morison was that "there is no cure for a bad heart," and that multitudes of men and women around us have got bad hearts. But, thank God! if "there is no cure for a bad heart," the Spirit of God can give "a new heart," from which springs righteousness. We cannot have a social and ethical revival that will purify the springs of our social and national life, except as the result of a spiritual revival. We cannot have a widespread "social righteousness," apart from a widespread spiritual awakening in which men's hearts are made right by the operation of the Spirit of God.—(T. Waugh, "Twenty-three Years a Missioner.") —James Hastings.

853. Revival—Source of

There is a plant found in sandy deserts and arid wastes, which is called Anastatica, or the Resurrection Flower, from a remarkable power of recovery which it has. When it has flowered, its leaves drop off, its branches become dry and hard, and the plant in a little while is seemingly dead. But so soon as it

touches water again, it gradually expands, its leaves unfold, and life returns. It is a parable. If in its death-like state it is a figure of the backslider, its resurrection figures the alone source of revival; he must get back to the Fountain of Living Water again.—I. Williams.

854. Revival—The Needed

We read that in the cities of Russia, at the beginning of every Easter day, when the sun is rising, men and women go about the streets greeting one another with the information: "Christ is risen!" Every man knows it, but this is an illustration of how a man, when his heart is full of a thing, wants to tell it to his brethren. He does not care if the brother does know it already; he goes and tells it to him again. And so when the truth of Christ's gospel shall come so home to each and every one of us, that all men shall be filled with the glad intelligence, and tell the story of how men are living in the freedom of their heavenly Father, it shall not be needful to have a revival of religion.—Phillips Brooks.

855. Revivals—Excitement of

Revivals, do they last? Converts, do they stick? The following story was related at a revival meeting in Glasgow. An evangelist who was conducting a series of meetings in the North of Scotland, one night, when going home, was accosted by a man, who sneeringly said, "Mr. C——, you are creating a great deal of stir and commotion in this village. But will it last?" "Well," said the evangelist, "some time ago I was passing a certain house. There was a great deal of joy, gladness, and excitement in that house because a son had been born into the family. A few months later I was passing the same house again, but there was no particular enthusiasm; everything had quieted down. But the boy," he added, "was there all the same."

856. Wills Weak and Wobbly

A hustling young solicitor for a farm journal was canvassing in a rural community, trying to make two subscriptions grow where only one grew before. He approached an old farmer who was leaning against a rickety fence in front of a dilapidated house, reflectively chewing a wisp of hay which dangled across a chin bristling with a two-weeks' growth of beard.

"My paper will be of immense value to you," argued the solicitor. "By reading it you will be able to do better farming, do it more economically, and you will naturally make more money."

The farmer shook his head, decisively.

"Nope," he said, "'tain't no use fer me to read yer paper, young feller. I ain't farmin' now as good as I know how."

The incident suggests the thought that most of us, like that farmer, are not doing as well as we know how. And the worst of it is, most of us never will. It isn't instruction and opportunities we need so much as incentive and determination to make effective use of that which we already have. We realize that we can do almost anything we will to do, but our wills are weak and wobbly.

REWARD

857. Crowns—Corruptible

Mr. Fitzgerald has given a very interesting account of his ascent of Aconcagua, the highest peak of the Andes. It is a story of difficulties overcome. First came the trying heat of the valleys, the awful dust, the dangerous fords, the worthless guides, the stampeding mules, then

came slopes of rolling stones, treacherous fields of soft snow, the scaling of rock faces. As the height became greater, the rare air made breathing more difficult, caused weakness, sickness, and inability to resist the piercing cold. The explorers camped nineteen thousand feet above the sea, and were unable to sleep on account of the cold. From this point an attempt was made to reach the summit. Staggering, faint and dizzy, they plodded on until they were only one thousand feet from the top, where the brave leader had to give up the attempt. All that zeal, courage and toil had so far accomplished was all in vain. The prize was not for him. He saw the guide press on and reach the goal, a man who would never have tried alone to reach that great height. The dust, the heat, the toil, the pain had gone to Mr. Fitzgerald, but the crown of victory went to another. This is often the way with those who endure much for the corruptible crowns of earth. They endure the toil of the conflict only to win disappointment in the end. There is one race where this is not so. We must pay the price. There will be dust, toil, hardship, cross-bearing, but at the end all those who have paid the price will receive the crown of victory.

858. Life Eternal

"A friend of mine was killed," says a writer in "Sunday at Home." "His sister in Edinburgh, a beautiful girl in body and mind, dreamed three days afterwards that she went to her brother, and found him in a big mess-room with his companions. She said, 'I thought you were dead!' and at that he flung back his head and replied 'Dead? No, we are only waiting for new uniforms—we are going to parade before the King.'" —S. S. Times.

859. Love—Crown of

One of the best crowns is love. When the late King Edward of England opened the new docks at Cardiff, the press reported the following reception: "Almost simultaneously with the entry of the Royal Yacht at one end of the dock, a couple of steamers, crowded from stem to stern with little children, the inmates of various local benevolent institutions, swept in at the other. On one of the steamers were hundreds of trimly-clad waifs and strays; on the other were many deaf and dumb children, on whose behalf a large placard conveyed a message to his Majesty in these simple but eloquent terms: "We cannot shout, we cannot sing, but we can love our gracious king!" Some hearts cannot demonstrate as others, but they can love. But others of us can shout. Let us join with the children of the first Palm Sunday and say "Hosanna in the highest" and also "Crown him Lord of all."

860. Selfishness—Reward of

Look over the life of Queen Elizabeth, and the outstanding feature, in addition to her ability, was her selfishness. But follow it through to the end and find that she suffered keenest anguish. When her favorite, Essex, was about to be executed, Elizabeth said to herself and her courtiers, "I would save him; but I will not unless he humbles himself and asks me to." No message came to the queen and Essex died. Then was the queen overwhelmed with remorse and from that hour on, her pain at heart told on her physical health. She never could forget Essex. Then there came the day when a lady of the court lay dying. She sent for the queen and confessed to her that Essex had sent by her a humble message and the ring, asking for life; but she wished him dead, so had not delivered it to her Majesty. Elizabeth was a tigress in a moment; but a tigress wounded unto death. From that hour she did

little else but droop and moan the name of him she had let die. Poor, selfish Queen Bess suffered and died.

God has made us capable of suffering. We are made capable of the highest happiness, or the most dire woe. But in either case we "shall reap what we sow."

861. Work—Finished

A minister tells about going to see a parishioner who was in deep affliction. He found her embroidering a sofa pillow cover. He asked her to let him take it in his hand. He purposely turned it on the wrong side, and then remarked to her that it did not seem beautiful to him, and that he wondered why she should be wasting her time upon it. "Why, sir," she replied, "you are looking at the wrong side! Turn it over." "That is just what you are doing," he replied. "You are looking at the wrong side of God's workings with you. Down here we are looking at the tangled side of God's providence; but he has a plan—here a stitch and there a movement of the shuttle—and in the end a beautiful work."

SALVATION

862. Cleansing Power

At an evangelistic meeting which he was conducting in Edinburgh, Professor Drummond read part of a letter from a student who had fallen into deep sin. The last words of the letter were weighted with the hopelessness of a lost soul. After reading the letter, the professor said: "As I walked through the city this morning, I noticed a cloud like a pure white bank resting over the slums. Whence came it? The great sun had sent down its beams into the city slums, and the beams had gone among the puddles, and drawn out of them what they sought, and had taken it aloft, and purified it, and there it was resting about the city, a cloud as white as snow. And God can make his saints out of material equally unfavorable. He who can make a white cloud out of a puddle can out of a lost soul make a miracle of saving grace. No soul is so far lost that it cannot be found."

863. Cry—Saved By a

I remember, a few years ago, that a boy who was sent upon some errand on a cold winter evening, was overtaken by a dreadful storm, when the snow fell so thick, and drifted in such a manner, that he missed his way, and continuing to wander up and down for several hours, was ready to perish. About midnight a gentleman in the neighborhood thought he heard a sound, but he could not imagine what it was, till, opening his window, he distinguished a human voice at a great distance pronouncing in piteous tones, "Lost! lost! lost!" Humanity induced the gentleman to send in search of the person from whom the voice proceeded, when the boy at length was found and preserved. Happy for him that he perceived his danger, that he cried for help, and that his cry was heard.—Burder.

864. Living Water Within

On the sands at Saltcoats there is a spring of fresh water, but as it is within the tide-mark, it is frequently buried beneath the briny waves. But every time the tide recedes the spring appears as fresh and full as ever. If there is within us what our Lord offers to give us, "a well of living water springing up within," it will manifest itself. The billows of temptation or the flood-tide of sorrow and affliction may overflow for a season, but as sure as every living thing must move, so sure will it spring up again untainted by the contact. Its source is not in its surroundings, but deep in the heart of

God, the Fountain of eternal life and love (John 4. 14).—James Smith.

865 Lost—Almost But

In an October day a treacherous calm on the northern coast is suddenly followed by one of the fiercest storms within the memory of man. Without warning signs a squall comes sweeping down the main, and the ocean leaps in its fury like a thing of life. The heavens seem to bow themselves, and form a veil of mirk and gloom; and above the voices of the storm is heard the cry of those on shore, "O God of mercy, send us those we love!" But, alas! there are those for whom that prayer cannot now avail; for floating spars and bodies washed ashore from which all life is sucked tell too plainly that some home is desolate, some spirit crushed. And now a mighty shout is heard, and all eyes again turn towards the sea, for through the darkness of the storm a boat is seen struggling towards the shore, now lost to sight, and again borne on the crest of the wave, nearer and yet nearer the harbor's mouth. The climax now approaches in this wild race for life; and hearts are high with hope or chilled with fear, for the next wave must either bear them into safety or send them to their doom. See! there it comes, threatening in its vastness and twisting in its progress like some hideous thing of night. A cold sweat breaks out on those on shore, for the boat is lifted on its boiling crest and dashed with resistless fury against the stonework of the pier; and as a mighty cry of anguish rises, the men clinging to the wreck wave to their friends a last adieu, who, close at hand, stand agonized spectators of the scene! Yes, they have surmounted all the dangers which have proved fatal to their fellows, only to miss the friendly hands stretched out to save, and perish before the eyes, and be washed up lifeless at the very feet of those they love. In all such cases the grief of onlookers, and of all who mourn their loss is augmented by the thought that though so near to safety they yet were lost. Remember that to be near the harbor-mouth is not to be safe in its shelter—that though near to the kingdom of heaven you may never enter there; and that, in so far as your final salvation is concerned, being near to Christ is no better than being far away, if it never lead to a complete surrender of your heart to Him.—W. Landels.

866. Motive—Inner

When Coleridge, the school boy, was going along the street thinking of the story of Hero and Leander and imagining himself to be swimming the Hellespont, he threw wide his arms as though breasting the waves. Unfortunately, his hand struck the pocket of a passer-by and knocked out a purse. The outer deed was that of a pickpocket and could have sent the youth to jail. The inner motive was that of an imaginative youth deeply impressed by the story he was translating from the Greek, and that inner motive made the owner of the purse his friend and sent young Coleridge to college. Thus, the philosopher tells us, the motive made what was outwardly wrong to be inwardly right.

867. Opportunities—God Gives

In a small western town one night, several commercial men came in from a late train to the hotel. Among them was one man who had been there many times and he knew the hotel as well as the bell boys, so he volunteered to go to his room alone, and not wait for a boy to show him the way. When he reached the floor his room was on he found it dark, but feeling sure he knew where the room was located, he did not light the match the clerk gave

him, but kept on walking along the dark hall. Suddenly there was a cry of distress and it was found he had walked through the dark hall to the end and out through a door a careless servant had left open. He was found on the ground below with his neck broken and in his hand, tightly clasped was the unlit match. His intention was good, but he did not fulfill it. God puts opportunities into all of our hands, but many of us do not use them. The commercial man needed light for guidance; he had it with him if he had only used the match. Let us take advantage of every opportunity in life, and thus save our lives from destruction.

868. Peace—Way to

Bishop Whipple of Minnesota sat by the sick bedside of a cultured old judge in the southland, talking in a learned way of vital themes, when the dying man politely said: "Pardon me; but you know I'm facing the real things. Won't you talk to me like you'd talk to my black boy, Jim?" The bishop said quietly, "You're a sinner, like me. Jesus died for our sins. Trust him as a little child." And the judge replied: "Thank you, bishop. I can get hold of that. That gives me peace."

869. Perishing—Rescue of

Mr. Bingham, Mine Inspector of the State of Illinois, tells an incident connected with a cave-in that took place in an Illinois coal mine. The earth and coal in settling had imprisoned sixty men. But it left an opening between where they stood and the outer world, through which a boy could barely crawl. The foreman of the rescuing party said to Fred Evans, a boy who worked on the dump, "You're just small enough to crawl through that opening and drag a hollow pipe with you. If you get that pipe in there we shall be able to pump air through it to the men to keep them alive until we can dig them out. But you have to be mighty careful in crawling through, because if you jostle the coal it will settle down on you and instantly crush out your life. Are you willing to try it?"

That boy's face was black with coal soot, his hand bruised from toil; he had been so poor all his life that he had never been able to learn to read and write, but at the same time he was supporting his mother. He looked at the foreman, and in answer to his question, at once replied, "I'll try my best."

Fred stripped off all the clothing he could spare, put a rough cap on his head, grabbed the end of the pipe, and began his 600-foot crawl. Time and again the pipe ceased to move, and those at the outer end thought the boy had been entrapped, but it would start up, and at last a faint call through it announced the lad's safe arrival. For a week milk, air and water were forced through that pipe and then the 60 men and Fred were restored to their families.

At that time John R. Tanner was Governor of Illinois, and hearing of the boy's heroism, sent for him. "Youngster," said the Governor, "the State of Illinois wants to recognize your pluck. What can I do for you?" Fred nervously twitched his fingers about his cap and looked frightened at the big man who spoke so kindly to him. But finally finding his voice, he replied, "I'd like to know how to read." Needless to say, that boy got his education without a cent of expense to himself, and is now a successful farmer in Illinois.

It is difficult to know which to admire most, the boy's heroism, or his wise choice, but I am thinking particularly of his brave deed, and as to the way he gave to the world a fine example of unselfish action and undaunted pluck.

870. Salvation a Gift

A working man in England had trouble with his eyes. He consulted his doctor, who said: "There are two cataracts growing over your eyes, and your only hope of preserving your sight is to go and see Dr. ——. I would advise you to go at once; and don't forget to take many pounds in pocket, for you might find the fee heavy."

The working man had twenty pounds in the bank and drew it all out.

The specialist examined his eyes and said: "I am not sure whether you can pay the fee. I never take less than a hundred guineas." "Then," said the working man, "I must go blind and remain so." The specialist replied, "You cannot come up to my terms and I cannot go down to yours, but there is another way open —I can perform the operation gratis."

And so to the Great Physician "no price we bring," for he asks nothing (and we could pay nothing) except our heart's devotion.

871. Salvation a Gift

A Christian lady was visiting a poor sickly woman, and after conversing with her for a little she asked her if she had found salvation yet. "No," she replied; "but I am working hard for it." "Ah, you will never get it that way," the lady said. "Christ did all the working when He suffered and died for us, and made complete atonement for our sins. You must take salvation solely as a gift of free, unmerited grace, else you can never have it at all."—Clerical Library.

872. Salvation—Concern for

That was an awful calamity which befell the Titanic. She was flashing out her call of distress on the wireless wave on that April night. The Carpathia made a race to reach her side, but the distance was too great to cover until the Titanic was no more. It is said the California was sufficiently near to have reached her and saved many or all, but either by misreading her message, or failing to heed it, she did not turn to the aid of her ill-fated sister. If you would do as much as did the officers of the Titanic you would certainly be saved tonight. If you would just now fly the signal of distress, and give God the slightest indication that you want to become a Christian; if you will but arise and walk down the aisle to the front here and ask Jesus to save you, all heaven would hurry to the rescue and the angels would be rejoicing over your conversion in less than five minutes. May God help you to come tonight.—O. A. Newlin.

873. Salvation—God's Power in

An earnest Christian man and a faithful reader of the Bible was assailed by an infidel.

"I do not understand nor do I believe," said he, "that the blood of Jesus Christ can wash away my sin."

"You and St. Paul quite agree on that subject," answered the Bible student.

"How?"

"Turn to the first chapter of First Corinthians and read the eighteenth verse: 'For the preaching of the cross is to them that perish foolishness; but unto us who are saved it is the power of God.'"

The infidel hung his head and began to study the Bible. He soon found it to be God's power unto salvation.—The Lutheran.

874. Salvation—Missing

"I flung away the keys that might
Have open set the golden shrines of day,
But clutch the keys of darkness yet.

"I hear the reapers singing, Go into
God's harvest;
I that with them might have
chosen here below,
Grope shuddering at the gates of
hell."

He was not an old man of whom I am speaking now; in fact, he was not past 30, but he was dying. To the physician who sat by his side and who himself was an earnest Christian, he said: "Doctor, I have missed it now at last," and when the doctor asked him what it was he had missed he said, "I have missed the salvation of my soul." "But," said the doctor, "there's time enough now; you know that some came at the eleventh hour." "Yes," was the reply, "but my eleventh hour has long since passed. Six months ago I heard the voice of God and felt the strivings of His spirit; something said to me, 'Make sure of this matter now, don't put it off, now is the accepted time,' but I did not do what I knew I ought to do. I grieved and insulted the Holy Spirit and bargained away my day of grace, and now for the life of me I can't believe in the mercy of God for me."

The doctor spoke words of mercy, and told him of the long suffering of God, but the young man, gasping for breath, said, "It's no use, doctor, for I can't believe it is for me," and as the pallor of death came over him he turned his glassy eyes to the ceiling above and, with a ring of agony, he cried, "My God! if I could only believe; if I could only believe; if I could only believe!" and with this despairing cry his soul went up to meet his long neglected and forgotten God.

875. Salvation—Refusing

Once when France and England were at war, a French vessel had gone off on a long whaling voyage. When they came back. the crew were short of water, and, being near an English port, they wanted to get it; but they were afraid they would be taken prisoners if they went into that port. Some people in the port saw their signal of distress, and sent word that they need not be afraid, that the war was over, and peace had been declared. But they couldn't make those sailors believe it, and they didn't dare go into port, although they were out of water. At last they made up their minds that they would better go in and surrender their cargo and their lives to their enemies than to perish at sea without water; and when they got in, they found out that what had been told them was true, and that peace had been declared. There are many poor sinners who occupy the position of those sailors. They are thirsting for the Water of Life, and know that they must perish without it, and yet they will not receive the good news of salvation which offers them a free pardon for their sins and peace with God through the merits of Jesus Christ.—Louis Albert Banks.

876. Salvation—Substitutes for

The Sydney harbor, in Australia, is one of the most beautiful harbors in the world. A vessel enters the harbor through what is known as the Heads—two mountains that lift their heads high above the sea; and after these two heads are passed, it is an easy harbor to enter. But just a little way down the coast there are two more heads just like the Heads at the harbor entrance. Some years ago a captain was coming in, in charge of a ship with at least two hundred souls on board, and he sighted the wrong heads. He was perfectly sincere, he thought he was right. He sighted the wrong heads, and he came dashing in against the rocks—sincere, but lost. "Just our best," is not good enough, and can never take the place

of faith in Jesus Christ for salvation.

877. Salvation Through Sacrifice

The first glimpse we have of Saul (Paul) is when he is watching the stoning of Stephen. How much it had to do with his conversion we cannot tell, but we know it remained as a sad memory in his life. We have a modern story in which similar courage in martyrdom helped a man to become a believer. All of us have heard of "the Christian Chinese general," Feng Ye-Hsiang, whose soldiers sing the doxology at meals and use Christian hymns for marching and drill music. He tells how he started toward the Christian life.

He was a private during the Boxer disturbance of 1900, and was at Paotingfu when the missionaries were killed. He stood by and watched as they were put to death. "The fearlessness, devotion, and martyr death of one of the women missionaries deeply impressed" him, and soon afterward he studied the religion which had given her such a spirit, and himself became a Christian. It is likely that he has done and will do more for the cause of Christ in China than the martyred missionary could have done if she had been spared. No one would have chosen such a price for such a result, and we are never to explain the calamity by its results, though we may understand a little better why God permitted it; but if we could ask the good woman whose life was laid down whether she feels that it was worth dying for, what would she probably say? If a religion is worth living for, may it not be worth dying for? When we find our lives bringing others to Christ, we are glad. May we not also be glad if we find our deaths bringing a new Saul of Tarsus to his senses and his Saviour?

878. Salvation—Uttermost

We have race snobs and money snobs and religious snobs. Saxons look at Slavs and say, "Hopeless." Rich look at the poor and say, "Worthless." And so-called Christians look at sinners and say, "Unreachable depravity." It is a lie!

Do you remember that old man in Quo Vadis who, posing as a Christian, entered the homes of believers and frequented their meeting places and reported their names to Nero? Day after day scores were dragged to judgment. At length the Christians discovered the identity of the spy. I suppose that some of them said hard things about him. Perhaps they said, "Of all the fiends in hell, none is so base as he." Then they counted those betrayed and said, "Surely, here at last, is one whom nothing will ever reach. He is damned while he is yet alive." But the story goes on. The old spy sat high in the Coliseum and watched the Christians die. Saw them fall before the lions with a song on their lips. Saw them covered with tar and burned on crosses with their eyes on the Celestial City smiling into the face of Christ. He was caught. Going to Nero he calls, "I, too, am a Christian." In a little while, one more cross is lifted in that same arena and the victim is an old man. He denounces Nero before the throng, then lifting his eyes to Heaven whispers, "Jesus, Jesus," till the soul had followed the path of vision. Who dares say, "A hopeless case!"

879. Salvation—Wholesale

Julia Ward Howe once wrote to an eminent Senator of the United States in behalf of a man who was suffering great injustice. He replied, "I am so much taken up with plans for the benefit of the race that I have no time for individuals." She pasted this in her album, with this

comment. "When last heard from, our Master had not reached this altitude."

If we have no interest in individuals, says an exchange, in this connection, then we have no real interest in Christ and he who waits till he can save many souls will never save one.—Ram's Horn.

880. Salvation—Working Out

Once upon a time a little pilgrim found herself on the road to heaven. She was given a fine white robe, and she knew that only if she kept it spotless would the gates of the golden city open to her. Very carefully she picked her steps, for the way was both rough and muddy. But as she went on she was horrorstruck to find that not only was it rough and muddy, but it was actually built of pilgrims who had fallen in the march and who lay bleeding and unheeded in the mire. Presently one of the unhappy creatures cried to the little pilgrim, "Help! Help me up for Christ's sake!" The little pilgrim was about to stoop, when suddenly she remembered her white garment. "No, no," she exclaimed, "I daren't. If I touched you I might be defiled." And she passed on. But even as she passed on she was aghast to see that the edge of her white robe was stained with scarlet. At every step she took the stain spread till at last her whole garment was scarlet. "What have I done?" she cried. But there was no reply save the moans of the fallen pilgrims.

In despair she turned back. "If I cannot keep my robe white," she said, "at least I can help a lost sister." So she knelt down on the dreadful road and put her arms tenderly round the poor pilgrim who had craved for aid. By exerting all her strength she managed to pull the fallen one out of the mire; then hand in hand, with downcast eyes the two passed on together. At last, sad and ashamed, they reached the golden gates. No hope had they of entering, for the robe of the one was scarlet, and the robe of the other was filthy rags. But, just as they reached the gates, lo, the scarlet robe of the one and the filthy rags of the other turned in a moment to robes of dazzling white—white so dazzling that even the angels could not look. And the gates of heaven fell back.

881. Saved by a Song

Rev. D. S. Toy and Frank D. Dickson were laboring in Grant's Pass, Oregon, in connection with the Pacific Coast campaign. At one of their services they had sung the hymn, "Lord, I'm Coming Home," the chorus of which is:

"Coming home, coming home,
Never more to roam;
Open wide Thine arms of love,
Lord, I'm coming home."

The sheriff of the county came from the service, retired to his bed, but his wife noticed that he was extremely restless. At 2 o'clock in the morning she spoke to him, saying, "Husband, what is it that is troubling you?" He said, with a sob, "It is that hymn they sang tonight." She said, "What hymn?" He replied, "It goes something like this—'I've wandered away from God'—I am so far away I fear I never will be saved." Then his wife said, "But why do you not say the rest of the song and settle it?" He said, "What is it, I have forgotten?" Then she told him, "'I have wandered far away from God, now I'm coming home.'" Instantly he said it and he meant it—and closing his eyes he fell asleep like a child.

The next morning he hitched up his horse and drove sixty miles across the country to tell his boys that he had found Christ, and intended to be a Christian and become a member of a church.

882. Saved by Destruction of Works

As is well known, Sir James Thornhill painted the inside of the cupola of St. Paul's Cathedral. After having finished one of the compartments, he gradually retired backwards, to see how it looked at a distance. Intent on the painting, he had aproached to the very edge of the scaffolding, and was in the utmost danger of falling from it, when a person, perceiving his situation, and fearing to alarm him, by calling out, snatched up a brush and disfigured his painting. The artist sprang forward in great displeasure, but was soon impressed with grattude, when he discovered the danger in which he had been placed, and saw that, by this way, his life had been preserved.

883. Saving Knowledge

"I am the resurrection and the life." Two Korean women stood watching a funeral procession on its way to the foreign cemetery. "What sight is this?" said one. "The burying of the missionary's son," answered the other. "That is very, very sad," replied the first. In Korea a son is the most precious of all possessions. "It is not so bad for them as for us." said the other sadly. "They know something that makes them sure that they will get their children back some day. We know nothing about how to get ours back again."

884. Simplicity of Salvation

A lifeboat puts out to a foundering ship. Is it needful before one leaps from the sinking vessel into the frail lifeboat, that every single thing about it shall be explained to him, as to who made it, and of what materials it is constructed? No: it is only in matters of religion that men act so strangely. In all the great welfares of life, men do not undertake to teach the philosophy of things before the benefit of those things can be availed of; and they ought not to do it in matters so important and vital as the question of their souls' salvation. That which is essential is reciprocal love between God and the human soul.—H. W. Beecher.

885. Speech—Faulty, Effective

In Moody's early days an overzealous critic, who was not an overactive worker, took him to task for his defects in speech. "You oughtn't to attempt to speak in public, Moody. You make many mistakes in grammar." "I lack a great many things; but I'm doing the best I can with what I've got. But, look here, my friend, you've got grammar enough; what are you doing with it for Jesus?"

886. Witness—Faithful

The father of Senator Dolliver was essentially a preacher of the gospel, who regarded the "call" to the ministry as imperative under any and all circumstances, and never permitted an opportunity to speak to a man about his soul to pass him unused.

Shortly before the death of "Father" Dolliver, who made his home with his son in Washington, the Senator received a formal call from a member of a Porto Rican commission. "Father" Dolliver happened to be present, and was introduced to the commissioner.

As a matter of fact, coming from a country which is Catholic, the commissioner was an adherent of that faith. After having finished his business with the Senator, the Porto Rican doctor and "Father" Dolliver engaged in conversation. At once the pioneer Methodist preacher asked the Porto Rican gentleman about his soul.

When the commissioner had gone, Senator Dolliver, who had overheard part of the conversation between his

father and their distinguished guest, referred to the matter, and asked "Father" Dolliver whether he had not been just a little hard on their Porto Rican friend. To this the senior Dolliver replied: "No! We had a fine talk, and, besides, my business is to preach Christ to every creature."

On the day when "Father" Dolliver's mortal remains were to be carried forth from the house of his son, a large bouquet of beautiful flowers was sent in, attached to which was the name of the commissioner from Porto Rico, and at the simple services which were held one of the most respectful and deeply affected friends present was the Porto Rican. "And in offering condolence to me," said the Senator, "the tears streamed over his cheeks as he said, 'I hope you will not think my presence at your father's funeral an intrusion, but I wanted to come and look upon his kind old face again, for he was the first man who ever spoke to me about my soul.'" —C. E. World.

887. Witnessing Hands

In a meeting of the Evangelistic Committee of Philadelphia, Mr. Asher told of his services held at Moyamensing prison and the House of Correction. At the latter place about forty prisoners held up their hands for prayer. As they are not permitted to sit out in the corridors but must listen through the iron bars of their cell doors, when the speaker urged all those within the sound of his voice to accept Christ and turn from their sins, he saw one graceful, delicately fashioned hand of a woman extended imploringly from her cell. She could not see the preacher nor could the preacher see her. But she heard the message and the message touched her heart. O, that there were some way that the sinner could have the eye of the soul opened to behold the awfulness of sin before plunging into it! After the fall the eyes of our fore parents, Adam and Eve, were opened and they knew evil as well as good. This knowledge of the world, the knowledge of evil, does not make us better but worse. The best man is not the one who has reformed after plunging into the deepest sin. The best man is the one whose eye is opened before he plunges. Turn, sinner, from the path of sin or you may be the one to raise the hand imploringly through the bars.

SATAN

888. Antichrist—Picture of

In the frescoes of Signorelli we have "The Teaching of Antichrist" —no repulsive figure, but a grand personage in flowing robes, and with a noble countenance, which at a distance might easily be taken for the Saviour. To him the crowd are eagerly gathering and listening, and it is only when you draw close that you can discover in his harder and cynical expression, and from the evil spirit whispering in his ear, that it is not Christ.—Augustus J. C. Hare.

889. Apostates

In the long line of portraits of the Doges, in the palace at Venice, one space is empty, and the semblance of a black curtain remains as a melancholy record of glory forfeited. Found guilty of treason against the state, Marino Falieri was beheaded, and his image, as far as possible, blotted from remembrance.

Every one's eye rests longer upon the one dark vacancy than upon any one of the fine portraits of the merchant monarchs; and so the apostates of the Church are far more frequently the theme of the world's talk than the thousands of good men and true who adorn the doctrine of

God our Saviour in all things.—Spurgeon.

890. Chaplain of Lunatics

A German clergyman, who was traveling, stopped at a hotel much frequented by wags and jokers. The host, not being used to having a clergyman at his table, looked at him with surprise; the guests used all the raillery of wit upon him without eliciting a remark. The clergyman ate his dinner quietly, apparently without observing the gibes and sneers of his neighbors. One of them, at last, in despair. at his forbearance, said to him: "Well, I wonder at your patience!. Have you not heard all that has been said to you?" "Oh, yes, but I am used to it. Do you know who I am?" "No, sir." "Well, I will inform you. I am chaplain of a lunatic asylum; such remarks have no effect upon me."

891. Devil—Agents of

John Thomas, a missionary of India, was once accosted in the presence of many natives by a Brahman, who said: "Do you not preach that the devil leads men to sin?" "Yes," answered Thomas. "Then without doubt," argued the Brahman, "all the guilt of sin must be laid upon him and man goes out free." The faces of the natives gleamed with joy at the wisdom of the Brahman, but just then Thomas noticed a boat with several people on a stream nearby. With the adroitness of mind for which he was known, Thomas said to the Brahman: "Do you see that boat? If I were to send some of my friends over there to rob and kill those men, who would have to bear the penalty of the law? I, who instigated the crime, or they who carried out my suggestion?" "Surely," said the Brahman, "you would have to suffer the penalty of death together." "Very well, Brahman," concluded Thomas, "if you sin with the devil you will surely be punished with him." This argument holds good in civilized countries as well as in India.

892. Devil—Bequeathed to

It is reported that the Finnish courts have upheld the title of the will of an atheist who bequeathed his farm, on his death, to the devil. In accordance with the finding of the court, the wish of the deceased is to be carried out by leaving the land absolutely untouched by human hands and allowing it to revert to the wilderness condition. We confess to being somewhat startled by the question that arose in our mind as we read the account. Do things that are left to themselves naturally and of necessity go to the devil? A great many things seem to. To let farms, and some much more valuable things, go to the devil, all that is needed to be done is to let them run wild.

893. Devil—Lack of the

In the "Lives of the Saints" it is related that one day when St. Martin of Tours was praying in his cell, the devil came to him, arrayed in light, clothed in royal robes and wearing a crown of gold. Twice the devil told the saint he was Christ.

"I am come in judgment," he said. "Adore me."

"Where," asked Martin, "are the marks of the nails? Where the piercing of the spear? Where the crown of thorns? When I see the marks of the Passion I shall adore my Lord." At these words the devil disappeared.—S. Baring-Gould.

894. Devil—Spirit of

Cæsar defended himself till the dagger of a friend pierced him; then in indignant grief he covered his head with his mantle and accepted his fate. You can forgive the open

blow of a declared enemy against whom you are on your guard; but the man that lives with you on terms of the greatest intimacy for years, so that he learns your ways and habits, the state of your affairs and your past history—the man whom you so confide in and like that you communicate to him freely much that you keep hidden from others, and who, while still professing friendship, used the information he has gained to blacken your character and ruin your peace, to injure your family or damage your business,—this man, you know, has much to repent of.—M. Dods.

895. Devil—There Is a

It is difficult for the normal man to understand such a criminal as Dr. Arthur Warren Waite, of New York, must be, if he is guilty of the charge of having poisoned his father-in-law and mother-in-law during their recent visit to him in New York. The father-in-law, Dr. John E. Peck, was a millionaire drug manufacturer of Grand Rapids, Mich., and as both he and his wife were advanced in life the daughter whom Dr. Waite married soon would have had her half of the large estate. Mrs. Peck's body was cremated before suspicion was aroused, and Mr. Peck's was about to be when a telegram signed with a fictitious name prevented its cremation and led to a chemical analysis that revealed poison in the stomach and brain.

The District Attorney's investigations in New York give, it is alleged, the key to the crime. Waite, it is charged, was maintaining two homes at an expense of $50,000 a year, and he needed more money immediately to maintain the pace. Beginning life with unusually brilliant professional prospects and marrying a wealthy girl, a career of happiness and honor seemed almost assured him.

What is the moral? That it is an extremely dangerous thing to monkey with sin. The devil always leaves the marks of his claws on all who choose him for a companion. Some people escape with only the marks, others get so much enmeshed that they can never climb out of the pit. Gradually their whole natures change and from men they are converted into fiends.

Are there a personal devil and a burning hell of fire and brimstone? Ask Billy Sunday, if you want an emphatic answer. But whether there is or not, men can create for themselves a mighty good imitation of both.—Baltimore Sun, March 25, 1916.

896. Devil's Method

It is said there was once an abbot who desired a piece of ground that lay close to his land. The owner refused to sell it, but after much persuasion consented to lease it. The abbot leased it, for a stipulated rent, but he could only get it for the length of time required for one crop. He at once took possession of it, and sowed it with acorns, a crop which required many years.

In the same way the devil seeks to get into the hearts of men. He does not ask for the whole of their life, all the time, only serve him in their early days, and then they can pay attention to religion in old age; or just give him a portion of their time and the rest they can give to God, knowing that this is only a snare to catch the unwary, and lead them into captivity. He says:

"Be mine for one short hour and then
Be all thy life the happiest man of men."

But sad to say that one short hour of devil's service often means a lifetime of misery, and ruin hereafter.

897. Devils—Powerless

Some years ago an insane man, in a New England town, rose from his seat in the midst of a large assembly, and seizing with a great deal of energy one of the pillars that sustained the gallery of the church, declared aloud that he was going to pull it down. Had another "Samson Agonistes" suddenly appeared, and declared himself ready to bow between the pillars of another of Dagon's temples, there could hardly have been a greater consternation. The people, amid the outcries, and faintings, and general confusion, yielded to the most foolish fears. Nor did they recover their self-possession, and quietly resume their seats, until another, significantly pointing to the large and strong pillar which had been threatened, calmly said, "Let him try—let him try."

This proposition restored order and confidence at once. The house did not fall, and the services went on. And so, when men insanely threaten to pull down the pillars that the skill of the Divine Architect has reared and holds up, we are too easily moved with alarm, and too slow to consider the strength of the structure.

The skeptic, the scoffer, the blasphemer, the persecutor, boast of their power, and threaten to overturn Christianity, explode religion, confute the Bible, and introduce a new order of things. We have heard of such startling threats before. Let him try. Something has hitherto survived such assaults, and there may be some of God's work left after the devil has done his worst. If a man thinks to bombard Gibraltar with boiled potatoes, "Let him try!" One who knew man in his weakness and his strength, has said:—"Heaven and earth shall pass away, but my words shall not pass away."

898. Doctrine—Fake

This running after every religious fanatic who starts some doctrine of the devil reminds me of the old Arkansas farmer who, when asked what was the matter with his hogs, they were so poor, replied, "When I lost my voice a year ago I could not call them to their feed, so I got a big stick and hammered on the crib and they soon learned that was a call to their corn. They were doing well until three weeks ago when some woodpeckers came in here and went to pounding on the old dead trees. My hogs ran in the direction of the noise, thinking it was my call to their feed. When they came running and squealing the frightened woodpeckers would fly to another dead tree and the hogs would run to that part of the woods. They have just about run my hogs to death." I hope the church will cease running after these religious woodpeckers. Much so-called "new thought" is old nonsense.—O. A. Newlin.

899. Foes Within

With the state it is the same as with the individual, the worst enemies are those that are within. As a man's most deadly foes are his own passions, so a state's foes are a certain type of its own citizens.

The judge who misapplies the law, the official who takes bribes, the politician who uses his influence to liberate criminals, the big business man who crushes a weak opponent or oppresses his employees, the stock shark who gobbles up the public's savings, and the host of others who profit from evildoing—these are the men who endanger America.

900. Law—Respect for

You laugh at prohibition laws. The libertine laughs at the marriage laws. The anarchist laughs at the property laws. Watch out that your

son does not laugh at all the laws! Let's quit laughing at any law!—Colonel Dan Morgan Smith.

901. Satan—Selfishness of

A minister went to a prominent church member for help to bury a poor man. As he handed him five dollars he said, "I wonder if these calls will ever stop?" "Do you want them to stop?" was the retort. "No," came the reply; "for if they did I should become as selfish as the devil."—C. E. World.

902. Satan's Partner

"There was a man who never did
Do as his soul desired,
Whose promptings never reached
the place
To which they had aspired
Because he was afraid.

"He tried to preach, but when he
saw
His congregation there,
The things he thought they should
be told,
To tell he did not dare,
Because he was afraid.

"When brainless louts right loudly
clapped
Some wretched vaudeville bill,
He'd lend his clatter to the throng,
He didn't dare keep still,
Because he was afraid.

"All through his life the imp of fear
Did dog his steps about,
He never said to him, 'Be gone!'
Nor put the imp to rout,
Because he was afraid.

"He made no move without the imp
And so the two became
Inseparable as breath to life
Or as the air to flame,
Because he was afraid."
—Anthony Ewer.

Only the man who has peace with God through Jesus Christ can have perfect freedom from the thralldom of fear.

903. Satan's Rage

Satan hates the slightest approach to Jesus. An old writer says, that Satan, whenever he knows his time is short, exercises his power all the more fiercely; "like an outgoing tenant that cares not what mischief he does" before leaving the house. So with Satan here. Rather than give up the soul, he will tear it, throw it down, make it wallow and foam, insomuch that it is "rent sore," and "he was as one dead; insomuch that many said, He is dead."—F. Whitfield.

904. Satan's Traps

A missionary of Hoffental in Labrador writes: "One spring we noticed that on four consecutive Sundays large numbers of seals found their way into the bay, where they played a long time in full view of our station. On the week days, however, not a single seal was to be seen. On the fourth Sunday when the herd of seals had appeared, I noticed a group of Eskimoes sitting on the rocks along the shore. I asked them why they refrained from killing the seals.

"One of them replied: 'Have you not noticed that this is the fourth Sunday on which large herds of seals came into our bay, but that not a seal shows itself during the week?'

"'Yes,' I answered, 'I have noticed that.'

"'So you see,' continued the Eskimo, 'that the matter is of Satan, who has set a trap for us in order to get us to transgress a command of the Lord. But we will not do that.'

"And soon after their faithfulness was rewarded by the capture of large numbers of the seals during the week."

905. Sinner's Ignorance

There is a story of a prodigal who

came back from the far country and could not find his father's house. He wandered on and on, and at last in the gathering night, sank down, heart-sick and faint, on the steps of a little cottage. Without knowing it he was on his own father's door-step. Inside sat the aged father and mother, their hearts hungering for their long-lost boy. Outside, bowed and crushed and longing for love and for home, lay the weary, home-sick son—on the very threshold of home, but not knowing it.

So near to the gates of heaven is every human soul that is penitent, weary of sin, longing for divine mercy and love. There are many who are not yet in Christ's kingdom, but who have at least some desire for heaven's peace. They do not know where to find what they seek. But close by them is one of heaven's gates and they have but to arise in their penitence and enter into the Father's house.—J. R. M.

906. Spiritual Warfare

The greatest athlete in Berlin is weakness itself in the grasp of the fierce gorilla that can twist a gun barrel like a rotten stick. Just as helpless are we to wrestle with spiritual wickedness in high places without the armor of God and the sword of the Spirit which that great gorilla, the Devil, can neither bend nor break. The weapons of our (gorilla) warfare are not carnal, but spiritual. "Put on the whole armor of God that ye may be able to stand" (Eph. 6. 11).—James Smith.

907. Worship—Hero

Splendid was that festival at Cæsarea at which Herod Agrippa, in the pomp and pride of power, entered the theatre in a robe of silver, which glittered, says the historian, with the morning rays of the sun, so as to dazzle the eyes of the assembly and excite general admiration. Some of his flatterers set up the shout, "A present god!" Agrippa did not repress the impious adulation which spread through the theatre. At that moment he looked up and saw an owl perched over his head on a rope, and Agrippa had been forewarned that when next he saw that bird, "at the height of his fortune," he would die within five days. The fatal omen, according to Josephus, pierced the heart of the King, who with deep melancholy exclaimed, "Your god will soon suffer the common lot of mortality." He was immediately struck, in the language of the sacred volume, by an angel. Seized with violent pains, he was carried to his palace, lingered five days in extreme agony, being "eaten of worms," and so died.—Francis Jacox.

SELF

908. Consulting the Architect

An architect complains that many of his clients come and ask him to design a house for them, only to let him speedily discover that they have already designed it for themselves. What they really want is the sanction of their own plan, and the satisfaction of seeing him draw on paper what they have fully in their own minds. In very much the same fashion we often go to the Great Architect with our lives. We ask for wisdom and guidance, like Solomon; but we have already planned how we will build our fortunes and shape our course; and it is not his way we are seeking, but his approval of ours.—Sunday School Chronicle.

909. Self—Clothing

An Indian and a white man attended the same meeting of a missionary and both were convicted of their sinfulness. In a short time the Indian was rejoicing over the grace of God which he had experienced; the white man was long downcast

and full of despair until the Sun of Righteousness shone in his heart also. Some time later he said to the Indian, "How was it that you could rejoice in Jesus so soon, while I had such a hard struggle before peace entered my heart?" "Brother, I will answer you," said the Indian. "Suppose a chief would approach us both and say, 'I will give you new clothes.' You look at your own, which are pretty good and say, 'Mine will do for a while yet, thank you!' But I look at my soiled and torn clothes and say, 'I need others badly enough, and accept the gracious gift.' So, brother, you tried your own righteousness a while longer, thought it would do, but I had none, so was very glad to accept the offer of the Righteousness of Christ and could soon rejoice in him."

Friend, you perhaps are also troubled to a certain extent about eternity and what that awful word would mean, were you to die tonight. Why not look away from self and look to Christ, the author and finisher of faith, and accept those garments of righteousness in which we may appear before God?

910. Self—Freedom From

It is one of the grand tested facts of life, though it sound a paradox, that the way to escape from our worst miseries is to escape from ourselves, to lose ourselves in some large human interest outside of ourselves. Longfellow's "Bridge" has this as its central idea, and the familiar words will gain an added value to us if we perceive their drift. In the first verses the singer is absorbed with his own burden—and the music to which they have been set sings the pathos of them into our hearts as we read them.

How often, O how often,
I had wished that the ebbing tide
Would bear me away on its bosom
O'er the ocean wild and wide.

For my heart was hot and restless,
And my life was full of care,
And the burden laid upon me
Was greater than I could bear.

Few who sing the song observe the turn of thought which occurs at this point.

But now it has fallen from me,
It is buried in the sea;
And only the sorrow of others
Throws its shadow over me.

And I think how many thousands
Of care-encumbered men,
Each bearing his burden of sorrow,
Have crossed the bridge since then.

Relief came to him when he turned from morbidly brooding upon his own cares and lost himself in thought about his fellowman.

911. Self—Love of

A young artist had produced an exquisite picture, the most successful of all his efforts, and even his master found nothing in it to criticise. But the young artist was so enraptured with it that he incessantly gazed at his work of art, and really believed that he would never be able to excel what he had already produced. One morning, as he was about to enjoy anew the contemplation of his picture, he found his master had entirely erased his work of art. Angry, and in tears, he ran to his master and asked the cause of this cruel treatment. The master answered, "I did it with wise forethought. The painting was good, but it was at the same time your ruin." "How so?" asked the young artist. "My beloved pupil," replied the master, "you love no longer your art in your picture, but only yourself. Believe me, it was not perfect, even if it did appear so; it was only a study, and attempt. Take your pencil and see what your new creation will be, and do not repent of the sacrifice." The student

seized his pencil and produced his masterpiece, "The Sacrifice of Iphigenia." His name was Timanthes.—Christian Age.

912. Self First

Some years ago a man was digging for gold in Colorado, and after some years of embarrassing failure was more successful and soon came into possession of a modest fortune. He at once determined to let the world know he was on the stage of action. Two things he would do, erect a theater in Denver that would stand as a monument to his name, and enter politics and land a job in Washington. His wife, who had stood by him through all those trying years of unsuccessful mining, was a little too plain to accompany him in Washington society, so he put her away and took another wife who could move more gracefully in public circles. When his Denver building was nearing completion, he came up from Washington and found the decorator finishing the life-size painting of Shakespeare on the ceiling just over the stage. "What are you doing there?" asked the proud owner of the building, "Whose picture are you painting?" "This is Shakespeare," said the artist. "Shakespeare? Who is he?" "Will Shakespeare, don't you know of him?" "Was he ever in Denver?" "No, he was never here, but he was one of the world's greatest men." "Did he ever do anything for Denver?" "Not directly, but . . ." "Look here, I don't want any foolishness here. I don't want a man's picture up there who never was in Denver and never did anything for Denver. I have been here and I have done a thing or two around here. You rub him out and put me there." "The specifications call for Shakespeare, that's why I'm putting him here." "I want you to know, sir, that my money is paying for this work. It shall be as I say. Just rub him out and put me there." The artist of course had plenty paint, so Shakespeare was rubbed out and the old miner was put there.

His Washington job soon expired and he lost all his money including his memorial theater, picture and all, and when they were gone his new wife who came with them went with them. The old miner went back to the mines to dig and soon became a suffering invalid. The only hands that ministered to him in his affliction were those of his former wife whom he had deserted, and she was the only mourner at his grave. How true to life is the picture Jesus here painted. This fellow rubbed everybody else out and he alone was on the stage of action. There are many to-day who act as if the whole world were made for them. If you would have your life rich and full and acceptable unto God, give your life to making others happy. May the Lord help us to make room in our lives for the other fellow.—O. A. Newlin.

913. Self Last

Vacation was nearly over and he was going back to college. A strong, manly, clean fellow, his mother's eyes followed him as he moved about her room. It was only in her room that she could watch him, for she was a prisoner there. His strong arms had somehow acquired the knack of lifting the slight form from couch to easy chair in the most comfortable manner possible, and his hands could arrange the pillows at exactly the right angle.

"If I don't make good in any other profession I can qualify as a nurse," he used to say in answer to her praise, his clear eyes smiling into hers.

"Yes, but you will make good," she always assured him confidently. He was going back to college, and she was going on a longer journey, though he did not know it. He

did not read the signs that were so patent to others. Then came the day when she must tell him.

"You will make good, of course, son," she assured him. "But success as it looks from where I am and as it may look from where you are, may be different, for it is what we put into the world and not what we try to draw out of it that makes living a success. The only sure working rule is to count yourself third. Say it, Jamie—'I am third.'"

"I am third," repeated the boy.

"There will be plenty who will tell you to look out for Number One, but you can do it best by the rule of three. You won't forget, will you?" she urged wistfully. "Promise me you won't forget; now write the words where you can see them now and then."

"I won't forget, and I'll read them every day," he promised.

The mother presently went on her way through the gates that only open outward, and the boy went back to his work. But on the study table in his room, among the litter of books and papers, was always one card in clear script, a little apart from the common paraphernalia—"James the Third." Its presence brought questions from fellow students. "Something to do with English history, of course?" Why was he so interested in English royalty? He did not explain, but as the months went by, and the card, grown stained and dusty, was replaced with another, slightly different. "I am third," read the inscription. He met the inquiry in his roommate's eyes and answered it.

"It is my mother's rule for living," he said simply. "Christ first, my neighbor second, and myself third. That is the order of precedence in the daily scheme of things—as she came to see it at the last."—From the "Forward."

914. Self-Sufficiency

An architect complains that many of his clients come and ask him to design a house for them, only to let him speedily discover that they have already designed it for themselves. What they really want is the sanction of their own plan, and the satisfaction of seeing him draw on paper what they have fully in their own minds. In very much the same fashion we often go to the Great Architect with our lives. We ask for wisdom and guidance, like Solomon; but we have already planned how we will build our fortunes and shape our course; and it is not his way we are seeking, but his approval of ours.

915. Tenacious Self

Perhaps the most ferocious animal in creation is the "hamster rat." When it takes a grip, rather than yield it will allow itself to be beaten in pieces with a stick. If it seizes a man's hand, it must be killed before it will quit its hold. How like this "hamster rat" is our own proud, unyielding sinful self. That selfish spirit, that would cling to and suck the life out of the new heaven-born nature, will not quit its hold until it has been put to death.—James Smith.

SIN

916. Choke-Damp

Carbonic acid gas, commonly known as choke-damp, is usually found in pits or the bottom of old wells. It is so called because it has often suffocated those who came into contact with it. In the pit of iniquity and in the old wells of worldliness this soul-choking damp still abounds. If you wish your spiritual life choked just go down into the darkness of prayerlessness, into the empty well of the world's pleasures. There is always as much

poisonous gas there as will take your heavenly breath away.—James Smith.

917. Difficulties a Blessing

One man, a golf enthusiast, was telling another man how hard it was, on a certain course, to drive the ball over a ditch that lay between the tee and the green. "Why don't they fill up the ditch?" asked the second man.

An old lady was watching a game of tennis, and saw how often the ball was driven against the net. "Why don't they take down the net?" she asked.

It is hard for many to comprehend the value of obstacles, of hazards, of hindrances. They cannot understand the joys of the chase. They never entered into the delight of overcoming.

If the time ever comes when all our ditches are filled, all our nets taken down, life will be too tame to live. Let us praise God daily for the hurdles in the way, face them cheerily, and over them with a shout!—Aesop Jones.

918. Evil—Overcoming

John Kant, a professor, was an old man when he found an opportunity to revisit his native country of Silesia. It was a dangerous journey, and a great undertaking for one of his years.

His way lay through the gloomy forests of Poland. One evening, while seeking a place in which to spend the night, he was suddenly surrounded by armed men, some on horseback, and some on foot. Knives and swords glittered in the moonlight, and the old man knew that he was at the mercy of a band of robbers.

"Have you given us all?" demanded the robber chief. "All," replied the old man; and, with this assurance, he was allowed to go away.

Glad to escape with his life, he hurried onward, but, when well out of sight of the robbers, his hand touched something hard in the hem of his robe. His heart gave a throb of joy. This hard substance was his gold, sewn into the lining of his dress for safety. In his fear and confusion he had forgotten it.

Now, he would not be obliged to beg his way. Was it a providence?

Comfort and safety were forgotten as the old man hurried back. Trembling with excitement and fear, he found himself again in the midst of the robber band.

"I have told you what was not true," he said meekly. "Pardon me—it was unintentional. I was too terrified to think."

To the old man's astonishment, nobody offered to take his gold. Presently one man went and brought him back his purse, another restored the book of prayer, while still another led his horse towards him, and helped him to mount. They then unitedly entreated his blessing, and watched him slowly ride away. It was the triumph of good over evil.

919. Falsehood—Fatal

Dr. John Todd, the eminent writer, never could forget how when his old father was very sick and sent him away for medicine, he, a little lad, had been unwilling to go, and made up a lie that "the druggist had not got any such medicine." Johnny started in great distress the second time for the medicine, but it was too late. The father on his return was almost gone. He could only say to the weeping boy, "Love me and always speak the truth, for the eye of God is always upon you. Now kiss me once more, and farewell."—Cuyler.

920. First Wrong Deed

"Dear me," said little Janet, "I buttoned just one button wrong, and now that makes all the rest go

wrong," and she tugged and fretted as if the button was at fault for her trouble.

"Patience, patience, my dear," said mamma, coming to the rescue. "The next time look out for the first wrong button, then you will keep all the rest right." "And," added mamma, "look out for the first wrong deed of any kind; another and another is sure to follow."

Janet thought for a moment, then she remembered how one day, not long ago, she struck Baby Alice. That was the first wrong deed. Then she denied having done it. That was another. Then she was unhappy and cross all day because she had told a lie. What a long list of buttons fastened wrong just because one was wrong.

921. Indirect Guilt

Wickedness which a man can prevent, and which he does not prevent, inculpates him. Men are responsible for the mischief which they could hinder. If you put the torch to your neighbor's house, you are guilty in one way; but if another puts the torch to that house, and you go by, and see the flames, and say, "It is not my business; I did not kindle that fire, and besides, he is an enemy of mine," you are as culpable as if you had set fire to the house yourself.—H. W. Beecher.

922. Insidious Sins

Men do well to watch and fight against obvious and sounding sins. They are numerous. They exist on every hand. They are dangerous. They are armed and are desperate. They swarm the ways of life. Not one vice, not one crime, not one temptation, not one sin of which the Word of God warns us, is to be lightly esteemed. They are to be watched, and in armor, too; we are to be proof against them.

But these are not our only dangers. Tens of thousands of men perish, not by the lion-like stroke of temptation, but by the insidious bite of the hidden serpent; not with a roar and strength, but with subtle poison. More men are moth-eaten than lion-eaten in this life; and it behooves us in time to give heed to these dangers of invisible and insidious enemies.—H. W. Beecher.

923. Light—Hiding the

David Rittenhouse, of Pennsylvania, the great astronomer, was skilful in measuring the size of the planets and determining the position of the stars. But he found that, such was the distance of those orbs, a silk thread stretched across the glass of his telescope would entirely cover a star; and, moreover, that a silk fibre, however small, placed upon the same glass, would not only cover the star, but would conceal so much of the heavens that the star, if a small one and near the pole, would remain obscured behind that silk fibre several seconds. Thus a silk fibre appeared to be larger in diameter than a star. There are times when a very small self-gratification, a very little love of pleasure, a very small thread, may hide the light. The little boy who held the sixpence near his eye said, "O mother, it is bigger than the room!" and when he drew it still nearer he exclaimed, "O mother, it is bigger than all out doors!" And in just that way the worldling hides God, and Christ, and judgment, and eternity from view, behind some paltry pleasure, some trifling joy, or some small possession which shall perish with the using, and pass away with all earth's lusts and glory, in the approaching day of God Almighty.—H. L. Hastings.

924. Resist Beginnings

When you stand and look at the sweeping flames of a prairie on an autumnal day, stretching leagues away or at night, throwing a lurid

light into the broad heaven above, you do not suppose that those vast flames were put there. The negligent hunter, after his evening meal, sat smoking his pipe; he knocked a spark out of it, and it kindled, and grew, and he watched it, thinking that he might at any moment subdue it by the stroke of his boot; but it escaped him and ran, and spread here and there and everywhere, and swung on, and the wind caught it and nourished it, and it laughed and roared and crackled as it sped along, growing wider and more fierce, consuming harvest, fence, hut, and hovel. It took care of itself after it was once kindled. It had in itself multiplying power. Evil always has: put it out early!—H. W. Beecher.

925. Secret Sins

There is an insect that has a very close resemblance to the "bumble bee," but which is a terrible enemy to it. Because of its likeness, it sometimes finds its way in a fraudulent manner into the bees' nest, and there deposits eggs. But when these eggs are hatched the larvae devour the larvae of the bees. It comes in as a friend and helper, but turns out to be a devouring enemy. Such is that secret sin harbored in the heart. It eats away the vitals of the spiritual life, and effectually destroys the power of growth and usefulness. It is all the more dangerous when it comes in the form of a friend and helper in the work.—James Smith.

926. Self-Righteousness Fatal

Some harbors have bars of sand which lie across the entrance, and prohibit the entrance of ships at low water. There is a bar, not of sand, but of adamantine rock, the bar of divine justice, which lies between a sinner and heaven. Christ's righteousness is the high water that carries a believing sinner over this bar, and transmits him safe to the land of eternal rest. Our own righteousness is the low water, which will fail us in our greatest need, and will ever leave us short of the heavenly Canaan.—Salter.

927. Silence—Golden

Once a woman came to Saint Philip Neri and confessed that she had said unkind and untrue things about her neighbors. Saint Philip told her to go to the market and buy a chicken that had been newly killed, and then to walk along the road plucking the feathers as she went. When she had done this, he told her to go back and pick them all up again. Of course she said that was impossible, and Saint Philip answered, "Ah then! remember that just so is it with your words. After you have once spoken them they are scattered hither and thither, and you can never get them back again."—James Hastings.

928. Sin a Disease

Some malady which you do not understand troubles and alarms you. The physician is called. Thinking that the illness proceeds from a certain inflammatory process on a portion of your skin, you anxiously direct his attention to the spot. Silently but sympathisingly he looks at the place you have bidden him look, and because you have bidden him look there, but soon he turns away. He is busy with an instrument on another part of your body. He presses his trumpet-tube gently to your breast, and listens for the pulsations which faintly but distinctly pass through. He looks and listens there, and saddens as he looks. You again direct his attention to the cutaneous eruption which annoys you. He sighs and sits silent. When you reiterate your request that something should be done for the external eruption, he gently shakes his head, and answers not a word. From this silence you

would learn the truth at last; you would not miss its meaning long. Oh, miss not the meaning of the Lord when He points to the seat of the soul's disease: "Ye will not come." These, His enemies, dwell in your heart.—Arnot.

929. Sin and Forgiveness

Mr. French quoted a saying of old Fuller's—"He that falls into sin is a man; he that grieves at sin is a saint; he that boasts of sin is a devil." My father (Rev. W. Marsh, D. D.) replied, "Only one thing more: He that forgives it is God." —Miss Marsh.

930. Sin Degrades

A learned professor was asked to determine scientifically whether or not alcohol was injurious to the system. He tried it on a kitten. The instinct of the animal rebelled against the experiment. The professor poured a little of the liquor mixed with milk down the kitten's throat each day. After ten days the kitten stopped playing, it stopped growing, it took no interest in keeping its fur clean like the other kittens, it lost all energy in getting after mice, it showed no dislike for dogs. It would neither work nor play, all energy and enterprise were lost. It was just a little dirty, drunken animal. I wonder why the professor made the experiment; he could have seen the same thing hanging around any saloon. Why degrade a perfectly good kitten?

931. Sin Found Out

When news first came of the destruction of the massive stone buildings at Stanford University, experts declared they could not understand the failure of the building to withstand the shocks. Now it appears that "Jerry" building was responsible, and that huge graft had been worked by the contractors. Instead of massive stone walls there was only a veneer of stone, and the interior was filled with chipped stone and poor cement. The memorial arch, which was praised as one of the finest bits of mural work in the country, is a complete ruin, and remains to show glaring incidents of rotten masonry that no inspector should have passed. It is because men in business do not realize the fact that God takes note of the most minute transactions and that he will require an account for the work of the hands as well as of the heart. In our Christian day men need to work as did the heathen sculptor who was carving a statue that was to stand in a niche in a temple. Many of his friends were surprised to see that he took as much pains with the back part of the statue as with the front. They said to him, "Why are you so careful about that part? It has to stand in the niche, it will not be seen." "Because, the gods will see it," said he.—Selected.

932. Sin Ignores Fences

A man was once walking with a farmer through a beautiful field, when he happened to see a tall thistle on the other side of the fence. In a second over the fence he jumped, and cut it off close to the ground. "Is that your field?" asked his companion. "Oh, no!" said the farmer, "bad weeds do not care much for fences, and if I should leave that thistle to blossom in my neighbor's field, I should soon have plenty in my own." In some of our western states the law requires the farmers and roadmasters to destroy all weeds on their farms and in the highways.

Bad men are like thistles. They pay no regard to fences. They are a menace to the peace and prosperity of all classes. And the only way for the good and virtuous in a community to secure their own peace and happiness is to convert the sinners or to shut them up in penitentiaries.—Herald and Presbyter.

933. Sin in Control

"Out in California where they drive the stages down the steep mountain sides, it is necessary to put the brake on hard lest the coach plunge down upon the haunches of the horses. There was some time ago a very godless driver who had been for forty years on a certain route. He was a vile, profane man, who often boasted that he feared neither God, man nor the devil. At last he was on his death-bed, and as he lay there his friends noticed him kicking out with his right foot as if he were reaching for something. They thought it too warm and took off most of the covers, but still he continued to reach out his right foot. They spoke to him but received no response. At last his old chum, Joe, came and said, 'Bill, what's the matter? Isn't there something I can do for you?' And looking up into Joe's face with a look that Joe said he never could forget, Bill said, 'My God, I'm speeding down the hill and I can't find the brake.' Young man put on the brake at the top of the hill and stand in the strength of God."

934. Sin Not Forsaken

An Irishman confessed to his priest that he had been stealing hay. The "father" asked him how much he had stolen. He answered, "Your riverence, I might as well confess to the whole stack, as I'm going back after the other half to-night."

935. Sin of Covetousness

Saint Francis Xavier, the noble Jesuit missionary, said in the confessional men had confessed to him all sins he knew and some he had never imagined, but none had ever voluntarily confessed that was covetous.

It was because of covetousness that the Jews crucified their Messiah, and were it not for that sin today the earth would know Jesus Christ as Saviour and Lord ere a year had rolled around.

936. Sin Revealed

One day, upon returning to my room, after a brief absence, a curious state of things was to be seen.

Cards and papers were tossed about. Papers, writing desk, and tablecloth were sprinkled with ink.

The nearby window shades and white curtains were bespattered with ink. It was clear that some one had improved the opportunity to have some fun, which did not seem to me to be funny at all.

Of course I thought of the children in the household. But it did not seem to be like them. They had not been brought up in that sort of way. And it was not their habit to come to my room alone.

Just as I gave it up a white paper was seen on the other side of my desk and on it some telltale marks. I understood. The mystery was solved. Two distinct footprints left upon the paper let the secret out.

The pet cat which had the run of the house, and whose bump of curiosity was overdeveloped, had climbed upon my table, and being anxious to find out the contents of my ink bottle, had put its foot into it—in more senses than one. To get rid of the ink, in shaking its feet it spattered things far and near, stepping twice on a sheet of paper before leaving the table. Of course it could not take all the ink with it.

It was just a little sermon on the text of Moses, when he talked to the people of Reuben and Gad. Can you find the text in the book of Numbers? Look for the text of the cat's sermon.—S. S. Advocate.

937. Sin—Age No Cure for

According to Aesop, an old woman found an empty jar which

had lately been full of prime old wine, and which still retained the fragrant smell of its former contents. She greedily placed it several times to her nose, and drawing it backwards and forwards said, "Oh, most delicious! How nice must the wine itself have been when it leaves behind, in the very vessel which contained it, so sweet a perfume!"

Men often hug their vices when their power to enjoy them is gone. —Spurgeon.

938. Sin—Banishing

Suppose you were in a dark room in the morning, the shutters closed and fastened, and only as much light coming through the chinks as made you aware it was day outside. And suppose you should say to a companion with you, "Let us open the windows and let in the light." What would you think if he replied, "No, no; you must first put the darkness out, or the light will not enter?" You would laugh at his absurdity. Just so we cannot put sin out of our hearts to prepare for Christ entering: we must open, and take Him in, and sin will flee. Fling the window open at once, and let Christ shine in—Edmond.

939. Sin—Bonds of

In a recent railroad accident in Colorado a sheriff, who had a prisoner chained to him was killed. The prisoner was unharmed and could have escaped had it not been for the dead body of the sheriff that held him fast. "O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from the body of this death?"

Let us praise God that His Son Jesus can strike off the manacles of the body of sin with which we are held fast.

940. Sin—Breaking With

"Human wisdom says, 'Disengage yourself by degrees from the bonds of sin; learn gradually to love God and live for Him.' But in this way we never break radically with sin, and give ourselves wholly to God. We remain in the dull, troubled atmosphere of our own nature, and never attain to the contemplation of the full light of the Divine holiness. Faith, on the contrary, raises us, as it were at a bound, into the regal position which Jesus Christ now holds, and which in him is really ours. From thence we behold sin cast under our feet; we taste the life of God as our true essential being in Jesus Christ. Reason says, 'Become holy in order to be holy.' Faith says 'You are holy: therefore become so. You are holy in Christ; become so in your own person.' This is perhaps the most paradoxical feature of pure evangelical doctrine. He who disowns it, or puts it from him will never cross the threshold of Christian sanctification. We do not get rid of sin by little and little, we break with it with that total breaking which was consummated by Christ upon the cross. We do not ascend one by one the steps of the throne: we spring upon it and seat ourselves there with Christ, by the act of faith which incorporates us in Him. Then from the height of that position, holy in its essential nature, we reign victoriously over self, the world, Satan and all the powers of evil."—Godet.

941. Sin—Burden of

Dr. W. R. Dobyns relates an incident that gives us some idea of the burden of sin that broke the heart of the Son of God!

"Some time ago I noticed a stranger in my congregation who seemed to be oppressed by some great sorrow. In conversation with him he weepingly told me that his son had been guilty of a great crime and that he was on his way to see President Roosevelt and obtain, if possible, a pardon for his boy.

There was a man who was crushed under the sin of just one soul. How infinitely more mighty and heavy was the load of sin laid upon the spotless soul of the Lamb of God."

942. Sin—Call of

Men are not lost because of the outside evils, only. There is something inside that responds to the lower calls.

In London's "Call of the Wild," he tells of the magnificent St. Bernard, the docile pet of a wealthy family in California, that was stolen and sold to the Klondike freighter. In this new life the dog became a veritable monster. He was beaten into submission to the owner; but he bowed only to the law of "club and fang." The old wolf instincts that long had lain dormant were aroused by the conditions. He fought and survived as wolves fight, and life is "to the strongest." He learned to cut the bull moose from the herd and bring him down. When his owner died he went out to the wolf pack and fought his way to mastery. From that time he became the most dire foe of Indians and game alike. The splendid St. Bernard had gone back and became the beast of prey. This was possible because there was something in the dog that responded to the howl of the wolf. The old nature was simply veneered over and under certain conditions the veneer was scraped off.

There is something in every man that responds to the evil we meet. And this is the thing that we have most reason to fear. It is the inward response that gives force to temptation.

943. Sin—Classifying

A negro well known to the judge was in court on a charge of having struck a relative with a brick. After the usual preliminaries the court inquired:

"Why did you hit this man?"

"Judge, he called me a black rascal."

"Well, you are one, aren't you?"

"Yessah, maybe I is one. But, Judge, s'pose some one should call you a black rascal, wouldn't you hit 'em?"

"But I am not one, am I?"

"Naw, sah, naw, sah, you ain't one; but s'pose some one'd call you de kind of rascal you is, what'd you do?"

944. Sins—Confessing Others'

A priest relates an interesting story. Bridget only came to confession occasionally, and when she did come she found it extremely difficult to remember any wrong doing on her own part. She had an excellent memory for her husband's sins: "It is Moike, me husband, that's the bad one, father. It's three weeks that Moike niver confesses, and Hiven knows his sins is scarlet. He dhrinks like a baste an' shmokes like a flue. He swears that bhad Saint Patrick would trimble; an' sure ye shud see Moike smash the dishes and break the furniture, an' fling the stove lids." "Six Hail Marys every day for a week and three fast days, Bridget," said the father. "Och, fwat do you mane, father? Sure, Oi niver confessed a sin!" "But ye confessed Moike's, and as long as you make his confession for him, I think you had better do his penance, too." "And so I charge you by the thorny crown, and by the cross on which the Saviour bled, and by your own soul's hope of fair renown."

945. Sin—Confession of

One answered on the day when
Christ went by,
"Lord, I am rich; pause not for
such as I;
My work, my home, my strength,
my frugal store,
The sun and rain—what need have
I of more?

Go to the sinful, who have need
of Thee,
Go to the poor, but tarry not for
me.
What is there Thou shouldst do for
such as I?"
And he went by.

Long years thereafter, by a palace
door,
The footsteps of the Master paused
once more
From whence the old voice
answered piteously
"Lord, I am poor, my house unfit
for Thee;
Nor peace nor pleasure bless my
princely board,
Nor love nor health; what could I
give Thee, Lord?
Lord, I am poor, unworthy, stained
with sin!"
Yet He went in.

—Mabel Earle.

946. *Sin—Covered*

In the time of the great Napoleon, in one of the conscriptions during one of his many wars, a man was balloted as a conscript who did not want to go; but he had a friend who wanted to go in his name, and this friend was sent off to the war in his stead. By and by a battle came in which he was killed, and they buried him on the battlefield. Some time after the Emperor wanted more men, and by some mistake the first man was balloted the second time. They want to take him, but he remonstrated.

"You cannot take me," he said.

"Why not?" they asked.

"I am dead," was his reply.

"You are not dead; you are alive and well."

"But I am dead," he insisted.

"Why, man, you are mad! This is peculiar; where did you die?"

"At the battle of ——, and you left me buried on the field."

"You talk like a madman!" they cried; but the man stuck to his point that he had been dead and buried several months.

"You look up your record," he said, "and see if it is not so."

They looked and found that he was right. They found the man's name entered as drafted, sent to war, and marked off as killed.

"Look here," they said, "you didn't die; you must have got some one to go for you; it must have been your substitute."

"I know that," he said; "he died in my stead. You cannot touch me. I go free. The law has no claim against me."

The authorities would not recognize this doctrine of substitution, and the case was carried to the Emperor. But he said that the man was right; that he was dead and buried in the eyes of the law; and that France had no claim against him. But in order to get that freedom this man had to accept his friend's substitution, and that is just what you must do. Christ came and died in your stead. The apostle says that "He is the propitiation for our sins: and not for ours only, but also for the sins of the whole world." And again it is declared that "He tasted death for every man." But we must accept him, and until we do accept his mediation in our behalf, we make his death and sufferings of no effect for us.—Louis Albert Banks.

947. *Sin—Covered*

Certain great iron-castings have been ordered for a railway bridge. The thickness has been calculated according to the extent of the span and the weight of the load. The contractor constructs his moulds according to the specification, and when all is ready pours in the molten metal. In the process of casting, through some defect in the mould, portions of air lurk in the heart of the iron, and cavities, like those of a honey-comb, are formed in the

interior of the beam; but all defects are hid, and the flaws are effectually concealed. The artisan has covered his fault, but he will not prosper. As soon as it is subjected to a strain the beam gives way. Sin covered becomes a rotten hollow in a human soul, and when the strain comes the false gives way.—W. Arnot.

948. Sin—Defilement of

The fur of the ermine is of perfect whiteness. The dainty little creature appears to make it the business of its life to keep clean. It has as utter a horror of filth as a sow has a love for it. So strong is this instinct that the ermine will suffer capture rather than defilement. Trappers know this fact and use it to the destruction of the little creature. They will smear filth over the paths that the ermine would naturally choose to escape, and it falls into the trap because it keeps itself unspotted. So should we have a horror of the defilement of sin; so should we love purity that we try to keep our thoughts pure and sweet and clean at all costs.—Rev. R. P. Anderson.

949. Sin—Definition of

A sentence taken from one of Mrs. Wesley's letters to John Wesley, when he was in college: "Would you judge of the lawfulness or the unlawfulness of a pleasure, take this rule: Whatever weakens your reason, impairs in tenderness of your conscience, obscures your sense of God, or takes off the relish of spiritual things; whatever increases the authority of your body over your mind—that thing, to you, is sin."

950. Sin—Delusions of

When Napoleon Bonaparte was making his expedition across Egypt in command of the French army, they found themselves one morning traversing boundless plains of sand without water or shade, and with a burning sun over their heads. All the wells on the road were either filled up or exhausted. Hardly a few drops of muddy or brackish water were to be found to quench their thirst. In the midst of the general depression and hopelessness of the situation, a sudden gleam of hope illuminated the countenances of the soldiers. In the distance they beheld a lake, with villages and palm trees clearly reflected in its glassy surface. Instantly the weary troops burst into shouts of gladness, and though their lips were parched with thirst, they hastened forwarded to the enchanted spot. But it receded from their steps. Again they pressed on with burning impatience, but it forever fled from their approach; and they had at length the mortification and sorrow of discovering that they had been deceived by the mirage of the desert.

The delusions which come to men and women who are deceived into giving themselves over to worldly and sinful lives are very much like that.—Louis Albert Banks.

951. Sin—Depth of

There is no truer sentence in all the Bible than that "The wages of sin is death." It is death to purity, death to peace, death to power, death to satisfaction, death to a strong character, death here and worse than death hereafter. In that remarkable book of Oscar Wilde's entitled, "De Profundis," I read the following:

"The gods had given me almost everything. But I let myself be lured into long spells of senseless and sensual ease. I amused myself with being a dandy, a man of fashion. I surrounded myself with the smaller natures and the meaner minds. I became the spendthrift of my own genius, and to waste an eternal youth gave me curious joy. Tired of being on the heights I deliberately went to the depths in

the search of new sensations. What the paradox was to me in the sphere of thought, perversity became to me in the sphere of passion. Desire at the end, was a malady or madness, or both. I grew careless of the lives of others. I took pleasure when it pleased me and passed on. I forgot that every little action of the day makes or unmakes character, and that therefore what was done in the secret chamber one has some day to cry aloud on the house-top. I ceased to be lord over myself. I was no longer the captain of my soul and did not know it. I allowed pleasure to dominate me and I ended in horrible disgrace."

952. *Sin—Destruction of*

The use of the terrible new weapon of warfare, poisonous gas, is subject to many uncertainties, and is even more treacherous than aeroplanes. In the fighting on the Western Front in the Great War a gas cloud was liberated by the Germans against their foes. It spread out over the fields its horrible green death, and reached the enemies' trenches; but just then the wind changed and the gas was driven back over the Germans themselves.

This happens always when men send forth against each other the poisonous clouds of passion, of suspicion, of slander, of ridicule and sarcasm and contempt. The wind of the Spirit turns the deadly gas back upon those that used it. Their spiritual life is destroyed by the very act which they hoped would ruin others. "Curses, like chickens, return home to roost," and every impulse of hate turns against the hater. "Evil to him who evil thinks."

953. *Sin—Destructive*

A famous Scottish preacher was taking a holiday in the Isle of Skye in the Western Hebrides. He was having a great time, and thought how lovely it all was to be so far away from the noise and sin of a great city.

But he was soon to see even among such peaceful and beautiful country surroundings that strange and evil things happen.

One morning he was out amid the hills enjoying the exquisite scenery, when near him there arose a great eagle on its shining wings. He watched it fly away up towards the sky until it became a speck. Taking out his field glasses he watched the eagle fly beyond where the naked eye could see it.

"Wonderful," he thought, "powerful, majestic bird."

But what was that, that was happening now? The great bird is falling! Beak over tail it descends. Ah, it has righted itself again and is flying upward. Dear me, again it is coming down. Yet again it tried to right itself. This happened two or three times, and the last time it seemed to be successful in its upward course. But lo! look at it now! It is coming down. Will it not find its wings again? Down, down, down, it continued to come, and at length crashed upon a huge rock just near the place from which it had risen.

What possibly could be the cause of its downfall?

From underneath the battered body of the eagle there scurried a weasel, —a small animal noted for its bloodthirstiness.

The eagle had started out on its flight with the weasel clutched tight in its talons, for eagles are carnivorous birds. No doubt the eagle's intention was to drink the weasel's blood when it was away up above the clouds. So the eagle had carefully lain in wait for the weasel to come from among the rocks, and when it did, the eagle's talons closed around it and carried it off.

It was a great mistake for the eagle to start off with the sinuous

creature in its keeping. When it least thought of its danger the eagle was taken by surprise. The captured weasel gave a sudden squirm and worked itself free from the clutches of the eagle. Fighting in mid-air the animal was able to bite his captor's throat and drink his blood. This so weakened the great bird that in spite of the many attempts it made to free itself, it was overcome and dropped to its doom.

Many young men and maidens whose lives looked promising of success, and as fair as the upward flight of that eagle at the Isle of Skye, have been brought to nothing but destruction. Why, you ask? Because they started out with something akin to a weasel in their keeping. Some bad habit, some selfish thought, some purely greedy ambition. All the strength that would have carried them up above the clouds and dangers, was drawn away by this evil thing in their grip. St. Paul understood this fact, with all its dangers and illusions, when he said: "Let us lay aside every weight, and the sin which doth so easily beset us."—Adam Doran.

954. Sin—Entanglements of

The stags in the Greek epigram, whose knees were clogged with frozen snow upon the mountains, came down to the brooks of the valleys, hoping to thaw their joints with the waters of the stream; but there the frost overtook them and bound them fast in ice, till the young herdsman took them in their strange snare.—Jeremy Taylor.

955. Sin—Freedom From

Just before Christmas a pathetic letter was handed to one of the judges in a New York court. It came from one of the prisoners who was then in the dock waiting for sentence. The writer said that he had not had a free Christmas for twenty-two years, and he longed beyond the power of words to express to spend the day this year outside the walls of a prison. It appeared from his record that he had been arrested in 1877 and tried for grand larceny. He had been convicted and sentenced. There had been several charges against him, and when he had served his term for one offense he was re-arrested as he left the penitentiary and tried for another. In November last he was once more a free man, but there was one more charge pending, and he was arrested as his discharge papers were handed to him. He was the more disappointed because he had learned in the prison a trade by which he could support himself honestly, and was hoping to lead a right life. All this he explained in his letter to the judge, and begged him when he should be brought up for sentence to give him a chance. An officer corroborated his story of good behavior in prison and his learning a trade. The judge, having read the letter in open court, gave the prisoner some good advice, and suspended sentence. The man was so overcome with joy that he was unable to walk, and an officer had to lead him out of court. We can understand why a man should be overwhelmed with rejoicing at his sense of freedom at last from the prison guard dogging at his footsteps and the key turned in the lock of his cell door; but how much more perfect and glorious is that freedom which comes to the man or the woman who is freed from sin by the Son of God!—Louis Albert Banks.

956. Sin—Grip of

I knew of one who, while wandering along a lonely and rocky shore at the ebb of tide, slipped his foot into a narrow crevice. Fancy his horror at finding he could not withdraw the imprisoned limb! Dreadful predicament! There he sat, with his back to the shore and his face

to the sea. . . . How he shouted to the distant boat! how his heart sank as her yards swung round and she went off on the other tack! how his cries sounded high above the roar of breakers! how bitterly he envied the white sea-mew her wing, as, wondering at this intruder on her lone domains, she sailed above his head, and shrieked back his shriek! how at length, abandoning all hope of help from man, he turned his face to heaven and cried loud and long to God! All that God only knows. But as sure as there was a terrific struggle, so sure, while he watched the waters rising inch by inch, these cries never ceased till the wave swelled up, and washing the dying prayer from his lips, broke over his head with a melancholy moan. There was no help for him. There is help for us, although fixed in sin as fast as that man in the fissured rock.—Guthrie.

957. Sin—Killing Cause of

I know a man who in the weekly prayer-meeting was always confessing the same things. His prayer was seldom varied. "O Lord, since we last gathered together, the cobwebs have come between us and Thee. Clear away the cobwebs that we may again see Thy face." One day a brother called out, "O Lord God, kill the spider!" You know very well that you may sweep cobwebs away, but if you leave spiders in the room you will have cobwebs again tomorrow morning. The best way to get rid of the cobwebs is to deal with the cause, to kill the spider. That is exactly what Jesus Christ did when he died on the Cross. He not only dealt with the effect, but he dealt with the very cause of sinning.—From Keswick Week.

958. Sin—Lure of

A Salvation Army Officer was soliciting a collection in the street. One man was heard to say as he dropped in a dime, "Here's ten cents for the grafters." "You don't believe there is any graft in the Salvation Army," quickly rejoined the woman. "How do you know?" the man asked her. "Because you would be in the Army yourself if you did," was the sharp reply. And the man had the grace, and the humor, to laugh.—Youth's Companion.

959. Sin—Playing With

Two little Italian lads of New York City were returning from a swim. They were each about fifteen years old. Pietro had picked up a piece of copper wire and thought he would have a little fun with the third rail of the New York Central track along which they were walking. He poked away around the wooden covering of the rail but nothing happened. "That's funny," he said, "I guess I didn't touch the right spot." Then he pushed the point of his wire down underneath the covering. There was a flash of blue flame and a shriek of pain as 11,000 volts of electricity shot through the wire. In a moment and less his clothing was on fire and his hair and eyebrows were burned off. He tried to drop the wire as it hissed and sputtered at white heat but it wouldn't let go. He tried to pull it away but it stuck to the rail as if it were soldered there. His little friend tried to pull him away but was hurled to the ground with a terrific shock. The brave little fellow then threw his rubber coat around Pietro and pulled him loose. Pietro started to run but fainted and fell. They took him to the hospital and the doctor said, "One chance in a thousand to recover."

The two boys said they knew there was something dangerous about that rail. They had heard older people say so but they didn't think it would hurt any to play with it a little. And so sin scorches and

burns and kills like a live third rail, and people know it and yet they will trifle with sin. And there are men and women right here in this meeting tonight who have played with your passion and played with sin so long it looks to you as if your case is hopeless.

But thanks be to God, sin never took any one so low that Jesus Christ, the God-man, couldn't reach down a little lower and snap the fetters and set him free. That's why He was manifested—to destroy the works of the Devil.—W. E. Biederwolf.

960. Sin—Poison of

A lady caught a little creature which she thought was a chameleon, and attached it by a little chain to her collar, so that it could crawl about on her shoulder. The chameleon is a harmless little reptile, which changes its color from gray to green or red, and is considered very beautiful by some people. Instead of a chameleon, however, this lady caught a poisonous kind of lizard, and it bit her, causing her death. What a terrible mistake! And yet there are many who are taking the poison of sin into their lives, thinking it is a beautiful, pleasant thing. But some day they may find that they have taken something worse than poison into their lives.

961. Sin—Prize of

The other day in New York City there was an auction sale, by a railroad company, of a quantity of unclaimed chests, valises, and parcels. Some of these packages brought large prices. Many of them sold for a great many times their worth. The fiercest bidding was over a prosperous looking trunk. It was strongly made, and although not very heavy, the speculators who examined its exterior concluded that it contained articles of value. One of them finally secured it for fifty-five dollars and promptly pried it open, when he found within it only a disjointed human skeleton which had probably been the property of some medical student. It is easy to understand the chagrin of the purchaser who, instead of gold and jewels, found only these relics of death. Multitudes have experienced a similar disappointment, but one infinitely more sorrowful, when they have discovered the real nature of the prizes which they gained by sin. The wise Solomon, speaking of the false promises which sin makes, and of the assurances of the wicked that "stolen waters are sweet," and that secret sins are pleasant, declares of him who is deceived, "He knoweth not that the dead are there." I know I speak to some to-night who have been standing in "the way of sinners" at a fearful cost. The pleasure has vanished but the skeleton remains.—Louis Albert Banks.

962. Sin—Revealed

When news first came of the destruction of the massive stone buildings at Stanford university, experts declared they couldn't understand the failure of the buildings to withstand the shocks. Now it appears that "Jerry" building was responsible, and that huge graft had been worked by the contractors.

Instead of massive stone walls there was only a veneer of stone, and the interior was filled with chipped stone, and poor cement. The memorial arch, which was praised as one of the finest bits of mural work in the country, is a complete ruin, and the remains show glaring incidents of rotten masonry that no architect or inspector should have passed.

It is because men in business do not realize the fact that God takes note of the most minute transactions and that he will require an account for the work of the hands as well as

of the heart, that they are thus dishonest. In our Christian day men need to work as did the heathen sculptor who was carving a statue that was to stand in a niche in the temple. Many of his friends were surprised to see that he took as much pains with the back part of the statue as with the part of the statue which was to be in front. They said to him, "Why are you so careful about that part? It has to stand in the niche, and it will not be seen." "Because the gods will see it," said he.

963. Sin—Revealed

A man tried to steal copper by cutting down wire, but one day while thus engaged at the top of a high pole he came in touch with a "live" wire and was instantly killed. There he hung gripped by the mighty current with his guilty intentions revealed to God and man.

There is a "live" wire in every sin and many are slain thereby, their guilt an awful record to take into the presence of their God.

964. Sin—Revelation of

An illustrative incident occurs to me. I had my picture taken with a group of gentlemen on a certain occasion, and on seeing it was particularly impressed with its good appearance. Now like most public men in these modern days, I am called upon frequently for a photograph for advertising purposes, so that it has become necessary to have a supply on hand. But also like many of them, I dislike having a picture taken. Therefore on beholding this, an idea came to me. If the artist could cut me out from the group in some way, and run off a number of copies of myself alone, it would save me the inconvenience of sitting again for several years.

Entering the studio and laying down the picture, I explained the object of my visit.

"Oh," said the lady in attendance, "if you will give us a sitting we will obtain a much better photograph of you than that."

"No," I replied, "I believe it impossible. That is the best photograph of myself I ever saw. In fact," I added, my pride rising to the occasion, "my picture is the best of the group. See my friend, for example,"—pointing to a gentleman in the group by my side,—"how he squints!"

"Oh, but you also squint," she said. "Please look at yourself through this," handing me a small magnifying-glass.

I looked, and happily, just then another client entered the room, attracting the lady's attention. Whereupon, improving the opportunity, and leaving the picture on the counter, I turned my back upon it, walking down the stairs as quietly as if they were carpeted with velvet. The Spirit of God taking advantage of the occasion also, seemed to be hammering into my conscience those solemn words of Romans 3:19: "Now we know that what things soever the law saith, it saith to them who are under the law: that every mouth may be stopped, and all the world may become guilty before God." I had a revelation of sin, the sin in my own heart and life, brought home to me that day, such as I had not for many days.—James M. Gray.

965. Sin—Secret

On the slope of Long's Peak in Colorado lies the ruin of a forest giant. The naturalist tells us that the tree had stood for four hundred years; that it was a seedling when Columbus landed on San Salvador; that it had been struck by lightning fourteen times; that the avalanches and storms of four centuries had thundered past it. In the end, however, beetles killed the tree. A giant that age had not withered nor

lightnings blasted nor storms subdued fell at last before insects that a man could crush between his forefinger and his thumb. So human characters collapse into futile usefulness not only through "presumptuous sins" but more frequently through "secret faults." And nowhere is this subtle cause of ruined character more obvious than in the destructive work of the small enemies of usefulness.

966. Sin—Sick of

Dr. J. R. Brown, speaking of Professor Henry Drummond's evangelistic effects, says, "There was an ethical inexorableness that withered all cheap notions of salvation." A young medical student had come under Drummond's spell. The student already had his arts degree. But though the great student-worker made the message so plain, the seeker seemed to be incapable of the simple faith essential to the walking with Christ. At last Drummond knew that there must be something wrong in that young man's life. So one night the teacher took the young man's arm and walked with him across the park and got his story. He had cheated in his final examinations. He had fooled every proctor and professor in the examination hall. He had gotten his degree dishonorably. What could he do now? They talked till midnight. Then the student agreed to go to the Senate the next day, tell what he had done, and take any consequences that might follow. Drummond went with him. His old examination papers were brought from the Lumber Room, and he was asked to show on what parts he had cheated. Credits for these parts were immediately deducted and when the last dishonesty was revealed, it was discovered that he had just credits enough to warrant them in leaving him his degree.

Dr. Drummond hated sin above all things. After a meeting he was discovered worn and haggard and distressed, leaning on a mantel looking into the fire, and when asked what the trouble was, replied, "I am sick of the sins of these men. How can God bear it?"

967. Sin—Slavery of

Officials at the Davenport, Ia., jail were awakened by the ringing of the night bell and Deputy Sheriff William Brehmer was called upon to perform one of the most peculiar midnight jobs a court officer has ever had to do.

The callers proved to be the marshal of Buffalo, Ia., with two members of an amateur theatrical company, one of whom had become hopelessly locked in the grip of a pair of handcuffs used in a rehearsal. The man had been taken to Davenport police station by automobile and when the officers looked at the handcuff they found a key had been broken off in the lock.

Sin is usually an attractive thing to play with, but sooner or later it makes a slave of its devotee. Illustrations of this fact are given on a colossal scale these fast moving days.

968. Sin—Sting of

Many years ago I was told of a priest who was called to visit a dying man. He heard his confession and prepared him for death, but the dying man said to him: "The one thing which troubles me more now even than the great sins of my life, is a trick that I played when I was a boy. Not far from where I lived was a large common, in the middle of which two roads met. At these crossroads a rickety sign-post directed the traveller to his destination. The arms of the sign-post were loose, and one day, for fun, I took them down and changed them, so that they pointed out the wrong road; and now that years

have rolled by and I am dying, it worries me greatly to think how many a poor, weary traveller across that common I sent on the wrong road."—A. G. Mortimer.

969. Sin—Tomb of

They found in Egypt, recently, the massive tomb of a young man who had been buried alive some three thousand years ago. Within the dark chamber of death he frantically fought for life. There were evidences of a fearful struggle. The inner walls of that ancient tomb were stained with blood. The imprisoned youth had battered the granite door of that silent dungeon until death came to his relief. But I have seen men in a deeper dungeon, in a darker prison, and in a tighter grip than that which befell the prince of ancient times. The cruel grip of an evil habit too strong to be broken is worse than a living death.—J. L.

970. Sin—Tragedy of

Along with much that is unsavory our sensational papers frequently print personal incidents which have all the moving force of the most powerful exhortations. One of these was the recent trial and sentencing of an aged bank cashier who had been a Congressman, collector of internal revenue, county treasurer, postmaster, and the holder of other offices of honor and public trust, but who had involved himself criminally in the wrecking of a bank. His fellow-townsmen—judges, college president, attorneys, merchants—all testified to the high character he had previously maintained and the universal esteem and affection in which he was held. The prisoner, the witnesses, and the court were bathed in tears and shaken with sobs, and the presiding judge could not control his emotion in giving sentence.

And indescribably pathetic was the parting of this white-haired man from his boys, young men who keenly felt the family disgrace. "My boys, my boys, don't think too hard of your old father, but remember me as in years gone by," he cried in his agony.

There is nothing that we need to add by way of application. The whole scene was infinitely sadder than anything that fiction or the drama can conjure up, and the lesson is writ large for all to read. —Western Christian Advocate.

971. Sin—Wages of

A great surgeon stood before his class to perform an operation. With strong gentle hands he did his part of the work well, and then turned to his pupils and said:

"Two years ago a simple operation might have saved him. Six years ago a cessation of alcoholic drinks might have prevented the disease. Nature must now have her way. She will not consent to the repeal of her capital sentence." The next day the patient died.

In all of our indulgences we must ever remember that nature must have her way. Past a certain point we cannot control her. Many a soul has received its capital punishment that thought it could stop a bad habit when it had a mind to.

972. Sin—Wages of

San Domingo recently lost her president, whose end, like his life, was a violent one.

The rise to power of the late President Caceres was due to a deed of blood; a murder, though a retributive one. Felling the oppressions of the then President Heureaux, he, with other conspirators, decided on his death.

The young men in the plot drew lots to see who would carry out the deed. To the one who drew the slip of paper that appointed him executioner Caceres said: "Give it

to me; you can not kill him. I shall do it myself." And he did. Caceres met Heureaux in the village of Moca, where the despot had gone to levy more tribute. Caceres fired, and Heureaux, after some effort, pulled his own revolver. But it was too late. He was able only to say "Assassin!" as he breathed his last, to which Caceres replied: "You murdered my father."

973. Sin—Wages of

There used to be at Paris a terrible little Doric building called "The Morgue," to which were daily conveyed the bodies of those hapless self-murderers who had been found the previous night in the river Seine. That great poet and deepest teacher of our age, Mr. Robert Browning, describes a visit which he paid to that house of death, of which the ghastly sombreness has also been portrayed by a French poet. He whose imaginative pencil drew that demon figure, the wonderful representation of the cruelty and sensuality of great cities which glares down, as though in triumph, from the corner of the summit of Notre Dame, was well fitted to reveal the sentiments of gloom and terror which hung about the Morgue, but he leaves its horror in all its horribleness unexplained without a gleam of hope. There are the two Paris workingmen carrying the naked body of the suicide, with his hanging arm and streaming hair, met by his agony-stricken wife and weeping child; the dull, curious crowd of squalid artisans are looking on indifferently, seated on a low wall. "There it is," he says, "it is not my business to explain—make what you can of it." There is the fact as seen without the light of religion. Not so our English poet. He tells us that he visited the Morgue just before it was done away with, and saw in it the corpses of three men who had found life most intolerable the day before. Each lay on his copper couch; each coat and hat dripped by the owner's bed. It seemed to the kindly poet's heart as if one, a mere boy, had been maddened by the dreams of ambition and their inevitable disappointment; the next was a young Socialist, his fist still fiercely clenched as though in defiance of the tyranny of death itself; and the third had plunged into gambling and drink and dissipation, and met with their inevitable retribution. And this was the end of it all, of all their mortal lives: That copper couch, and the water dripping over them, and the eyes closed in the darkness of irrevocable death. And as he gazed at them, the first natural thought which passed through his mind was the awful certainty of the world's universal experience—"the wages of sin is death," that even on the lowest, poorest, most prosaic calculation of mere advantage,

"It's wiser being good than bad,
It's safer being meek than fierce,
It's fitter being sane than mad."

But he does not stop at that eternally forgotten commonplace. He refuses to give up those poor dead wretches, in spite of the horrible failure of their lives; no, he thinks, "Poor men God made, and all for this!" and with a holy confidence, a mercy which is surely Christ-like, he dares even to follow them into the future. He says: "I thought, and think, their sins atoned." Death does not end all, it does not extinguish the hope which for any one of us renders life tolerable to bear.—Archdeacon Farrar.

974. Sinful Parents

In the cemetery at Bad Ems, an erstwhile Monte Carlo, is a child's grave, upon which is a cross with the inscription: "When my father and my mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up." The cir-

cumstances in connection with this case are as follows: A Russian and his wife, who had lost much money at Wiesbaden at gambling sat at a table in one of the gambling hells putting up one gold piece after the other. They had borrowed the money at Wiesbaden and then decamped and now the police were on their track and in the hotel lay their child very ill with croup. A visitor approached them and whispered: "The nurse wishes me to tell you, your child is dying." "I will come directly," the father answered, and went on playing. A second waiter came to the mother with the same message. She too, was heartless enough to give the same answer as her husband and to stay at the gaming table with him. Ten minutes more, —the last gold piece gone, the child suffocated, the parents arrested. The nurse alone sat by the dead child, weeping as if her heart would break. A Christian gentleman, hearing the facts as stated, ordered a casket, buried the child and placed the cross with the above inscription on the grave.

975. Sinful Silence

A young man accepted the position of organist in one of the principal churches of a Texas city. He was a fine musician, but, being blind, was unable to read in the faces of his audience the great pleasure his music was giving.

They listened enchanted and would talk to each other about the beauty of his harmonies, the uplifting influence of his symphonies. At first he played as one sure of himself. There was no hesitation in his touch. Then there pealed forth splendid peans of praise and cadences of majestic sweetness and power. As he played Sabbath after Sabbath they noticed that the erstwhile triumphant strains of voluntaries and recessionals had given place to delicate, sorrowful improvisations, to plaintive minor fugues. One morning it was announced that he would play no more after that service; that his decision was final, and another organist must be secured.

After the service a lady who had enjoyed all his music thoroughly went up to him and said, very earnestly, "I am sorry you will not play for us longer. I have thought many times I would tell you what an inspiration I have received through your music. I thank you for it."

The young man's voice faltered and the tears rushed to his sightless eyes as he whispered, "Oh, why didn't you tell me? I, too, needed comfort and inspiration."

This should be read to every Christian congregation in the land. How many pastors there have been that have suffered in silence and resigned for lack of a word of appreciation and encouragement. Members want such words spoken to them and expect them from the pastor, but he also sometimes needs a word of cheer to help him on his way.

976. Sinner—Lack in

The garden is beautifully laid out; the straight lines and curves are exact; the terraces are arranged with artistic taste, but no seed is sown—and summer says: "One thing thou lackest!"

The machinery is perfect, cylinder, piston and valve are in excellent order; no flaw is in the wheels, no obstruction in the flues; a finer engine never stood on the iron way; everything is there but steam—and the intending traveller says: "One thing thou lackest!"

The watch has a golden case; the dial is exquisitely traced and figured; the hands are delicate and well fixed; everything is there but the mainspring, and he who inquires the time says: "One thing thou lackest!"

You are a needy sinner; Christ is

the waiting and all-sufficient Saviour. "One thing thou lackest!" What is it? Name it, if you will, faith, trust and obedience. Each is implied in the other. Each will bring you what you need and desire more than anything else: peace, assurance, life everlasting! Shall the lack of one thing keep you from the heritage Christ bought for you with his precious blood?

977. Sinner or Saint

Travelers in China relate that at the criminal courts there are two large books. The names of those who are adjudged innocent are written in the "Book of Life," and those guilty in the "Book of Death." No name can be in both books at the same time. Neither can your name be in the Lamb's Book of Life while you are under condemnation, nor need you have fear of death and judgment if you are His.

978. Sinner's Fear

"There is one thing," said a professed infidel to one of his companions in sin, "which mars all the pleasures of my life." "Ah," replied his companion, "what is that?" "Why," said he, "I am afraid the Bible is true. If I could certainly know that death is an eternal sleep, I should be happy; my joy would be complete. But here is the thorn that stings me; this is the sword that pierces my very soul. If the Bible is true, I am lost forever. Every prospect is gone and I—am—lost—forever." The late Robert Ingersoll was one day approached by several dissipated men just prior to his lecture, and one of them said, "That's right, Colonel Ingersoll, be sure and get rid of hell for us; for if you don't there's an awful lot of us fellows who are going there."—Selected.

979. Sinners—God's Love for

I was told once of an old man in a Yorkshire village, whose son had been a sore grief to him. One day a neighbor inquired how he was doing. "Oh, very bad!" was the answer. "He has been drinking again, and behaving very rough." "Dear, dear!" said the neighbor, "if he was my son I would turn him out." "Yes," returned the father, "and so would I if he was yours. But, you see, he is not yours, he's mine."

980. Sinners—Picture of

Three men in South Boston posed for a traveling photographer. They then refused to pay for the pictures, beat the itinerant artist severely, and tried to smash his camera. Then they ran away, chuckling over their exploit and ridiculing the plight of their victim.

But the photographer had one resource which the three rascals had quite forgotten—the undeveloped plate in his camera. This he developed and turned over to the police. By means of the telltale bit of paper the three men were recognized speedily and arrested under a charge of assault and battery, and were soon secure in the grasp of the law.

The incident is a fair history of every bad deed we do. It never fails to take its own picture. It manufactures its own condemnation. For witness against it the great Judge does not need to turn to anything outside itself. "Be sure your sin will find you out." "If I say, surely the darkness shall cover me; even the night shall be light about me"—every sinner should know that psalm. It is true of the God of justice as well as the God of mercy. —S. S. Magazine.

981. Sinners—Third Class

One day I was to travel by train, says a well-known minister. I met a friend of mine, and told him where I was going. He said: "I am

going the same way, but will you join me at an intermediate station?" I looked out for him, and as he came forward, I said, "What class are you traveling?" He held up his first-class ticket. "Well," I said, "I've got a third-class ticket, so if you are to travel with me, you must give up your first-class privilege." He did so. I thought it gave us an illustration of a greater thing. Christ Jesus gave up his first-class privilege to travel on earth among third-class sinners. He took the lowly sinner's place and abode with him.

982. Sins—Big and Little

You and I are apt to talk about "big" and "little" sins. There is an Indian proverb which says, "There is no distinction between big and little when talking about snakes." They are all alike—snakes.—A. E. Richardson.

983. Sins—Forgotten

There is a charming old Celtic legend which says that the Angel of Mercy was sent to a certain saint to tell him that he must start for the Celestial City. The saint received the messenger and his message with gladness, and at the appointed hour they set off together. As they passed up the shining way beyond the bounds of this world the saint was suddenly troubled with the thought of his sins. "Mercy," he said, addressing his angelic guide, "where did you bury my sins?" "I only remember that I buried them," he replied, "but I cannot tell where." Then he added, "As for the Father, he has forgotten that you ever sinned." What a wonder is divine forgiveness! How absolutely complete.—Sunday School Chronicle.

984. Sins—Hidden

More than 25 years ago, Bishop Potter, riding in the Yosemite Valley, fell from his horse and injured a foot. The foot grew better; but it has troubled him some ever since. Not long ago the X-rays were turned upon it. It was then discovered that for 25 years he had been walking on a broken foot. The light turned on it revealed it, after many years.

What is wrong with us that we cannot think nobly and live a holy life? You know in your heart that something is wrong. O, turn on the light! The Holy Spirit "searcheth all things." He it is who "convinces the world of sin."

985. Sins—Little

I read some time ago the experiences of a hunter who shot a tiger and thought he had killed him, but, on his approaching, the tiger sprang up and, seizing the hunter by the knee, crushed the bone, and then fell back dead. The hunter found himself unable to walk and his cries were not heard. After a few hours, however, he forgot the tiger and even the broken bones in his terrific struggle with thousands of little ants. They covered him and every nerve seemed to be bored with a hot awl. But for a timely rescue, he had soon been killed by the ants.

So it is in many human experiences. It is not the great tiger of calamity and grief that kills us, but the little ant worries of everyday life.

986. Sins—Little

A relief life-boat was built at London many years ago. While the workmen were busy over it, one man lost his hammer. Whether he knew it or not, it was nailed up in the bottom of the boat. Perhaps if he found it out, he thought the only harm done was the loss of one hammer. But the boat was put to service, and every time it rocked on the waves the hammer was tossed to and fro. Little by little it wore

itself a track, until it had worn through planking and keel, down to the very copper plating, before it was found out. Only that plate of copper kept the vessel from sinking. It seemed a very little thing in the start, but see what mischief it wrought. So it is with a little sin in the heart. It may break through all the restraints that surround us, and, but for God's great mercy, sink our souls in endless ruin. There are none who do not need to offer up the prayer: "Cleanse Thou me from secret faults."—W. R. Clark.

987. Sin's Remedy

The new deacon, Stephen of Jerusalem, was a man "full of faith." He believed in the Gospel enough to try it.

We had a hydrophobia scare in our city recently. All dogs were ordered muzzled for ninety days. Two score dogs, not muzzled, were destroyed by the police. That scare started with a mad dog coming in from the country and crossing the city. On his way through twelve children were bitten, some severely, some just scratched by his teeth. For years our physicians had been making a study of the remedy for this dreadful disease. But they never had had a chance to really try it. But the crisis had come. Terrified mothers brought their children to the offices and asked if there was a real remedy. Those doctors said, "There is, here it is. Let us inject it regularly and your children will recover." Eleven of the twelve children came for the regular treatment and are still alive. One little Polish boy, having no parental control over him, neglected to come. Now he is dead.

Those doctors had faith enough in the remedy to use it in the hour of peril. We sing a lot about the power of the Gospel of the Cross, and all around us are men and women who have come to their crisis and we permit them to start downward without an effort on our part to supply the only remedy for sin. Do you believe in the old Gospel enough to apply it to a world's need? Stephen did.

988. Sins—Reserved

Among the witnesses called in a trial in a Southern court was an old darky.

"Do you swear that what you tell shall be the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth?" intoned the clerk.

"Well, sah," returned the witness, shifting uneasily, "d i s lawyer gemmun kin make it a pow'ful lot easier on hisself an' relieve me of a mighty big strain ef he'll leave out anything about gin an' chickens. 'Ceptin' fo' dose, Ah guess Ah kin stick to de truth."—The American Legion Weekly.

989. Sins—Secret

Henry Drummond said that the white ants of Africa are the most secretive creatures in the world; even when they are attacking whole forests, they come up under cover, building dirt tunnels up and down tree trunks, to shelter them while they work. One may rise from his chair at night, or go to bed; get up in the morning and see it standing there apparently unchanged. But let him take his seat on it, and lo! he and the chair are in a heap on the floor. What is the matter? Why, the white ants have come in the night and eaten all the inside out of the wooden legs, rounds, and frame. Not a nick appears on the outside, but the chair is a mere shell by daylight. So it is with the inroads of sin upon personal and national life.—Sunday School Times.

990. Sins—Secret

I was crossing a golf course one day, and was amazed to see one of

the greens covered with large worms. Some worm casts have been noticed on that green before, and there was a vague idea that a roller needed to be used. But now a particular liquid had been poured over the green, which compelled all the worms to wriggle out into the light. Then it was obvious to all that the green was swarming with them just below the surface. In our private prayers we allow the Divine Gardener to pour over our lives the liquid that discovers secret sins. Very often the result is amazing. Instead of being content with a General Absolution following a General Confession, like a garden roller over the casts, we are on our knees before God crying "Who can understand his errors? Cleanse thou me from secret faults." "Mine iniquities have taken hold upon me, so that I am not able to look up; they are more than the hairs of mine head: therefore my heart faileth me. Be pleased, O Lord, to deliver me: O Lord, make haste to help me."—(J. E. Roberts' "Private Prayers and Devotions")—James Hastings.

991. Soiled—Slightly

Two young ministers were walking along a street in London in which there were displayed for sale many old or second-hand clothes. Suddenly they saw a suit hung at the side of a window on which was a tag with these words, "Slightly soiled, greatly reduced in price." "What a splendid text for a sermon to young men," exclaimed one of the ministers. "We young people get soiled so slightly, just seeing a vulgar show in a theater, just reading a coarse book, just allowing ourselves a little indulgence in dishonest or lustful thought, just slightly soiled, and lo, when the time comes for our manhood to be appraised, we are 'greatly reduced in price.' Our charm, our strength is gone."—J. Edwards Park.

992. Sin Against the Holy Ghost

This is not a sin which one can commit by accident, and without knowing it. "The unpardonable sin" is not a single act, but a comprehensive state of mind: that is, a sin which applies to the whole condition to which a man has brought himself by repeated perversions, and in which you may say his moral condition is broken down.

No man ever becomes dissipated at once. No man, no matter what his experience may be, can become utterly dissipated in a week—and still less in a day or an hour. But a man can, by days, and weeks, and months, and years, become so dissipated as to have broken down his whole bodily constitution; as to have sapped and sucked dry the brain; as to have impaired every nerve; as to have overstrained every organ. Every part of a man's body may be utterly destroyed by dissipation.

Now, there is a dissipation of the soul which corresponds to the dissipation of the body. It comes on by the perversion of a man's reason; by the perversion of his moral sympathies; by the perversion of his judgment in respect to things right and wrong. It is a gradually accumulating process. It is not a single act. It is the comprehensive result of a long series of various acts.—H. W. Beecher.

993. Sinner Needs God

Your sinfulness is not a reason why you should keep away from God. It is the very reason why you should go to him. He is to your soul what the physician is to your body. When your body is racked with pains, you go to the physician. And so, the consciousness of your sin, and of the hatefulness of it, is the very reason why you should go to God.—H. W. Beecher.

SOUL—ITS VALUE

994. Life's Journey—Preparing for

A certain traveller who had a distance to go, one part of the road leading through green fields, and the other through a tangled road of brambles and thorns, made great preparations for the first part of his journey. He dressed himself in light and gay clothes, and put a nosegay in his bosom, and taking a light, slender cane in his hand, nimbly proceeded on his way along the beaten path across the green meadows. The sun shone in the skies and on went the traveller, comfortably, pleasantly, and delightfully. After a while the road became rugged, and by the time night drew on the traveller was in a pitiable plight. His provisions were exhausted, his clothes wet through and partly torn from his back by the briars, his flowers were faded, and, weary as he was, his slender cane could not bear his weight; a stream of water was before him, and darkness was around him. "Alas!" said he, smiting his breast, "I am hungry, and have no food; wet to the skin, and have no dry clothes; weary, and have no staff to rest on; I have a stream to cross, and here is no boat; I am bewildered, and have no guide; it is dark, and I have no lantern. Fool that I am! why did I not provide for the end of my journey as well as the beginning?" Time is hastening away. We are all travellers. Life is the beginning, death the end of our journey—Biblical Museum.

995. Life—Value of

It was said that Admiral Hunter endangered one of his vessels, and a court-martial was called to try him. Evidence was given that the vessel had been seriously injured, and he was put upon his defence. His answer was, "Gentlemen, all the evidence you have heard is true, but you have not heard the reason why the vessel was injured. I ordered the vessel to be put about. Why? There was a man overboard, and I hoped to save him; and, gentlemen, I deem it that the life of a private sailor in Her Majesty's navy is worth all the vessels that float upon the seas."—Denton.

996. Lost Souls

Travellers sometimes find in lonely quarries, long abandoned or once worked by a vanished race, great blocks squared and dressed, that seem to have been meant for palace or shrine. But there they lie neglected and forgotten, and the building for which they were hewn has been reared without them. Beware lest God's grand temple should be built up without you, and you be left to desolation and decay.—Maclaren.

997. Lost Souls—Saving

A man once dreamed that he was swept into heaven, and he was there in the glory world, and oh, he was so delighted to think that he had at last made heaven. All at once one came to him and said, "Come, I want to show you something." And he took him to the battlements, and said, "Look down yonder; what do you see?"

"I see a very dark world."

"Look and see if you know it."

"Why, yes," he said, "that is the world I have come from."

"What do you see?"

"Why, men are blindfolded there, many are going over a precipice."

"Well, will you stay here and enjoy heaven, or will you go back to earth and spend a little longer time and tell those men about this world?"

He was a worker who had been discouraged like Elijah. He awoke from his sleep, and said: "I have never wished myself dead since."

998. Men—Worth of

A devotee to Mammon once received a lesson from John Bright, who did not seem to pay to him, the possessor of the purse, sufficient homage. The rich man pompously said, "Do you know, sir, that I am worth a million sterling?" "Yes," said the irritated but calm-spirited respondent, "I do; and I know that it is all you are worth."—Wit and Wisdom.

999. Opportunities—Laziness and

The Russians have a fable about a miller who was too lazy to repair the leak in his dyke, through which the water escaped which should have turned his mill, but who flies into a passion with his fowls and kills them because he catches them drinking the water. So men lose the opportunities of life and salvation, let them all slip by one by one, and then lay the blame upon some insignificant thing, and quarrel with themselves and the world about that, as if it were a matter of vital importance.—B.

1000. Saving Souls

When the King of Greece came over to this country, a member of his suite had a most beautiful dog, which during the voyage fell overboard. His master entreated the captain to stop the ship and rescue the dog; but the captain did not deem the matter of so much importance, and having the King on board refused to stop. What did the master do? He asked, "Would you stop the ship if it had been a man?" "Certainly." And before they could hinder him he had flung himself into the sea. The ship was stopped and not only the man but the dog was rescued too. And all because the man, devoted to the dog, identified himself with him in his peril, and braved even death itself to save him. Even a King was stopped by such devotion. How much better is a man than a dog! Go thou and do likewise.—W. Y. Fullerton.

1001. Son—Lost

In one of Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman's meetings, a man gave the following remarkable testimony. "I got off at the Pennsylvania depot one day as a tramp, and for a year I begged on the streets for a living. One day I touched a man on the shoulder and said, 'Mister, please give me a dime.' As soon as I saw his face I recognized my old father. 'Father, don't you know me?' I asked. Throwing his arms around me he cried, 'I have found you, I have found you, all I have is yours.' Men, think of it, that I, a tramp, stood begging my father for ten cents, when for eighteen years he had been looking for me, to give me all he was worth."

1002. Soul Anchored

In a yacht race in New England waters, the boats were running against a very strong tide before a light wind. The tide was stronger than the wind. The captain of one of the racing boats, studying the shore, became convinced that, though the white-winged vessels appeared to those on deck to be going forward, they were in fact drifting backward all the time. The shrewd captain suddenly conceived a brilliant idea, and threw over his anchor, which, while it would not let the boat go forward, held it steadfast so that it could not drift backward. After a while, when the tide turned, so that the boats found it possible to make progress, the other boats were a mile and a half in the rear, and the captain who had been wise enough to anchor won the race. So in the voyage of life we need an anchor to the soul both sure and steadfast. The captain's anchor would have done him no

good if he had not kept his sails in splendid trim, ready to fill with the breeze on the first opportunity. So the man who waits before the Lord wants to wait on his tiptoes, with alert watchfulness, ready to use the power gained in worship in running in the way of God's commandments and walking through the heat where other men faint.

1003. Soul—A Hungry

Fred B. Smith, the Young Men's Christian Association worker, was once speaking to a company of men in India. While he was talking he noticed one of his Mohammedan hearers who was now and then putting his fingers in his ears in order to shut out the words which, according to the teaching of his religion, he should not hear. But his face showed his longing; and sometimes he would forget to use his fingers. At the end of the talk he came to the speaker. "I can see yet the look of longing on his face, as he began to speak," Mr. Smith has said. "Do you really believe Jesus Christ can forgive sins as you say, and that he can give peace to those borne down by the burden of their sins?" the man asked. "Indeed I do believe it," was the answer; "he can do just what he says." A moment the Mohammedan paused. Then he threw back his shoulders, and said with an air of conviction: "Then he will conquer the world." And with a sigh he turned and left the room. Let us believe in his power to forgive and believing yield ourselves in submission.

1004. Soul—A Lost

A clever young student joined the American Bar, and soon after a brilliant young man took him by the hand and said, "Now, let me give you a piece of advice. Have your name taken off the church-roll, burn your Bible, and then you will make your mark." The young barrister listened politely, but heeded not the advice. A quarter of a century later he met the miserable wreck of this same brilliant young man. With blood-shot eye and matted hair, he extended to him his hand and said, "For God's sake, give me a half-dollar, and let me get out of this town to get off this spree."—Christian World Pulpit.

1005. Soul-Bankruptcy

I have seen men, that had lived with a great circuit of prosperity, disbranched by commercial revulsions, who yet stood, in adversity, nobler, riper, better than ever they were with all their environments of wealth. And I have seen persons who have come to bankruptcy, and sold their houses, and their musical instruments, and their very cradles, and were stripped of everything without; but, oh, woe! that was as nothing to the bankruptcy within. All courage gone; all hope gone; all faith gone; no sweetness; no love; no trust; only whining, querulous despondency! Of all bankruptcies in the world, that of a man's soul and disposition is the most pitiful.—H. W. Beecher.

1006. Soul—Contest for

Some of you may have seen the celebrated painting by Retsch, in which, with wondrous skill, he has portrayed a game of chess between Satan and a young man, who has staked his soul on the issue. The truth and vivid power of the representation; the different expression in the faces of the players; the gay, heedless look of the young man, all unconscious of his peril; and the cunning, hellish leer of the Fiend, as the chances seemed to turn in his favor, can never be forgotten by any who have once beheld them. But how much more graphic and solemn is the scene which the Divine pencil has drawn—Christ and Satan battling for the soul of man! Nor is

it picture merely; it is real. The contest is actually going forward, going forward now, going forward in your own spiritual history. Intrenched within your heart, "the Prince of Power of the Air" plies all his weapons of falsehood and delusion and worldly enchantments to maintain his fatal mastery over you; while at the door stands the crucified One—pity in His eye and salvation in His hands—summoning you to thrust out the deceiver, and yield the palace to the sweet control of His love.—G. B. Ide.

1007. Soul—Cry of the

A marble statue of a kneeling girl with face upon an open book was placed by Queen Victoria in an English church, as a memorial to the royal princess who was found with her dead cheek resting upon the words of her open Bible. "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

In a near tenement of lower New York lay a dying woman with a husband, brutal through drink. The place was noisy and foul and dark, but the missionary kept at her post.

"I'll go soon," said the sufferer, "there is nothing more you can do—only stay—tell me the words again." So over and over, until the angel of death had sealed the ears and closed the lips, the dying woman tried to repeat with the missionary—"Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest."

Whether in castle, or palace, or tenement home, the human soul cries out with the same longing which can only be satisfied and comforted by the love of God.

1008. Souls—Ignorance of

Last week I was visiting the home of a famous manufacturer and he took me out to his farm. He showed me his cattle. Above the head of each heifer and each cow was the pedigree. The most careful record was kept on every animal. A blueprint he had in his library at home of every one of those animals, and yet when we began to talk about the labor problem in his own plant I asked him how many of those people did he know about and he told me—I quote his words—"Why, they are all alike to me, Mr. Babson. I don't know one from the other." Later in the evening—it was during the Christmas vacation, a few weeks ago, a young fellow came in, drove up to the house in a fancy automobile and came in and asked for his only daughter to take her to a party. I didn't like the looks of the fellow very well, and after they had gone out I said to him, "Who is that chap?" The father said, "I don't know, some friend of Mary's." He had every one of his cows blue printed, but he didn't know the name of the man who didn't deliver her until two o'clock the next morning, and that man is one of the largest manufacturers in his city.—Roger Babson.

1009. Soul—Purchased

Kiku's father was a farmer. When she was nearly fifteen he concluded that he must have an up-to-date farming implement. He had no money but he had a daughter. So his daughter he sold to a Kobe den for 350 yen, and in his field their appeared a new farming implement, and in the village bank a deposit of 100 yen or so to his credit. But Kiku hated the life and pitifully pleaded with her father to take her out. He turned deaf ears to her entreaties until one day hearing the Gospel preached by a traveling evangelist he became a Christian. Then he realized what he had done and would move heaven and earth to release his daughter. But there was not enough money in the bank and the farming implement was too

rusty to be sold. What could he do! He could not borrow the money. His neighbors were as poor as he. His relatives were poorer. The daughter continued to plead. Finally in his desperation, he walked several miles to the home of a missionary and told her of his plight. Now this missionary was preparing to go home on her furlough, her first furlough, and in that morning's mail had come a check for her traveling expenses. But what was a furlough to saving a soul! Without hesitation, she turned enough money over to the father to retrieve his daughter and Kiku was purchased again.

1010. Soul—Riches of the

Some years ago a famous physician had a unique experience while attending a patient from the Orange Free State. During one of his visits his attention was attracted to a bright blue stone with a tiny brilliant point. Observing this the patient asked the doctor to examine it, explaining that it was a mineralogical curiosity. He begged him to accept it as a gift, though it would be valuable only as a curiosity. One day the physician decided to show it to a jeweler and find out how much of the glittering matter lay hidden from view. The jeweler advised him not to break it as it was an interesting specimen, but he insisted. The lump of clay was crushed, and, lo, both were astonished to find a valuable diamond.

That illustrates the experience of many a soul-winner. How often a soul is won that possesses undreamed-of possibilities. How often God crushes some stony heart of sin only to reveal a diamond that will sparkle as the stars for ever and ever.

1011. Soul—Save One

Some one asked a lighthouse keeper at Amagansett, L. I., if he didn't get lonesome at his work. His eyes fairly danced as he answered, "No, indeed! I never get lonesome since I saved my man." How many had he saved? Just one! And that inspired him so that the many dreary days that followed he felt no loneliness. Christian, have you saved your man? Nothing will so inspire you and banish gloom and discouragement.

1012. Soul—Starving the

In Central Australia grows a plant, called the Nardoo. Its seeds formed for months together almost the sole food of a party of explorers who some years ago attempted to cross the continent. The Nardoo satisfied their hunger; it produced a pleasant feeling of comfort and repletion. And yet day by day King and his friends became weaker and more emaciated upon this diet. Their flesh wasted from their bones, their strength was reduced to an infant's feebleness. At last they perished of starvation. When analyzed the Nardoo bread was ascertained to be destitute of certain nutritious elements indispensable to the support of an European, though an Autralian savage might for awhile find it beneficial. Is it not so in the experience of those who are seeking their portion in worldly things?—Hugh MacMillan.

1013. Soul—Value of Humblest

I will give you an illustration in an incident that happened on my way back home. About seven o'clock one night, when we were in the Red Sea, the whistle blew and every one had to go on deck. The captain while in his room had thought he heard a cry for help, so all were summoned to the deck, the passenger list was read and all were accounted for. The same process with the crew disclosed that one was missing. Meantime, since the whistle had blown, the ship had drifted

probably five miles. But a boat was lowered and four Englishmen in it pulled back into the darkness. After a period of suspense they returned, raising the cry that they had found the man. Did anyone on that ship raise any objection to the great effort that was made to save that poor black man? No.—By G. H. Bickley.

1014. Soul—Wings of

If you will go to the banks of a little stream and watch the flies that come to bathe in it, you will notice that, while they plunge their bodies in the water, they keep their wings high out of the water; and after swimming about a little while they fly away with their wings unwet through the sunny air. Now that is a lesson for us. Here we are immersed in the cares and business of the world; but let us keep the wings of our soul, our faith, and our love out of the world, that with these unclogged we may be ready to take our flight to heaven.—James Inglis.

1015. Souls—Hungry

"Sahib, we would see Jesus. My village is over yonder three miles away. We have given up idolatry, and we wish to embrace the Jesus religion. Come with me; the entire village is waiting for your coming." Before I could reply another man stepped forward, and then a third, and lo! a fourth, and from the lips of each fell the Macedonian cry. Listen to the last man: "Sahib, this is the fourth year that I have come to you and every time you have sent me away sorrowing. Oh, Sahib, give me a message of hope this time." With a breaking heart I had to say, "Your village is eight miles away, and I dare not even encourage you till I have a teacher for you. Be patient another year." This is what occurred last year in a little village in the jungles of India immediately after a baptismal service in which the writer had the joy of baptizing 152 men, women and children (representing all the families there). In the Methodist Episcopal Church in India there are in all 150,000 who, like these inquirers, are waiting for a chance to confess the Christ openly in baptism.—Herman J. Schultz.

1016. Souls—Rescue of

A story of heroism that evokes admiration is reported from the North Sea. Forty miles east of Lowestoft, the trawler Gertrude was in danger of destruction; her sails had been blown to ribbons, everything movable had been swept from her decks, and five of her crew drowned; only one of the sailors and the boy cook still remained on board. The Ramsgate trawler, Alfred, tried time after time to get near the distressed ship, and time after time the line which was thrown was either too short, or the wearied survivors on the ship failed to grasp it. During the night the two vessels kept in touch by means of flares, and in the morning, Alfred Freeman, an apprentice, aged eighteen, volunteered to go in a small boat to the rescue. Alone, in a mountainous sea, he sculled his craft to the Gertrude's side, and was helped on board as a great wave stove in the boat against the smack's side. He was able to catch the next line that was thrown, and both men and the boat were saved. All honor to the young hero, and let those who would save sinking souls take example from his deed.

1017. Souls—Stewards of

A friend of mine who has traveled largely in Oriental lands during recent years told me the other day this interesting story of Mahatma Gandhi. Gandhi conducts an Ashrama or Monastery in India and one day a Parsee came and was admitted into

this monastery on taking its vows of purity, one of which is to always speak the truth.

A little later this Parsee pupil came to Gandhi in shame and confessed that he had told a lie, whereupon Gandhi shut himself up and fasted, taking no food for two whole days, for said he: "The man was my pupil, committed to my care. If I had performed my whole duty as a teacher, as I should have done, this Parsee would not have committed the sin of lying." So Gandhi assumed the sin as his own.

What a revolution in moral and spiritual circles in America would be speedily brought about if all our pastors and Sunday School teachers felt as keenly as that their duty as stewards of the souls over which they are placed!

1018. Souls—Winning

Over the door of the new church (at Finnieston, Glasgow) are carved the three Hebrew words translated in our Bible, "He that winneth souls is wise." They were put there as an indication of the object of the church's existence, and also in the hope that some Jews passing by might see them, and come in to worship the God of Abraham. Dr. Bonar preached from these words on the day on which the church was opened, explaining that "winning" was the word used to describe a hunter stalking game, and reminding "soul-winners" that their work must be done in a wise way. "How carefully David prepared to meet Goliath! He chose five smooth stones out of the brook. He did not assume that one would by lying to his hand when he needed it. Never go to the Lord's work with meagre preparation." (Reminiscences of Andrew A. Bonar)—James Hastings.

1019. Value of Soul-Life

A book is an invention by which men live after they are dead, so far as this world is concerned. A hymn or song that deserves to live is lifted above persecution. The tyrant or despot cannot touch it. But oh! neither book, nor hymn, nor song, any product of the human mind, is to be compared with the immortal life itself; and ye that save one soul, and lift it, by the power of your instrumentality, blessed of God, into the sphere of immortality and glory, shall shine as the stars in the firmament!—H. W. Beecher.

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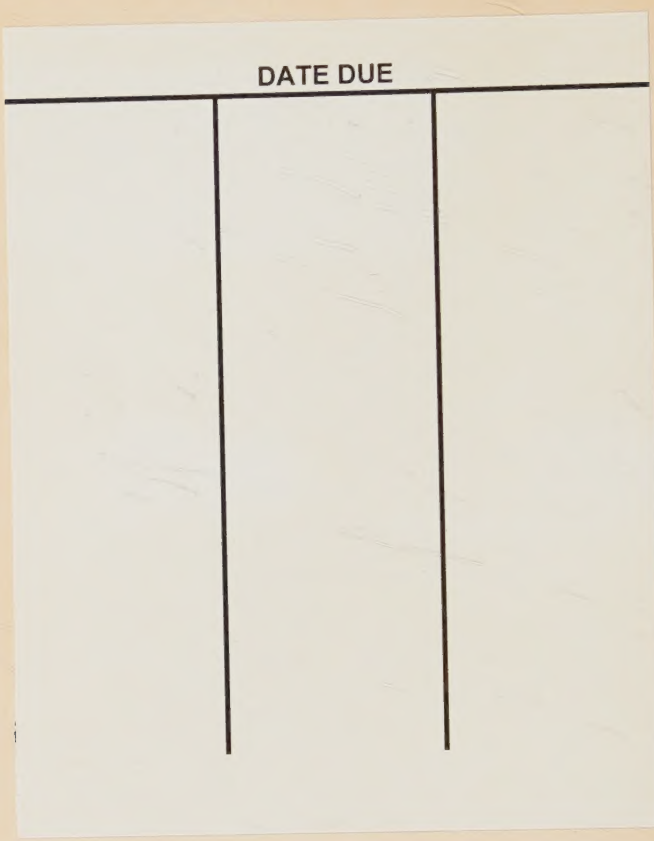

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